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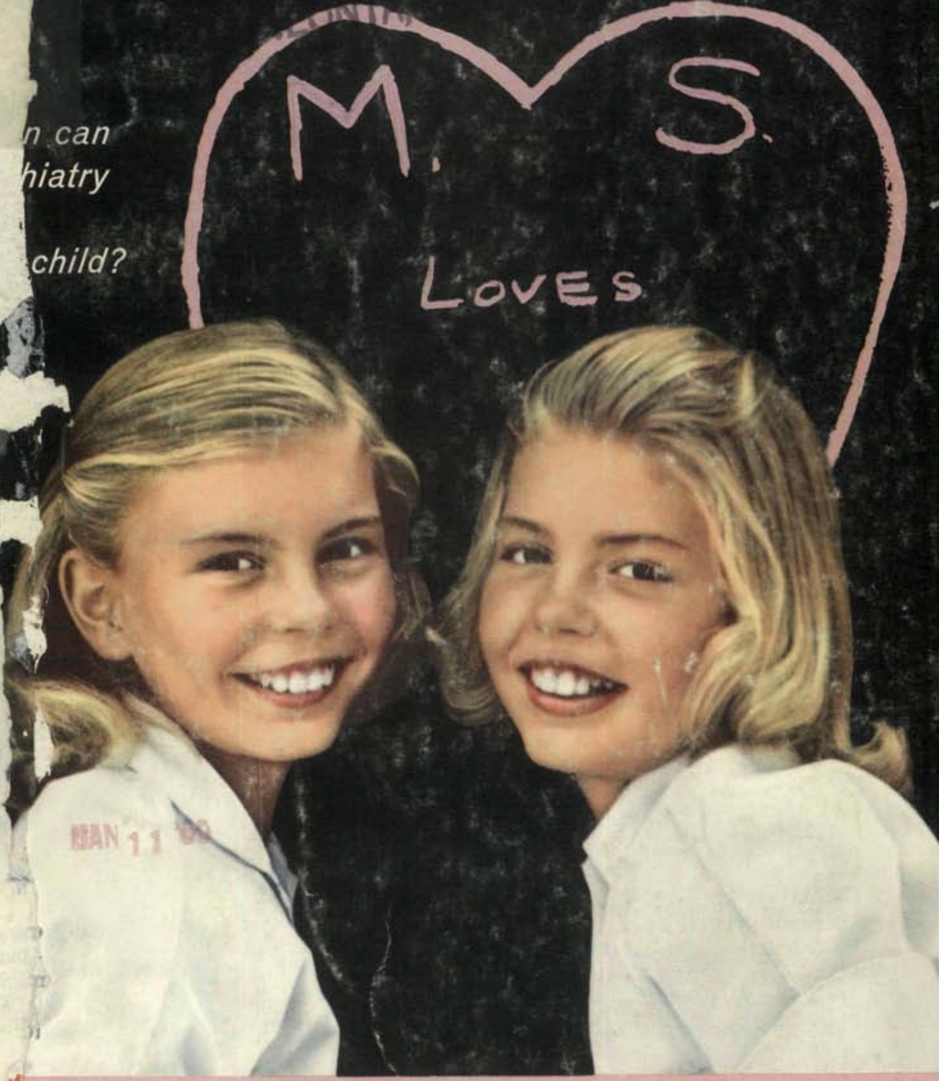

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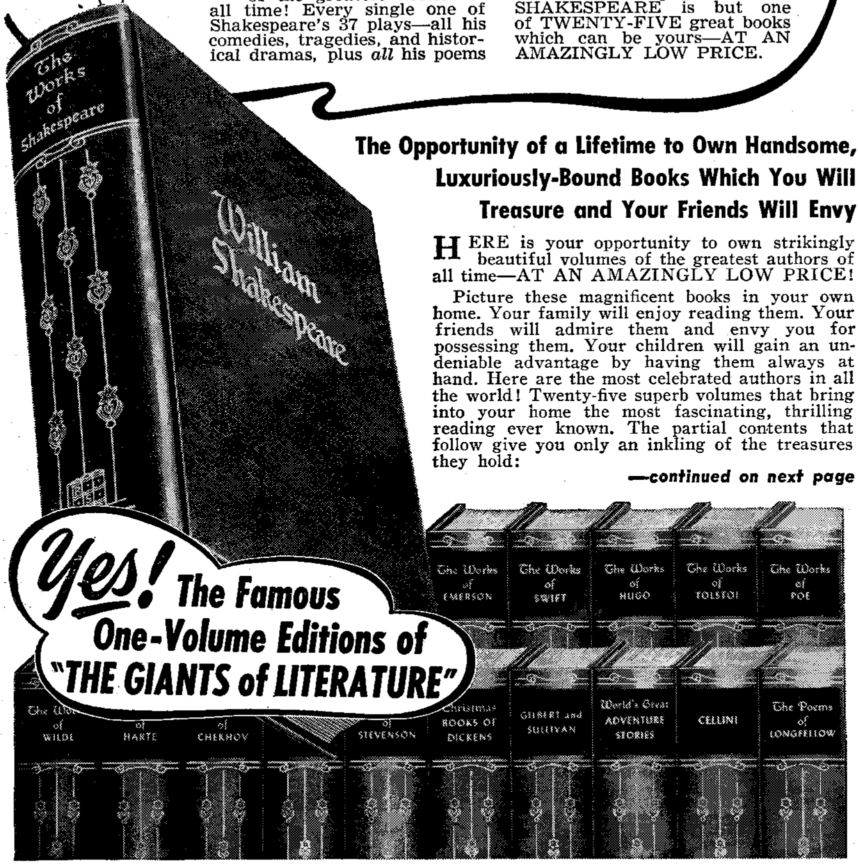
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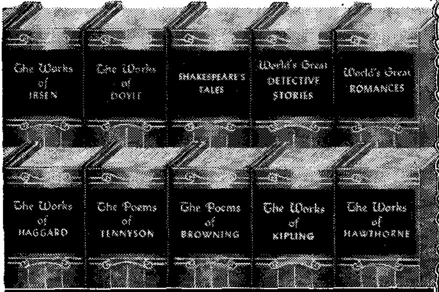

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Cummings: He's funny for money.

OF THE MANY leading humorists who have entertained CORONET readers over the years, some may have been as funny as Parke Cummings ("Happy Haunting," p. 68). But none can match him for outright endurance. For Cummings has been poking good-natured fun at society and its foibles in our magazine ever since it was first published in 1936. This means he has been able to look at the bright side of life through booms, recessions, a couple of wars, the atom bomb, Sputnik and the moon missiles. Such a record is certainly a tribute to Cummings' natural resiliency —a quality which, he says, is a prerequisite for a humorist. "When an editor has just bounced back what you thought was the funniest thing you ever wrote, *you* have to bounce back with something you think is even funnier," he says. He estimates that he writes five articles for every one that sells and has had well over 1,000 funny-bone ticklers published in the 33 years he has been writing. Cummings first found he could wheedle chuckles out of a typewriter while he was still a student at Harvard. "I sold a couple of my class themes to *Judge* and the old *Life,"* he recalls. "When I told my father, a lawyer, that I was going to try to live by my wit, he told me, 'Go get yourself a steady job, son.' " The humorist, born in West Milford, Mass., near Boston, in 1902, now lives in Westport, Connecticut, with his wife, Mary Virginia, son, John, 21, and daughter, Patsy, 15. Their house, which Cummings describes as "18th century with heating system to match," has a tennis court in the yard, where Cummings can be found when he is not shoveling coal into the furnace, working in the garden, or figure-skating at a nearby rink—depending on the season. He gets his ideas from all these family activities—and especially from teenager Patsy's doings. But commenting about world affairs gives him trouble. "No matter what you say, somebody somewhere gets mad." His only other complaint—"people at parties who expect you to say something funny." Says Cummings: "They don't expect a banker to cash checks, or a dentist to fill teeth at a party. Why should they expect a humorist to make them laugh?"

The Editors

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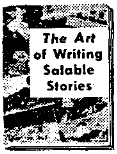

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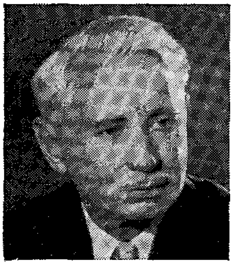

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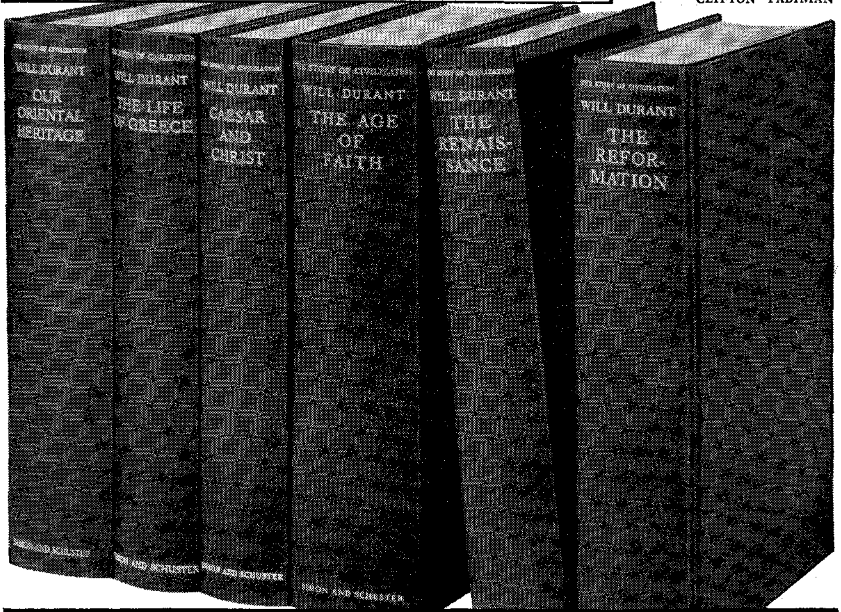

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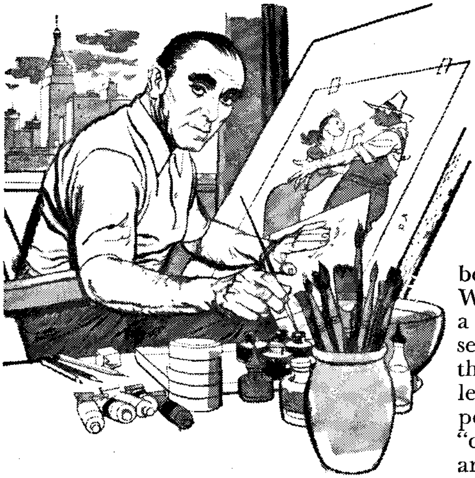


Albert Dorne — from his luxurious skyscraper studio, this famous artist can see the slums where he once lived.

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. Although he worked 12 hours a day, he managed to study art at home in spare time. At 22 he was earning $500 a week as a commercial artist. He rose higher and higher to become probably the most fabulous moneymaker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school at 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who once couldn't afford a cold-water flat, now lives in a magnificent home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others: More than ten years ago, these men met with six other equally famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton—to discuss a problem and a plan.

Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. Yet thousands of men and women wanted to become artists, and didn't know how. What these people needed most was a convenient way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or how little spare time they have?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. The twelve famous artists buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. They made more than 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home-study lessons. Then, having covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special hallmark of greatness. Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain how to draw and paint "real people." Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw and paint glamour girls. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to create animation and humor in pictures.

Next came their most challenging problem . . . how to correct the drawings and paintings which students sent in from thousands of miles away? The famous artists tested many approaches. The system they finally perfected is probably the most personal and effective method of criticism the art field has ever known.

School is launched; students quickly succeed. Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools, whose campus is the U.S. mail, whose classrooms are the students' own homes. Today they have 12,000 active

their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

students in 52 countries. The fabulous faculty of famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Eric Ericson, for example, worked in a garage in Minnesota. He never had an art lesson before enrolling. Today he is an advertising illustrator, making seven times his former salary.

Kathryn Gorsuch left her clerical job to have a baby. She spent the waiting months studying art at home. By the time the baby was seven months old, Kathryn was able to go back to work for the same company, this time as a well-paid commercial artist.

Norman Rockwell—America's best-loved artist left school at 15.

"Thanks to your course," writes Robert Meecham of Toronto, "I've come from an $18-a-week job to where I'm a successful artist. I own my own house, two cars, and have money invested in two companies."

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled in the school. Now a fashionable New York gallery sells her paintings.

Where are the famous artists of tomorrow? Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities for trained artists today are endless," he says. "We continually get calls from art buyers all over the U. S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art—if we can find them."

Unique art talent test: To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged $1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it *might* lead you into becoming one of the famous artists of tomorrow.

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 423, Westport, Conn.

Please send me — without obligation — your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs.______________________________Age______
Miss (Please Print)

Address______________________________

City______________________________Zone______

County______________________________State______

Brooklyn Dodger of Bullets

TV team: Connors and Crawford.

IN THE JAM-PACKED field of TV Westerns, ABC's Tuesday night entry, **The Rifleman,** has hit the bull's-eye. The setup couldn't miss—because the hero, Lucas McCain, is a sympathetic widower trying to make a home on the range for his 12-year-old son (actor Johnny Crawford); amazingly, he can fire his rifle faster than a frontiersman can sling a pistol. Also, the hero is played by personable, tall-in-the-saddle (6′5½″) Chuck Connors, ex-first baseman of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

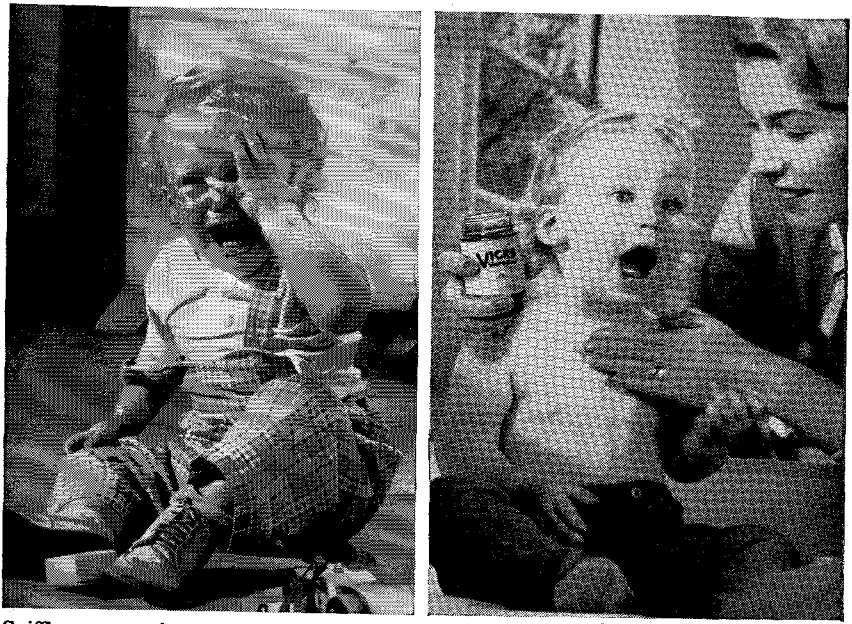
Connors, 37, father of four sons aged two to eight, feels comfortable in the series' warm father-son relationship. He calls his cowboy part "the fulfillment of a boyhood dream." The soft-spoken Connors talks a lot about his dreams, which, he claims, foretold his movie role as a "heavy" in *The Big Country.* And, discussing his ten percent share of *Rifleman,* he says, "Well, nowadays, I still don't dream of making as much money as Stan Musial."

Brooklyn-born, blue-eyed, 215-pound Kevin Joseph Aloysius Connors caught the baseball virus in neighborhood sandlots. Athletic scholarships took him to college. But he quit to sign up with the Dodgers in 1942.

After an Army stretch as a tank warfare instructor, Connors shuttled between ball clubs. While playing in Montreal in 1948, he met dress model Betty Riddell on a blind date and married her four months later. The Dodgers shifted Connors to Los Angeles, where his batting average (.315) and quick wit won him many friends among Hollywood baseball buffs. His clubhouse comedy monologues and recitals of "Casey at the Bat" at baseball banquets led to several offers of acting jobs during the winter baseball layoff.

To help break into Westerns, Connors bought and traded horses, learning to ride and raise them. And this ex-Army marksman claims "Handling a rifle or a baseball bat takes coordination and practice, that's all."

MARK NICHOLS



Sniffles, congestion, coughs, tears . . . so sick with a cold!

Comfort your baby with soothing relief that acts faster, works longer than aspirin or cold tablets

ATOM TRACER TESTS PROVE VAPORUB ACTS IN 7 SECONDS, WORKS FOR 10 HOURS

Your loving hands massage Vicks VapoRub over chest, throat, back—and right before your eyes, the stuffiness starts to clear, the cough calms. That's because soothing vapor medications reach cold-infected nose, throat, and chest in just 7 seconds . . . keep working for 10 hours —startling facts discovered by laboratory atom tracer tests. Medical literature shows that pills and tablets which go through stomach and bloodstream act slower and for shorter periods. And VapoRub relieves stuffiness, coughs, congestion . . . symptoms aspirin does not help. For sniffles, as well as croupy coughs . . . for grown-ups and children—use VapoRub for every cold.

VICKS VAPORUB®

World's most widely used colds medication

Doctors prescribe medicated steam for colds and croupy coughs. To make steam most effective, add VapoRub to bowl of boiling water or vaporizer, as directed.

Linda Cristal helps Curtis have fun on furlough.

TONY CURTIS displays his increasing versatility as an actor this month, after playing highly dramatic parts in *The Defiant Ones* and *Kings Go Forth*. He co-stars with his wife, Janet Leigh, and a Latin bombshell, Linda Cristal, in a fast-moving comedy, *The Perfect Furlough*.

It concerns a G.I. in Alaska who wins a contest by sharp finagling. The prize includes a three-week furlough in Paris, with Movie Star Cristal as hostess. To make sure all is on a high moral plane, the Army sends its best girl psychiatrist (Miss Leigh) along as chaperone. She has her hands—and soon her arms—full keeping up with Curtis' battle tactics. As the action spins along, it isn't hard to guess who winds up at the church with whom—but then this is a comedy.

Walt Disney's new fairy tale, **Sleeping Beauty,** in many ways looks like a bride carrying something old (same animation techniques); something new (a giant-screen process, Technirama 70); something blue (and all the other Technicolors, too); and something borrowed (the plotline and characters from *Snow White*).

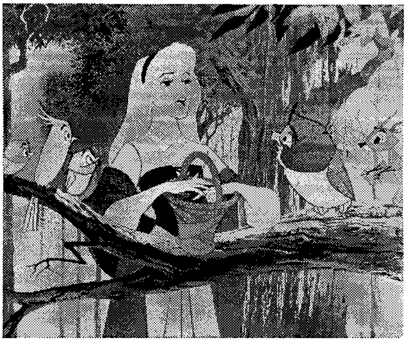
Three fairy godmothers substitute for the Seven Dwarfs; and there are also a charming Prince, a wicked witch and, instead of a poisoned apple, a poisoned spindle. This brings on a long sleep, from which Beauty, like S.W., can only be awakened by a kiss.

But Disney, an old master at this sort of thing, has provided something for all the family: comic animals, dreamy ditties and Tchaikowsky's ballet score.

Two foreign films on view this month are very much worth seeing. The French import **He Who Must Die,** will probably become a movie classic. This dramatic allegory of the Passion Play, set against the Greek-Turk hostilities of the 1920s, powerfully indicts man for his apathy. Filmed on the island of Crete, it is dynamically acted by Jean Servais, Pierre Vaneck and Melina Mercouri. Jules Dassin's direction is equally brilliant.

The British production, **A Night to Remember,** recreates the sinking of the "unsinkable" *Titanic*. A large cast, headed by Kenneth More, succeeds in making the panic tense and realistic.—M.N.

Beauty and forest friends sing a Disney ditty.



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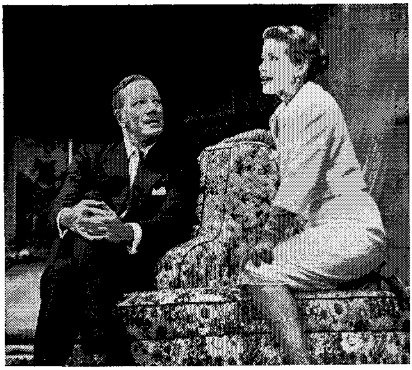
WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW

A WATERFRONT HOTEL in Hong Kong frames **The World of Suzie Wong.** There Suzie, intent on insuring a college education for her young son, plies her trade as a pure-in-heart prostitute. She also models part-time for a smitten Canadian painter who lives upstairs and who cannot afford Suzie's full-time fees as a model or a mistress. Before the final curtain they manage nicely.

Director Joshua Logan has mounted this cliché tale—hacked by playwright Paul Osborn from Richard Mason's best-seller—with dazzling sets and bawdy dialogue. To promote the play's sugar-coated charm, he shrewdly cast France Nuyen, 19-year-old Eurasian movie actress as Suzie. Her acting is a beguiling combination of half-child, half-woman. William Shatner, a dependable TV actor, injects some strength into an essentially näive role as the painter; and Ron Randell, playing one of Suzie's *patrons,* cleverly animates a stock part in a perfect idyll for the out-of-town expense account trade.

Hong Kong encounter: France Nuyen and Shatner.



San Francisco reunion: Ritchard and Dolores Hart.

An urbane, witty comedy, played in high style by a polished cast brings luster to the Broadway season. **The Pleasure of His Company,** written by Samuel Taylor with Cornelia Otis Skinner, tells of a debonair, pleasure-loving rake (Cyril Ritchard) who is invited by his ex-wife (Miss Skinner) to the wedding of their daughter (Dolores Hart) in San Francisco.

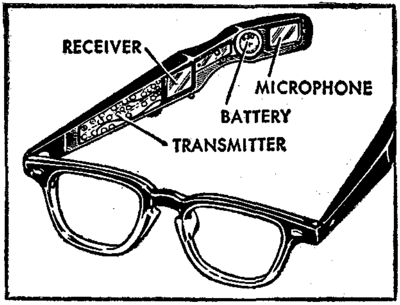
Aching for youthful admiration in his declining days, the father plots to lure his daughter to Europe with him for a year. A tug of war begins; and aligned against Ritchard are Miss Skinner, her own father (Charlie Ruggles), her second husband (Walter Abel), and her daughter's bull-breeding fiancé (George Peppard). The girl sees through her father's wily offense, but makes a surprising decision.

Ritchard, who also directed the play, gives a slyly sophisticated performance. Miss Hart — Elvis Presley's love interest in two recent movies—counterpoints his affected boredom with a fresh, warm quality. And the wonderfully wry delivery of veteran Ruggles makes you appreciate an old pro.—M.N.

Afraid of being conspicuous because you're hard of hearing?
How a dramatic new invention revolutionizes concealment of hearing loss.

Prayers Answered for Deaf Who Won't Wear Regular Hearing Aids

By Paul Harvey Internationally Famous News Commentator



YOU'LL BE VERY THRILLED to know that you may now hear again with NOTHING in either ear. You'll be free of self-consciousness, thanks to a new miracle invention.

Scientists at the great Beltone Hearing Laboratory created a completely INVISIBLE hearing aid, with no receiver button, no tube, no mold in either ear. There is nothing behind the ear . . . no cords, no wires, nothing to hide in hair or clothes.

If you act promptly, Beltone will rush you absolutely FREE a fascinating new book, "A PRAYER ANSWERED . . . hear again with NOTHING in either ear."

You'll thrill as you read why you need no longer deny yourself the joys of better hearing for fear of being conspicuous. Now you may stay actively happy in family and social life . . . enjoy church, radio, TV, movies.

You'll be amazed to see photographs which *prove* that this new miracle invention makes overcoming hearing loss as easy as putting on a pair of glasses. Here's how: nothing shows, because everything is completely hidden inside attractive, lightweight Beltone Hearing Glasses. Not even your closest friends will guess you use a hearing aid. You'll scarcely believe your eyes when you see this Beltone invention that's ideal for conductive and many moderate losses.

I urge you to act today so you can receive the remarkable book that reveals the complete dramatic story. Why suffer needlessly another day from the handicaps, heartaches and strain of hearing loss . . . when you may now hear clearly again. You'll find that it's the answer to your prayers!

FREE book on request—*You owe it to yourself to read the valuable book you can have absolutely FREE. Just send your name and address on a postcard and Beltone will rush it to you in a plain wrapper, without obligation. Write: Dept. 4-788 Beltone Hearing Aid Co., 2900 W. 36th St., Chicago 32.*

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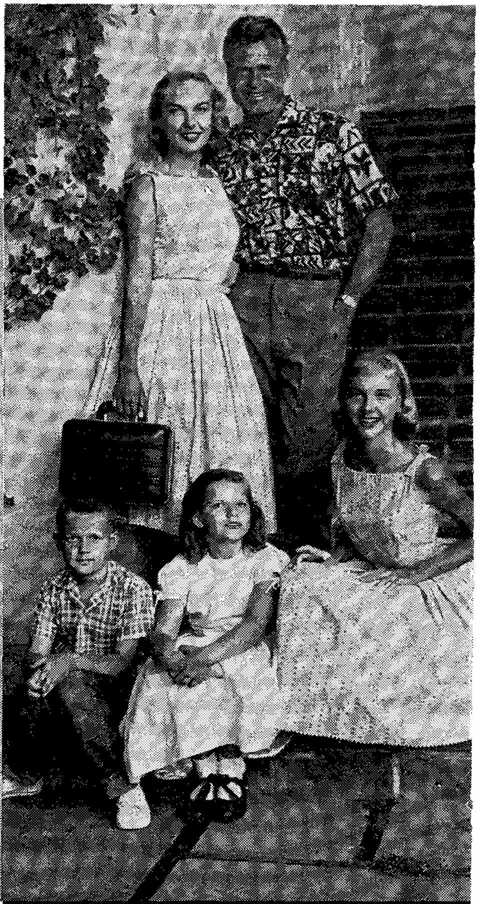

New Figure Discovery for all Mothers

Modern mothers know that a "wedding-day" figure means marriage-long romance...an attentive husband...a proud family...and a more contented *you.*

You don't need to diet. You need not lose weight. You can lose inches the new Relax-A-cizor way.

So completely different!

Relax-A-cizor, unlike "Plans," "Systems," "Methods" and vibrating devices does NOT depend upon diet or weight-loss for results. **Relax-A-cizor reduces** the size of your hips, waist, abdomen, thighs...and other parts of your body...a new way that tightens, tones, and "pulls in" muscles...the muscles that help determine the *shape* of your figure. It does this while you REST luxuriously at HOME!

When you Relaxacize you REST. You read, rest, sew, watch television...even sleep while Relax-A-cizor tightens your tummy, trims your hips, vanishes away the inches from your waistline.

Relaxacizing requires no weight-loss...If, however, you do want to diet and lose weight you are given...at no extra cost...the safe, sensible "Pounds Away Plan." *And,* Relaxacizing, when combined with this sen-

Try Relax-A-cizor Free!... it's the new "No Diet" way to Reduce the SIZE of hips, waist, abdomen... no weight loss.

sible weight-loss program, gives much faster results than diet alone!

Relax-A-cizor is NOT a couch. It is NOT vibration, heat or massage. It is NOT a salon "method." It IS a tiny device that looks much like a small makeup kit. You can tuck it away in a dresser drawer. It has "Beauty Belts" and "Beauty Pads" to fit almost every part of the body. *It has, in addition, the only "Facial" that exercises and tightens the muscles under the eyes and chin.*

Relax-A-cizor is the safe way to reduce inches from hips, waist, thighs, abdomen ... at home. No pills are used.

Does it really work? *Read what these users say:*

Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips, and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, writes: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46" to 37½", waistline from 33" to 26"." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18. You may lose less... or more.

What do famous magazines say?

CORONET SAYS: Relax-A-cizor is an "ingenious device... provides exercise completely without effort."

HARPER'S BAZAAR SAYS: "Has been known to whittle away six inches, more or less, from waist and hips."

VOGUE SAYS: "Wonderful new machine... whittles away excess inches while you relax."

GLAMOUR SAYS: "Safe, glamorous exerciser. It removes inches."

Would you like a more attractive husband? Husbands love Relax-A-cizor. It reduces the size of their waistline while they relax with the evening newspaper. Many famous ex-athletes use it to trim away the inches. Your husband will love it! Relax-A-cizor is a "family-affair"... it's used by your teenager and grandmother, too.

Relaxacizing is the pleasant home way to a prettier, slimmer figure. Living a more confident life with an attentive husband has untold rewards!

So, why don't you find out about Relax-A-cizor NOW? There isn't any cost. You are not obligated in any way. YOU CAN EVEN TRY IT FREE right at home. But, *do* send the coupon for the beautifully illustrated explanation of "How to Reduce Inches at Home... while you REST." Send the coupon now... more than 200,000 women have... and they are glad they did!

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Please send in PLAIN envelope FREE information about reducing size of waist, hips, thighs, abdomen. No Cost. No obligation.

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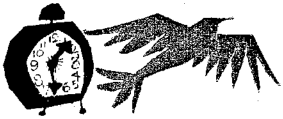
all about you

What time really means to you; the hidden psychology of name-juggling

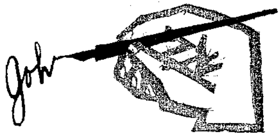
THE FACE OF TIME

For Salvador Dali, time takes the form of watches drooping like wet pancakes. Others may visualize the phenomenon of time as being a bird in flight, the Rock of Gibraltar, or a devouring monster. But, however you may "see" time, the way you interpret it may well depend on the kind of person you are. In a research study made at Wesleyan University, Dr. Robert Knapp and John Garbutt found that ambitious, competitive people tend to see time in the form of a speed image such as a galloping horseman or a bird in flight. This is because such people regard time as precious or fleeting. They also see it as a relentless competitor. On the other hand, some of the more passive individuals—not so concerned with the pace of time—see it as a string of beads to be counted in passing, separate units, or as a large wheel, slowly revolving.

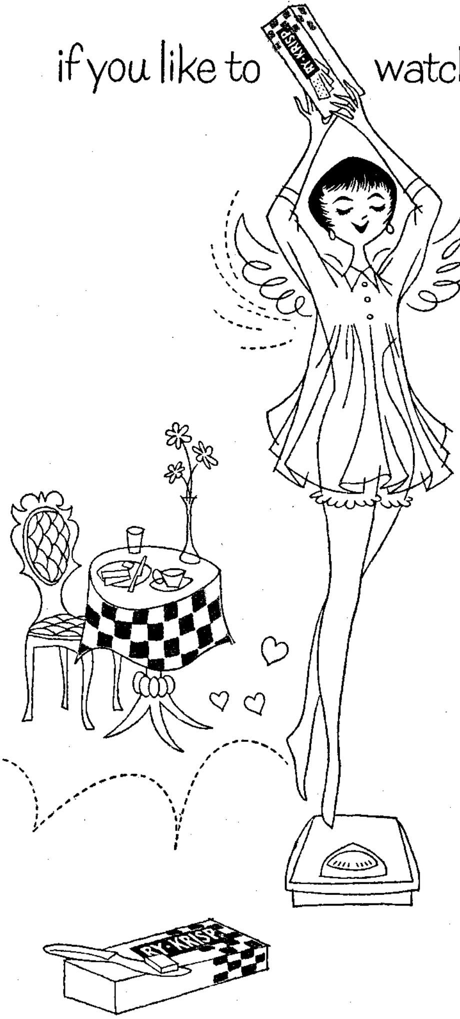


WHAT'S IN A NAME?

You've heard of name-dropping. Now Dr. A. A. Hartman of the Psychiatric Institute, Municipal Court of Chicago, points to a practice that might be identified as name-juggling. It's the way you use the parts of your name in penning your signature; and, if you take Dr. Hartman seriously, name-juggling can be revealing as far as your personality is concerned. Most Americans, for example, sign their names with a full first name, middle initial and last name. This form could mean that you are probably anxious to conform, Dr. Hartman believes. He also concludes from a study of business personnel files that, if you omit your middle initial, you tend to be less conventional and more outgoing. If you sign your full middle name and only your first initial, it may be an indication of self-love and a striving for superiority. Using two initials may indicate emotional withdrawal and a reluctance to reveal oneself. Keeping the "Jr." after your name, even after there is no chance of confusion with your father, suggests, says Dr. Hartman, that you have a feeling of guilt about assuming your father's place.



if you like to watch your weight....



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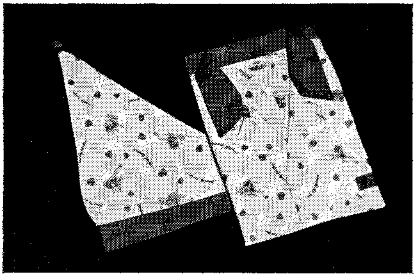
without butter!

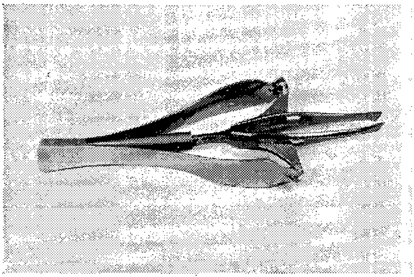
THE LIGHT RYE CRACKER THAT LETS YOU EAT THINGS LIKE BUTTER AND CHEESE BUT CUTS YOUR CALORIES, TOO

WORLD'S LONGEST SLOGAN ©RALSTON PURINA CO., CHECKERBOARD SQ., ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

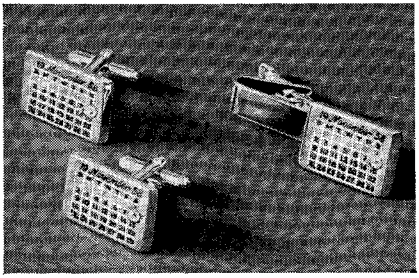
PRODUCTS ON PARADE edited by Florence Semon



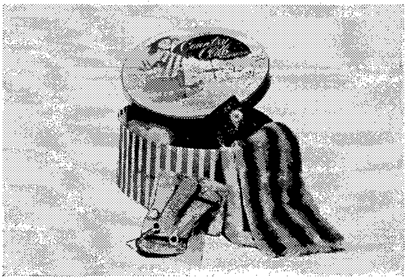
Pajamas with matching nightcap are ideal valentine gift for him. White top has all-over heart motif; bottom is solid red. Of washable cotton. By Van Heusen. Sizes A, B, C or D. Pajamas $5.25; cap $1.75 pp. Sidney Perlow Inc., COR, 883 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn 22, N. Y.



Boon to women. Imported tweezer extracts eyebrow hair painlessly and automatically in one easy, quick motion. Simple to operate; has precision spring action. Made of shiny nickel-plated steel. $2.49 pp. Fabian of Fifth Avenue, Dept. CT-1, 246 5th Ave., New York 1, N. Y.



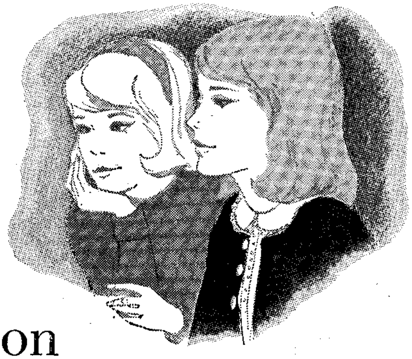
Cuff links that mark the most important events of his life. Each link engraved with month and year specified; day marked with imitation ruby. 18 kt. gold plate. Links have swivel backs. $3.30. Tie bar $2.00 pp. Greenland Studios, 5858-0 Forbes Street, Pittsburgh 17, Pa.



Because little girls want to look like mommy, they'll love this complete dress-up ensemble. Hatbox contains simulated mink stole, rhinestone high heel shoes, gloves, evening purse and a chic hat. $7.34 pp. Magic Mold Inc., Dept. C-2, 473 Livonia Ave., Brooklyn 7, N. Y.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

How to combat
an age-old problem
that still exists today...



Teen-age Confusion about Vital Feminine Facts

MANY girls know more about books than they do about themselves. Natural functions that eventually lead to woman's rich heritage of motherhood are totally misunderstood.

This attitude dates back to primitive times when lack of knowledge about any life process led people to ascribe a sickness to it. Who has not heard that women at certain times have power to blight crops?

Fear of water, fear of people, fear of activity, all come from the ancient tribal belief that women are different when their time is upon them—and must be set apart.

Only knowledge can break down superstition. And everywhere informed adults are rising to this challenge. High schools give courses in anatomy and physiology. Girls' clubs and P.T.A. groups, too, include feminine hygiene in their discussions.

Tampax, world's largest manufacturer of internal sanitary protection, has always felt that women are entitled to the facts. The very product reflects the modern woman's healthy attitude toward what is actually a natural, normal part of her life.

Tampax® was invented by a doctor to take the problem out of problem days . . . to help women feel more poised, more confident, more secure on those days. Worn internally, it eliminates all the inconveniences of external protection, especially odor and chafing. It lets you swim, bathe, shower—do what you like, whenever you like—no matter what time of the month it may be.

Many mothers have been using Tampax for years. They understand it . . . they recommend it . . . they encourage their daughters to use it.

Countless letters from users attest to the contribution Tampax is making to modern living. In use now all over the world, Tampax is available wherever drug products are sold.

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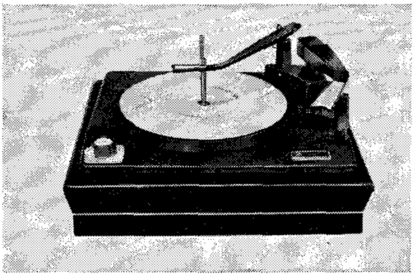
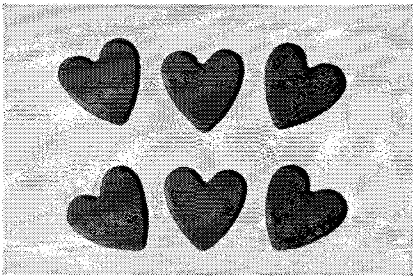


Record changer has new stereo-monaural switch which enables you to play stereo as well as ordinary records. Has turntable quality performance. By Glaser-Steers. $59.50 less cartridge. Express charges collect. Terminal Radio Corp., COR, 85 Cortlandt St., New York 7, N. Y.

Hawaiian fern plant will add exotic touch to home décor. Tropical plant; grows at normal room temperature. Ferns can reach 4 ft. in height. Complete with directions for growing in water or soil. $2.98 pp. Murray Hill House. P.O. Box 251, Dept. C, Bethpage, Long Island, N. Y.



Valentine gift of lasting value. Solid lavender hearts are guaranteed to retain their scent for 5 years. Can be used in dresser drawers, closets, etc. Set of 6 packed in a decorative glass vial. $1.00 pp. Spencer Gifts, Dept. COR-1, Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.

Heart pendants make sentimental valentine gifts. 14 kt. white gold heart with matching chain has diamond in center. 14 kt. yellow gold heart with chain has initial of choice engraved on it. $9.95 ea. pp. Americana Jewelry Co., NET, 237 Huguenot St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

For additional mail order products see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper beginning on page 175.

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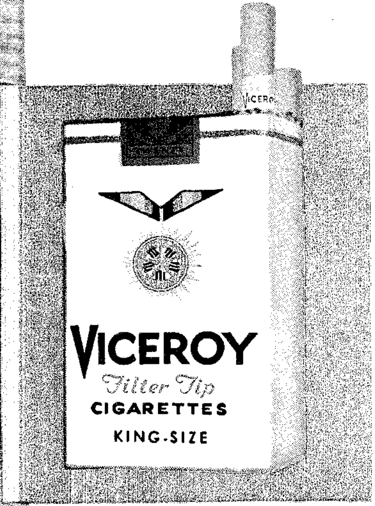
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CORONET

The Communist kids couldn't cow the old man, so they joined him and learned a dramatic lesson in courage and patriotism

The Baron and the brats

by John Carlova

In the grey light of morning, 60-year-old Baron Tibor von Berg seemed a mixture of squalor and glory as he made his way along the cobblestones of the Budapest street. His clothes were threadbare, yet he wore them stylishly. His face was emaciated but handsome, and his bearing soldierly. In the Communist-dominated Hungary of 1956, Tibor von Berg was a vestige of a dead era.

As he neared one street corner, the white-haired Baron paused. Each day he dreaded the ordeal he now had to endure—to pass a schoolyard full of boys chosen from all over Budapest to attend a special Communist training center.

To the Baron, the boys were "a bunch of brats." Every day as he passed on the way home from work, they cruelly mimicked his soldierly stride and shouted "Fascist!" and "Prussian!" One of the "brats"—a 12-year-old named Geza—once had hurled a handful of mud at the Baron, spattering the old man's face and streaking his only good shirt. The Baron never flinched. To acknowledge the mud would be to acknowledge the brats—and to acknowledge the brats would be to acknowledge the Communists, something the Baron had sworn he would never do.

As remnants of the hated upper class, Baron von Berg, his wife, Baroness Theodora, and their 12-year-old daughter, Gloria, were compelled to live "black"—without ration cards or work permits. The only job the Baron could get was cleaning hotel corridors. Working seven days a week from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M., he earned $6.66 a week. The Baroness made an additional $2.22 by scrubbing floors at the homes of Budapest's Communist bosses. In the old days, the von Bergs had lived in a hilltop castle in old Buda. They had a dozen servants, two cars, one of the finest art collections in Europe and ten magnificent horses. The Baron, a colonel in the Horse Artillery, was one of Hungary's leading show riders.

The collapse of Baron von Berg's world had been complete. In World War II, he had served in the German army. Captured by the Russians, he lived through four years in a Soviet prison camp. When he came home, he found his property confiscated and his family living in the slums. Doggedly, he refused to go into exile. "Hungary is my country," he told his wife. "It may not seem to need me, but it does. When the time comes, I shall be here."

That time, it seemed, would never come. The Communist secret police, the A.V.O., made life a nightmare for the von Bergs. The Baron was frequently dragged out of bed for interrogation, and young Gloria was threatened with jail for speaking English, a language she had learned from her father. Although she was a bright pupil, the girl was kept back in school, and once the A.V.O. took away a puppy that she had found and brought home.

"You should have no time for pets," the police officer had raged. "The next thing we know, you will be plotting a counter-revolution!"

This the Baron would gladly have done. But he was shunned by the leaders of the anti-Communist resistance movement—a group of writers known as the Petőfi Circle. "We cannot allow our cause to be identified with you," one of the Petőfi chiefs told him. "If we did, Moscow would say we were trying to bring back the discredited monarchy."

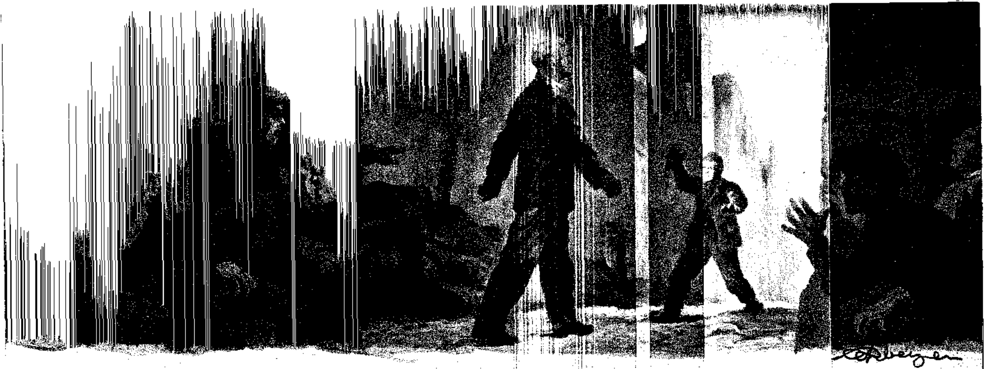
Rejected by the people he wanted to help, the Baron went his lonely way. Some days, the only person who would speak to him—aside from his family—were the boys at the Communist training school—and then only to abuse him.

That day, as he approached the school, the October air was cold and only a few students lingered in the yard. But one of them was his nemesis, Geza. "Stiff-neck!" the boy taunted. "Why don't you curl up and die, you decadent dodo?"

As usual, the Baron ignored Geza. Perplexed, the boy peered up at the erect old soldier. "What's the matter with you?" he asked softly. "Why don't you walk on the other side of the street, where we can't bother you?"

Still the Baron gave no sign that the brat, the school or communism existed. He marched around the corner to the drab room which he and his family occupied.

"You came by the school again!" the Baroness said accusingly. "Why do you torture yourself? You could have come home another way."



When the baron passed the school, the brats would jeer at him and mimic his soldierly bearing.

"I would have come home a coward," the Baron replied. "I was weak and gave in to the Nazis. This time I shall not give in."

That evening, as Baron von Berg approached the school on his way to work, he was dismayed to see Geza again.

This time, however, Geza did not jeer. "You're brave, old man," he blurted. "You could have run away like the other aristocrats. But you didn't."

Amazed, the Baron stopped to peer down at Geza's pinched little face and burning dark eyes. It was the face of a child born in war and stunted by oppression.

"Be careful," he warned the boy. "You know what will happen if you are caught talking to me."

Geza grinned. "Sure. But I'm brave, too!" With a bold salute, he swaggered off.

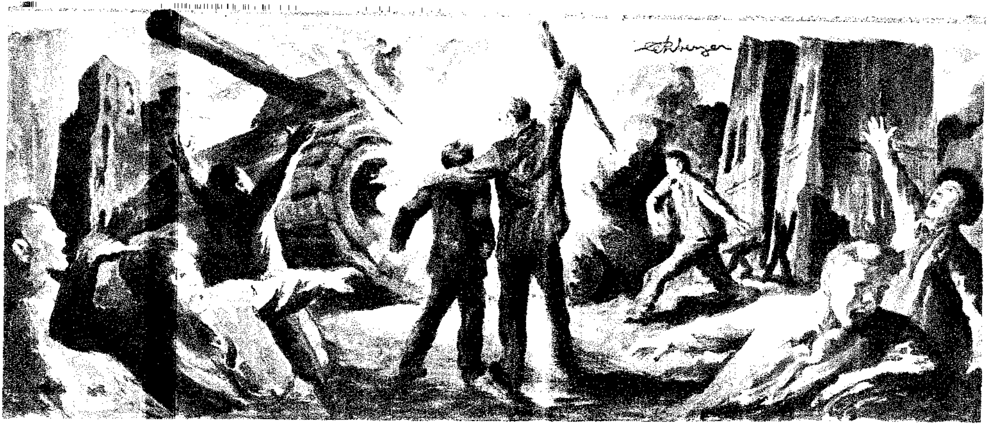
It was a long, strange night for the Baron. As he worked, he felt an undercurrent of excitement. It was a feeling he had often known before battle. As morning came, his excitement increased. Whispers were sweeping the hotel. That day, October 23, 1956, Budapest students—along with writers, office workers and others—were going to defy the Communists and demonstrate for full national independence.

The Baron was among thousands of Hungarians who flocked to the demonstration in the gardens of the National Museum; and later he was in the forefront of one of the angry throngs that roared through Budapest, tearing down Soviet emblems, destroying Russian statues and demanding that the occupation forces get out.

Like an old war horse, the Baron charged into the fray, wielding a rifle he had wrested from an A.V.O. officer. He had no bullets, but used the weapon as a banner, waving it over his head as he thundered orders to the disorganized freedom-fighters who automatically rallied around him. Pausing to survey his motley army, the Baron was surprised to see the flushed, excited faces of Geza and the pupils from the Communist school.

"What are you doing here?" demanded von Berg.

Geza held up a hefty stone. "Fighting the Communists," he said. "Who knows better than we



The Baron and his little band boldly fought the Russian tanks with stones and homemade bombs.

do what a rotten bunch they are!"

The Baron laughed—his first good laugh in years.

"They never fooled us," Geza explained. "Most of us are war orphans, or our parents are poor. We pretended to believe them because they gave us extra food. That wasn't honorable. But my grandfather always said to find honor one must first survive."

By this time the Baron and Geza were surrounded by a score of the brats, ranging in age from ten to 16. Geza glanced apologetically at the old nobleman. "I threw mud at you once," he said, "but I didn't hate you. It was what you stood for. It was your class that ruined our country. But when you kept going past the school despite the things we did to you, we began to see you as a man of strength and dignity."

Tears flowed down the Baron's cheeks. To hide them, he rose and said gruffly, "No need to feel sorry." He reached for his rifle. "Come, let's see how the fighting goes."

It was going well but the Baron and the brats soon learned they had no place in the freedom-fighters' plans. The youngsters were ordered to keep out of harm's way, and the Baron was told he still was not wanted. Defiantly, the old man and the boys joined forces.

"Let's go after the Russian tanks," the Baron ordered. "A tank is like a bull. It has blind spots, it charges straight ahead, and can easily be tormented. We shall be bull fighters."

For weapons, they had crude gasoline bombs, stones ripped out of the cobbled streets, and smoke bombs made of chemicals taken from Communist schools. Boldly, they would dart up to a Russian tank and slip a smoke bomb through a vent. Or they would toss a gasoline bomb, enfolding the tank in flames. Or they would simply drive a tank crew to distraction by bouncing rocks off the juggernaut's steel sides. The enraged Russians would often scramble out of the tank. On foot, they were sitting ducks for the sharpshooting freedom-fighters.

There were moments of near disaster for the Baron and his juvenile commandos. Once a Soviet shell crumbled a building in which the old soldier had taken refuge, burying him in the rubble. His brats dug him out—battered but still alive. Sometimes, one or more of the boys would fall, wounded. Several vanished. But none were killed outright by Soviet guns. Geza was wounded twice, the second time while crawling out to wrench a prized tommygun from a dying Russian trooper. The lad came back bloody but grinning. "Those Russians can't kill me," he said.

Such fighting spirit was soon recognized. On October 30, when the uprising seemed successful, the Baron and his gallant brats were commended by Major General Pal Maleter, chief of the freedom fighters. The next day, however, the Baron was shocked to learn that Maleter and Prime Minister Imre Nagy had agreed to negotiate with the Russians.

"It's a trick," the Baron warned. "The Reds are stalling for time."

He was right. On November 4, 1956 the Red Army rushed overwhelming reinforcements into Hungary, and a week later the rebellion was ruthlessly crushed. With about 200,000 other refugees, the Baron and his family fled to Austria. The old aristocrat felt he had repaid his debt to his country. Before leaving, he tried to get Geza and the brats to come along. They refused.

"We're not licked," Geza insisted. "We still have a job to do here. Our country needs us."

In Austria, the von Bergs were among those fortunate few Hungarians chosen to go to the U.S. Today, they live happily in this country. But the Baron has not forgotten Hungary and the brats who fought for it.

"As long as my brats are alive," he says, "I have no fears for my country. I will live to see Hungary free again."

Have You Noticed?

WHEN IT COMES to spreading gossip, the female of the species is much faster than the mail. —*Houghton Line*

BY THE TIME he whispers, "We were made for each other," she's already planning alterations. —*Personnel-ities*

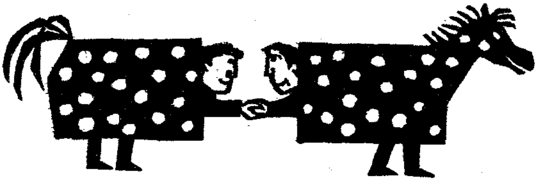
MORE PEOPLE might live to a ripe old age if they weren't working so hard providing for it. —*Milwaukee Road Magazine*

WHEN A WIFE really wants something from her husband, getting it takes only a little wile.
—VESTA M. KELLY *(Atlantic Log)*

GLASSES HAVE an amazing effect on vision—especially after they have been filled several times.
—*Railway Carmen's Journal*

A RECKLESS DRIVER is one who passes you on the highway in spite of all you can do. —*The Record*

AT LONG LAST, thanks to the drip-dry suit, men have equal rights on the shower-curtain rod.
—BILL VAUGHAN *(The Detroit News)*



GRIN AND SHARE IT

A YOUNG LADY attending a fashionable finishing school discovered, after a visit with a friend, that she had returned to school with the wrong umbrella. Whereupon she sat down and wrote the following highly cultured note:

"Miss Jones presents her compliments to Miss Smith and begs to say that she has an umbrella which isn't mine, so if you have one which isn't hers, no doubt, they are the ones."

—JOE MARSH

TWO GUSHING society women were having tea one afternoon.

"I'm hiring a new cook tomorrow," exclaimed the first matron.

"Isn't that just too thrilling," said the second. "What are you going to wear?"

—BARBARA CONNOR

A YOUNG TELEGRAPH operator, new on the job and working at a small station, was observing a fast freight passing when his eye caught a loose brake beam dragging and bumping along the roadbed and kicking up clouds of dust.

He knew enough to realize that the loose beam might cause a derailment at any moment. Rushing back into his office, he grabbed the telegraph key and pounded out this message to the operator at the next station: "Stop number 66. She has a nervous brake down."

—*Texas Pacific Topics*

DURING THE COURSE of a psychiatric examination, the doctor asked his patient if, by chance, he was Napoleon.

A crafty look crossed the patient's face. "No," he replied.

Later, he was given a lie detector test. It showed that he had been lying!

—CHARLES BLACK

A DOCTOR WHO WAS a prominent alumnus, was asked to give the boys a pep talk at a rally before the first football game of the season.

The doctor was most enthusiastic. Throughout the speech he interspersed the following statements: "Give 'em hell boys! . . . When you get in that game, you want to give 'em H-E-L-L."

The next speaker was a mild-mannered minister. He arose and in a small voice said, "Boys, give them what the doctor ordered."

—*A.M.A. Journal*

ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE Albert Lasker believed that the people in his employ should use exclusively the products of the clients.

Once, when his agency was handling a top cigaret account, he came upon a copy writer who was smoking a rival brand. The man hastily explained that he had taken his wife's cigarets by mistake.

"I see," snapped Lasker. "I presume your wife has an independent income?" —E. E. EDGAR

BOOKED FOR SURGERY, a businessman filled out the hospital questionnaire this way: Q. Who will pay your bill? A. Wife. Q. Relationship? A. Hostile. —NEIL MORGAN, *San Diego Tribune*

THE LAWYER FOR the plaintiff and the rather pompous judge didn't get along well. During the final argument, the attorney was interrupted in the middle of his speech by a question from the bench. The lawyer replied deliberately.

"I'm not as dumb as your honor—" he paused as he poured himself a glass of water and took a drink. Then he set the water glass down and continued. "—thinks."

—MRS. ROGER LACEY

A MAN CAME INTO COURT seeking a divorce. When the judge asked him what his grounds were, the disgruntled husband simply handed him a note he'd received from his wife that read:

"I won't be home when you return from work. Have gone to the bridge club. There'll be a recipe for your dinner at 7 o'clock on Channel 2." —HAROLD HELFER

A CLERK AT THE United States civil service commission was nonplused one day when he opened the following letter: "Please send me one of those application blanks for the position of Lighthouse Keeper. I have been doing light housekeeping for 20 years and I know all about it. —JOAN MC CAFFERY

AN OLD HILL-COUNTRY farmer was on his first visit to a big city. He was found standing over a coal grating in a sidewalk mumbling, "These things may be all right for warmin' up a hotel room, but when it comes to heatin' up a whole town they ain't worth a darn."

—MRS. ETHEL KIRTON

DRAMA CRITIC George Jean Nathan had little taste for child actors. Acting, he believed, was an art developed only after years of practice.

A fellow critic once disagreed with him with the comment:

"In my opinion, 90% of all children are natural actors."

"What a pity," said Nathan wryly, "that the other 10% go on the stage." —E. E. EDGAR

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

by James Joseph

The Dukhobors: Canada's violent pacifists

Red propaganda is ensnaring many of these religious zealots—who use terror in the name of peace

AN IDEOLOGICAL time bomb, planted, to all indications, by the Kremlin, threatens to explode with grave consequences in North America. Moscow's target is a troubled and turbulent religious sect—Canada's 3,000 Sons of Freedom Dukhobors, Russian-descended pacifists whose defiance of Canadian law has for 30 years terrorized British Columbia's Kootenay valley, just 30 miles across the U.S. border.

Igniting the fuse is Canadian-born Bill Moojelsky, a former grain clerk and now spokesman for the "Freedomites," who has vowed to lead his people out of Canadian "bondage" and into Russia's "Promised Land."

Fresh from a 50-day mission to Moscow, he told 1,500 hymn-singing faithfuls gathered from Canada and the U.S.: "Russia will give us the dignity of human beings.... And we have been promised 30,000 acres of land in southwestern Siberia, free for the tilling." But Moojelsky had returned with even more bountiful promises: the Kremlin's "verbal pledge" to exempt Freedomites from Red Army service (even as they are exempted in Canada) and to underwrite, if necessary, their repatriation to the Soviet Union.

(Later, however, the Russian government stated that the Dukhobors must serve in the army.)

If the Freedomites do go back to Russia, it will be the first mass repatriation of refugee Russians from the Free World, and certainly the first repatriation for the sake of "religious freedom."

Moscow has been quick to spread the welcome mat. In January, 1958, Dmitri S. Chuvahin, the Soviet ambassador to Canada, announced that the U.S.S.R. was willing to accept the Freedomites' appeal for repatriation—although most of the sect members are Canadian citizens, the majority Canadian-born. (A few are Americans, living in Oregon, California and Washington.)

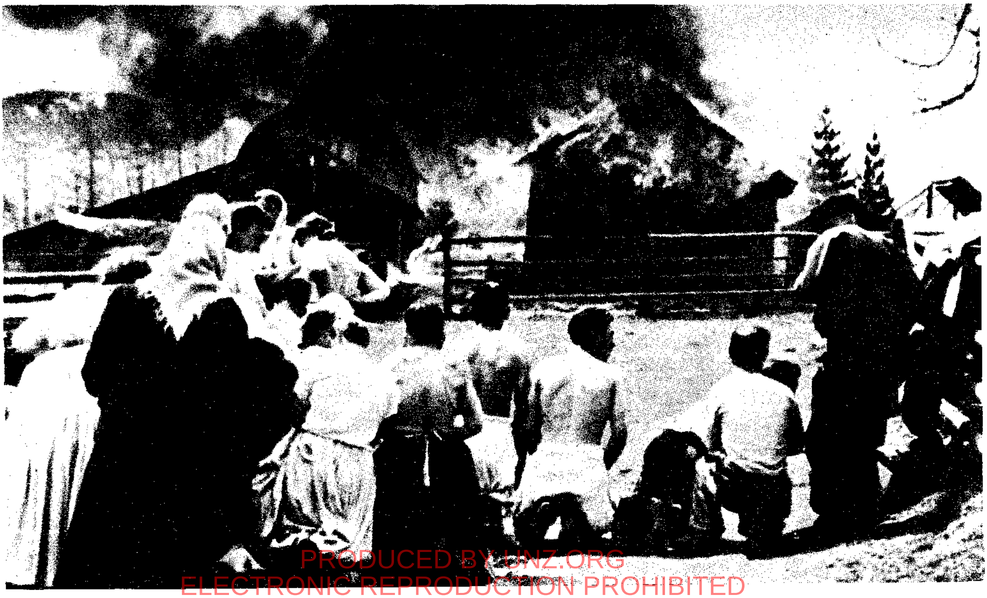
More ominous has been Moscow's propaganda offensive—spearheaded by Toronto's Russian-language biweekly newspaper, *Vestnik,* and backed by the Soviet embassy in Ottawa. *Vestnik,* which with the Bible occupies a place on every Freedomite hearthside, has goaded the pacifists to violence, while Communist propaganda films and literature flood Dukhobor communities, eulogizing the "new Russia." And although the late Josef Stalin crushed Russia's few remaining Dukhobors, exiling hundreds to Siberia, seldom a day passes now that a letter from the U.S.S.R. doesn't arrive in the Kootenays, beseeching a friend or relative to "return home."

The Freedomites are a contrary, contradictory group. Their bombs and arson tactics have razed more than 100 schools, 200 homes and on occasion virtually halted rail traffic. Yet the sect members themselves shrink from harming the smallest animal—even allowing gophers to feast on their crops. Although they make a fetish of modesty, they willingly shed their clothes both in prayer (to stand naked before God) and in protest. Nude and belligerent, Freedomites have marched through dozens of towns, demonstrating against compulsory schooling, taxes and demands that they register births, deaths and marriages.

While decrying materialism as "ungodly," Freedomites unabashedly park glittering new cars in front of their unpainted homes—and watch television in their living rooms. Psychologists who once spent three years probing the Dukhobor way of life concluded that "the majority . . . are spiritually sick."

The origins of this strange sect are rooted in 18th-century Russia, where the Dukhobors (the name means "spirit-wrestlers") were serfs. Dominated by a spiritual leader whom

Chanting, half-naked Freedomite firebrands burn the home of a fellow member. Psychologists who have probed the strange Dukhobor way of life say many of them are "spiritually sick."



they deified as "Christ," they recognized none but "God's law . . . the voice from within."

Theirs was a world of religious communism, abstinence and pacifism—as anti-clerical as it was anti-government. Their refusal to serve in the Czar's army led to persecution by the Cossacks and, eventually, to expulsion from Russia. Of the 7,000 Dukhobors who fled to Canada between 1899 and 1900, most accepted the democratic system. But not the radical Sons of Freedom, who are scorned as fanatics and troublemakers by Canada's approximately 12,000 less demonstrative Orthodox Dukhobors. Admits Peter Elasoff, a Freedomite leader, "Our return to Russia will bring peace . . . to this charred and unchristian valley."

Even as Elasoff spoke, guards kept a 24-hour vigil on a dozen Kootenay highway bridges—as they have for two decades. For, although Dukhobor religious beliefs forbid them to lift a hand against the "government's hired persecutors"—tax collectors, census takers and coroners—the Freedomites see nothing unscriptural in destroying railroad lines, bridges, utility lines and power poles. Freedomite firebrands, vowing to destroy "the places that teach children to kill," have wrought $2,000,000 damage on school property alone.

Elsewhere, sentries patrol the Canadian Pacific Railroad's right-of-way. A year ago last January, a track bomb derailed an engine and baggage car on a passenger train near Grand Forks. Fortunately, nobody was hurt. And in Nelson, a predominantly non-Dukhobor town of about 7,000, ushers search all movie theater patrons. For, two days before the train accident, three bombs and more than 15 sticks of dynamite were planted in crowded Kootenay valley theaters.

Some Freedomites are dismayed by this violence. "We are," says a bearded elder, "a Godly people steeped in shame." Others blame the provincial government. "There'd be no burnings or bombings if they hadn't kidnapped our kids," insists John Chernoff, whose eight-year-old daughter, Helen, was taken from his home and placed in the government school at New Denver, British Columbia.

Many of the Freedomite's acts can only be ascribed to a blind mysticism. A newspaperman recently found a Freedomite family standing naked and dry-eyed before their blazing house, set afire by an arsonist. They were making no effort to quench the flames.

"God ordained it," the man of the house said phlegmatically.

"Suppose you'd caught somebody as he tossed gasoline into your home and lit it?" the newsman asked.

"I'd have quoted him a Scripture and turned the other cheek," the Freedomite sighed. "God permits me to do no violence."

Yet next day the reporter discovered that his pacifist friend had served six years in a British Columbia penitentiary for the admitted dynamiting of a passenger train.

Freedomite sabotage against the Canadian Pacific railroad is inspired by revenge. The sect claims it was "railroad stooges" who on the night of October 28, 1924 planted a suit-case of dynamite beneath the rail coach seat of Peter Vasilovich Verigin, the Dukhobors' spiritual leader who had engineered their migration from Russia to North America. Verigin and a woman companion were killed by the blast, as were seven fellow passengers. The culprits were never caught, but Canadian police blamed dissident Freedomites who for years had challenged Verigin's "ungodly" leadership, rejecting the Orthodox Dukhobor belief that he was "Christ."

Only once, in 1950, have the Freedomites publicly and voluntarily purged their souls. As law officers looked on thunderstruck, scores of Dukhobor extremists streamed into police stations to confess crimes dating back 30 years. They admitted burning and dynamiting a Roman Catholic church, bridges, trains, tombs and schools.

Their souls "clean," nearly a hundred marched off to prison.

THE MAJORITY of Freedomites were outspokenly anti-Communist until 1953, when British Columbia's Attorney General Robert W. Bonner ordered the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to enforce the province's School Act. The authorities established the New Denver School, where nearly 70 Freedomite youngsters are now confined for compulsory schooling.

Recently, in a New Denver classroom, the writer watched sixth-grade student Florence Kanigan, 14, write an essay on "My Ambition."

"I want to go to Russia," she began, "where kids can live at home with their parents." Close by, another crew-cut Freedomite youngster wrote: "My ambition is to live in a great peoples' democracy . . . like the Soviet Union." At New Denver, the "back to Russia" spirit burns hotly, fanned both by parental fanaticism and by flag-waving Soviet propaganda.

The anti-public school campaign is not supported by Orthodox Dukhobors. "We have always sent our children to public school," one sect member points out, "and so have most of the Freedomites. It's only the hard core that shouts 'persecution' and all that rot about the schools being run by militarists."

Though torn by spiritual dissension, the Freedomites agree that only in Communist Russia can they find peace and religious freedom. But will they ever really leave for Russia?

"You can bet on it," vows their leader, Bill Moojelsky. "Russia's materialistic communism . . . is completely compatible . . . with our own religious communism."

But what of the Freedomites' mysterious spiritual leader, bearded Stefan Sorokin who since 1953 has lived in Uruguay? Sorokin, still scarred by ten years in Soviet prisons, once rejected communism as "anti-Christ and . . . contrary to all Dukhobor beliefs."

Moojelsky admits that Sorokin has been militantly anti-Stalin, but not anti-Communist. Now Moojelsky claims Sorokin is urging Canada's 15,000 Dukhobors to return to the U.S.S.R. and that he has promised to join his followers in the U.S.S.R.

What of Freedomite holdings in

North America? "Everything," Moojelsky said, "will be sold—land, homes, cars and cattle."

Accustomed to democracy's economic and political benefits, won't the freedomite Dukhobors find Soviet life drab and dreary?

"It will be a change," Moojelsky conceded, glancing at his own late-model car. "But at the rate Russia is moving, within ten years she'll be 50 years ahead of America."

Canadian opinion—particularly in areas where Freedomite communities are found—can be summed up in two words: "Good riddance." Declares British Columbia's Premier W. A. C. Bennett: "If they decide of their own free will that they want to go, and if Russia will admit them, we will give them every assistance."

The Canadian national government, which until recently viewed the Freedomites as British Columbia's private problem, has agreed to give the dissidents one-way boat tickets to Russia, the same transportation which brought them to Canada 60 years ago. British Columbia will pay another $2,000,000 as a "resettlement bonus."

British Columbia taxpayers, having shelled out some $20,000,000 over the years to douse Freedomite fires, both real and emotional, seem eager to bid the sect *bon voyage,* regardless of cost.

When, in 1952, the Freedomites threatened to migrate to Guatemala (which, like several other countries, later withdrew the invitation) the *Vancouver Province* observed, "If the taxpayers are going to spend $1,000,000 in relocating the Freedomites somewhere in British Columbia, they might spend the money to better advantage by sending them to Guatemala."

Privately, however, officials both in Washington, D.C., and Ottawa are deeply concerned lest the exodus hand the Soviets valuable ammunition. Insiders believe Canada's free-passage offer represents a calculated risk; Ottawa is calling the Freedomites' bluff.

Ottawa's gamble may have turned the trick. Far from being elated, Freedomite leader Moojelsky was quick to express his disappointment at the government's offer. Previously, Moojelsky had sneered that Canada would neither pay the Freedomites' passage nor grant them passports.

Despite the sect's loud praise of Soviet Russia, few Canadians have ever believed that the Freedomites are dangerous subversives. However, with the impetus of the proposed relocation, observers now feel that the number of Communist sympathizers in the group has mushroomed.

If and when the Dukhobors leave Canada, Soviet propagandists will make political capital of it. The flight of this small sect after 60 years of democracy will be used as "proof" that religious freedom exists not in North America, but in the avowedly atheist Soviet Union.

Deft Definitions

TONGUE TWISTER: A group of words that get your tang all tonguled up.

—*The Scraper*

You'll see the person you're
calling, wear your
receiver like a wrist watch
and dial Paris in
five seconds with . . .

The amazing phone of the future

by Raymond J. Brady

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, a long distance telephone call took an average of five minutes to put through after you dialed. Today it takes about 30 seconds. Tomorrow—the tomorrow of science and electronics—it will probably take five to ten seconds to call anyone anywhere in the world.

Before the first manned rocket hits the moon, the sturdy black box of the telephone as we know it today may have become as obsolete as a hand organ, to be viewed no doubt with just as much nostalgia. In its place you may wear a compact wrist-telephone that will come complete with a tiny, but image-sharp, TV screen.

This is not mere probability, or a dream that will take place hundreds of years from now. The missile program has given a dramatic boost to electronic research, and the results are even now being applied to your telephone. Groups of citizens in Columbus, Ohio, have already been equipped with experimental pocket telephone signalers hardly larger than an eyeglass case. If you dial the phone number of one of these citizens, his signaler buzzes him, and within a few minutes he calls you back after getting your message from a special operator.

The same experiment is being tried in and around Allentown, Pa., and a similar device is being used by the Howard Johnson chain in its restaurants along the New Jersey Turnpike. Its waitresses, literally, are wired for sound. Each has a small paging unit to keep her in constant touch with the kitchen. That way, the waitress immediately knows when an order is ready or the kitchen has run out of an item on the menu.

Not long ago, scientists at the Bell Telephone Laboratories thought that the dial system could be replaced by push buttons. After experimenting, they found that the push buttons did work out, and it now seems that they will eventually replace the present dialing system.

And once the more practical experiments have been perfected, they will not be hard to find around your house. Most homes will have no fewer than four phones, all served by a central ringing system with a soft, muted chime.

In the bedroom, the telephone—rather, a small instrument which you will then know as a telephone—will, if you wish, hang from the headboard of your bed. It will be so sensitive that you will be able to speak into it without any reaching or fumbling.

In the kitchen, a speakerphone will enable wives to go right on with housework or cooking while they chat from any point in the room. One experimental model has only a small speaker the size of a golf ball hanging from the ceiling; others are built into the wall.

In the living room, the telephone will take any one of a dozen unusual sizes and shapes. Part of the telephone may be tucked away in a drawer, with only a small speaker showing. Phones of this type would be a great help for the cluttered executive's desk.

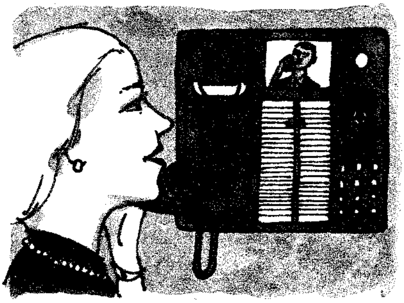
Today, you can pick up the phone and get weather forecasts and the time. Tomorrow, you will get sports results, up-to-the-minute news, even menus and recipes for dinner. And Junior will only need to pick up the telephone to be lulled to sleep by a recorded bedtime story.

Remembering the numbers of such special services will be no chore at all. A gadget will remember for you. The General Telephone Corporation's Dialaphone, which nestles alongside the telephone, will retain 850 names and numbers. To phone one of them, you simply turn an indicator to the proper name and push a button.

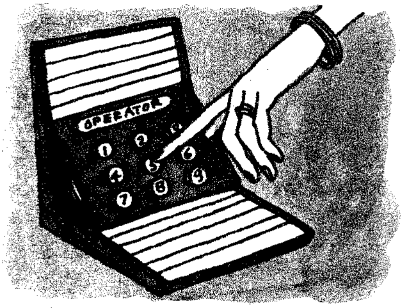
Even the problem of the busy signal is close to being solved. Technicians are working on another device which one day may "remember" the call for you. When the distant line is free, this instrument automatically will make the connection and ring you.

If you get no answer at all, a voice may tell you when your party will return home. This mechanical marvel, an answering device called the "Electronic Secretary," also will record any message you want to leave.

Tomorrow's phone will use TV and push-button controls



TV Phone that lets you see person you're speaking to will make shopping easier, and also has dramatic possibilities for industry.



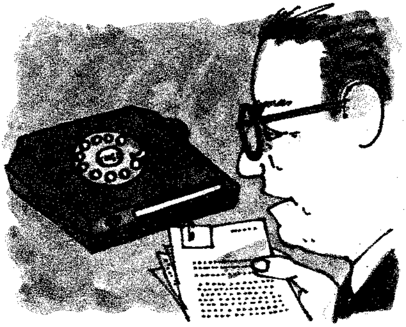
Compact-shaped Speakerphone will do away with clumsy receivers. Number may be dialed by punching keyboard on collapsible device.

The half-brother of this instrument, the "Electronic Sentry," is now in use by many industrial firms. It will call a pre-arranged number if your home is on fire, broken into, flooded or subject to some other unusual occurrence.

And eventually you will be able to make certain long distance calls without paying an extra charge. Field trials will start next year on an electronic switching system which could make the calls possible. This system will also keep track of long distance charges. With this billing, the company may have to add a few cents to the monthly bill and let the customer make all the long distance calls he wants.

This cheap long distance service will probably put an end to many kinds of letter writing. You will no more think of writing someone across the country than you would think of writing a friend in your home town.

The electronic switching system has both a permanent and a temporary memory and the ability to use logic. Suppose you often call a certain number. The system can be told to remember that number. So you simply dial number "1," for example, and the system remembers that you really want Market 3-0212 and automatically calls that number.



Speakerphone variation will cram receiving and transmitting gear into small package. Microphone, speaker are at front of device.

Or if you make many routine calls every day—say, 12—you dial "13" and the system automatically makes all 12 calls, one after another. If you go out of town, the device will record the names of everyone who called, along with their messages, and read them off to you when you return home.

For businesses, the Bell Dataphone, soon to be in operation, will take data from a business machine, send it by sound along telephone lines and deliver it in reproduced form. And it will do it faster than you can write. The amazing Dataphone can transcribe and send the entire inventory of a large supermarket—right down to the last can of sardines—in just 15 minutes!

The really big changes, however, will come when the telephone hooks itself up with television. This already has proved workable in laboratory experiments, but once the TV telephone becomes economically feasible for ordinary use, executives will be able to sit in on distant conferences, view new product lines and attend conventions—all by telephone. Office employees and many factory workers will also be able to work from home.

The housewife, too, will be able to forget her shopping chores. A simple phone call will show her the butcher holding up a leg of lamb for inspection. Similarly, her children could learn their lessons at home over the TV telephone. This would provide a wider range of classes than those presently being held on television.

Is the amazing telephone of tomorrow destined to appear in your home only in some distant Buck Rogers future? Not at all. Many of the improvements will appear this year and next. The exact target dates on some of the major changes cannot be known definitely because of many difficulties still to be worked out. But even these should appear in the foreseeable future.

Most of the problems are already being met and solved in missile development. The performance of an anti-missile missile, for example, must be flashed back and evaluated in much less than a split second. This is made possible entirely by the use of electronics—the same electronics which are rapidly making the telephone of tomorrow a reality.

The final question which engineers have had to ask themselves is how you, the user, will like the new models. Many people have grown rather fond of the rough-cut black object with the dizzy dialing face. To allow for this, laboratory technicians have invented a device called "Sibyl."

In effect, Sibyl is a robot which technicians use to test telephone innovations and customer preference. With a push-button phone, for example, Sibyl reports how long it takes to learn how to use it, how many mistakes are made and the length of time it takes to put through a call. By evaluating such information, technicians can actually predict your response to the telephone of tomorrow. "And that," states one telephone researcher, "is our purpose—to invent a better telephone that everyone can use, not just an amazing invention."

Matter of Taste

IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS, British painter Augustus John drove his automobile at breakneck speed.

One day, he was visited by a writer friend who confessed that he was contemplating suicide.

"You mustn't talk like that," said John. "Come, I'll take you for a ride in my car. A spin in the country will make you think differently."

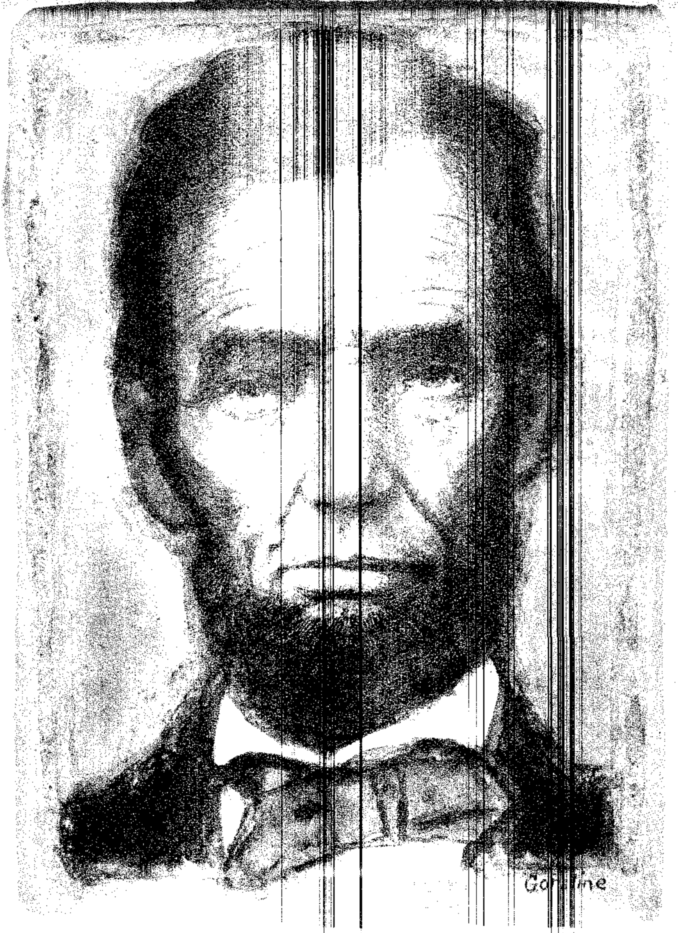
Once on the open road, John pressed the accelerator down to the floor board. They hurtled down the highway at 80 miles an hour, took hairpin turns on two wheels and skidded perilously close to the edge of a precipice. Eyes bulging, mouth agape, the writer sat frozen in his seat.

When they finally slowed down, John said to his companion:

"Well, do you feel better now?"

"No, I don't feel any better," replied the writer, wiping his brow in relief, "but I've lost my taste for suicide."

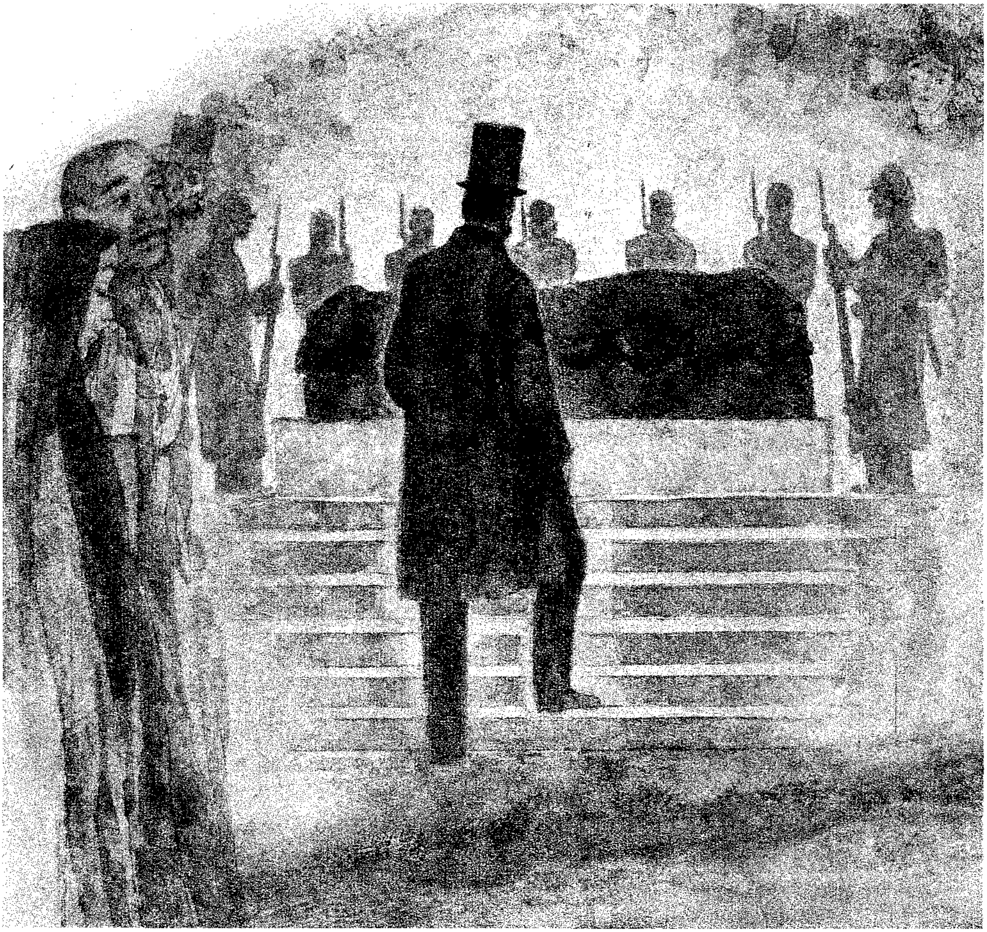
—E. E. EDGAR



The other Abe Lincoln

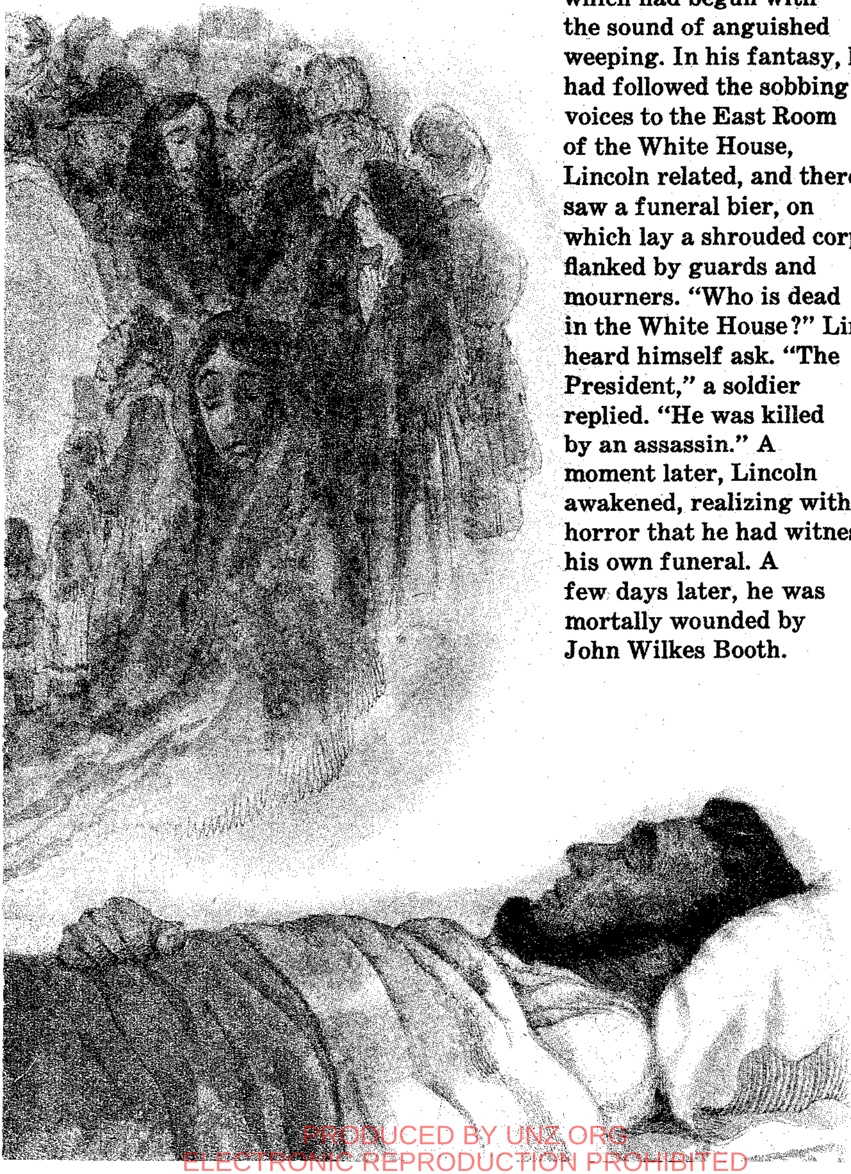
Abraham Lincoln—the legend—is familiar to nearly all Americans. But often the legend obscures the man. For so rich and varied was his drama-packed life that much of it is still known only to historians. On this, the 150th anniversary of Lincoln's birth, artist Douglas Gorsline has recreated some of these little-known moments of humor, heroism and anguish. His paintings on the following pages offer fresh insight into the personality of the man with the tortured face and compassionate eyes.

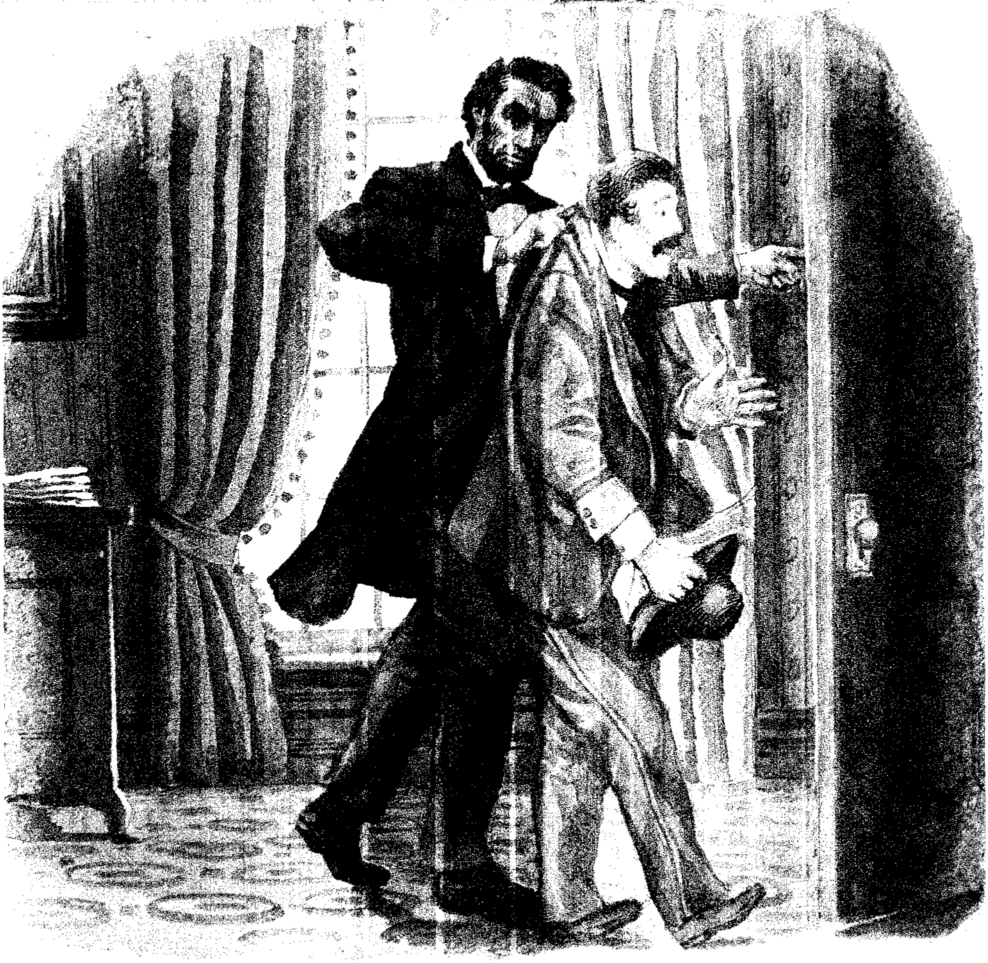
Drawings by Douglas Gorsline



"Who is dead in the White House?"

A realistic man, Lincoln nevertheless clung to the belief that his dreams could foretell the future. At a White House party in April, 1865, he told his friends of an ominous dream which had begun with the sound of anguished weeping. In his fantasy, he had followed the sobbing voices to the East Room of the White House, Lincoln related, and there saw a funeral bier, on which lay a shrouded corpse flanked by guards and mourners. "Who is dead in the White House?" Lincoln heard himself ask. "The President," a soldier replied. "He was killed by an assassin." A moment later, Lincoln awakened, realizing with horror that he had witnessed his own funeral. A few days later, he was mortally wounded by John Wilkes Booth.

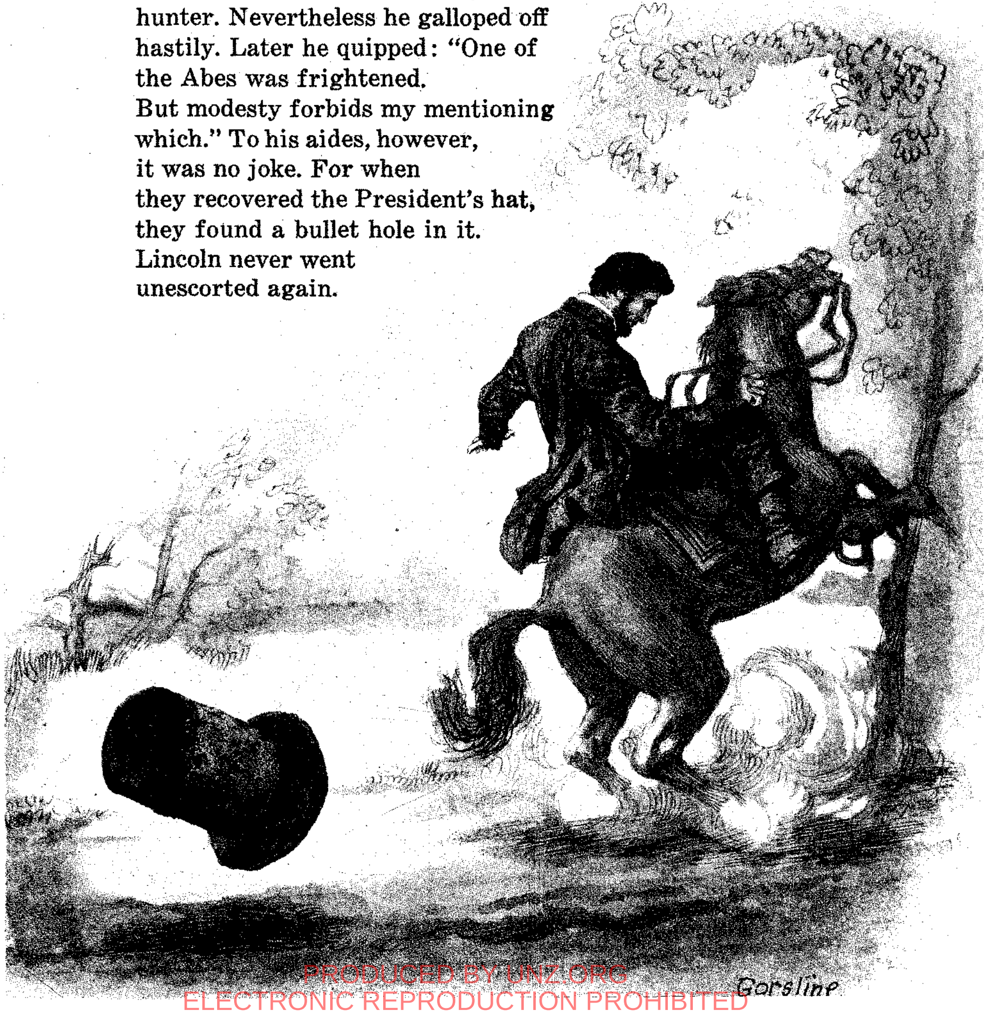


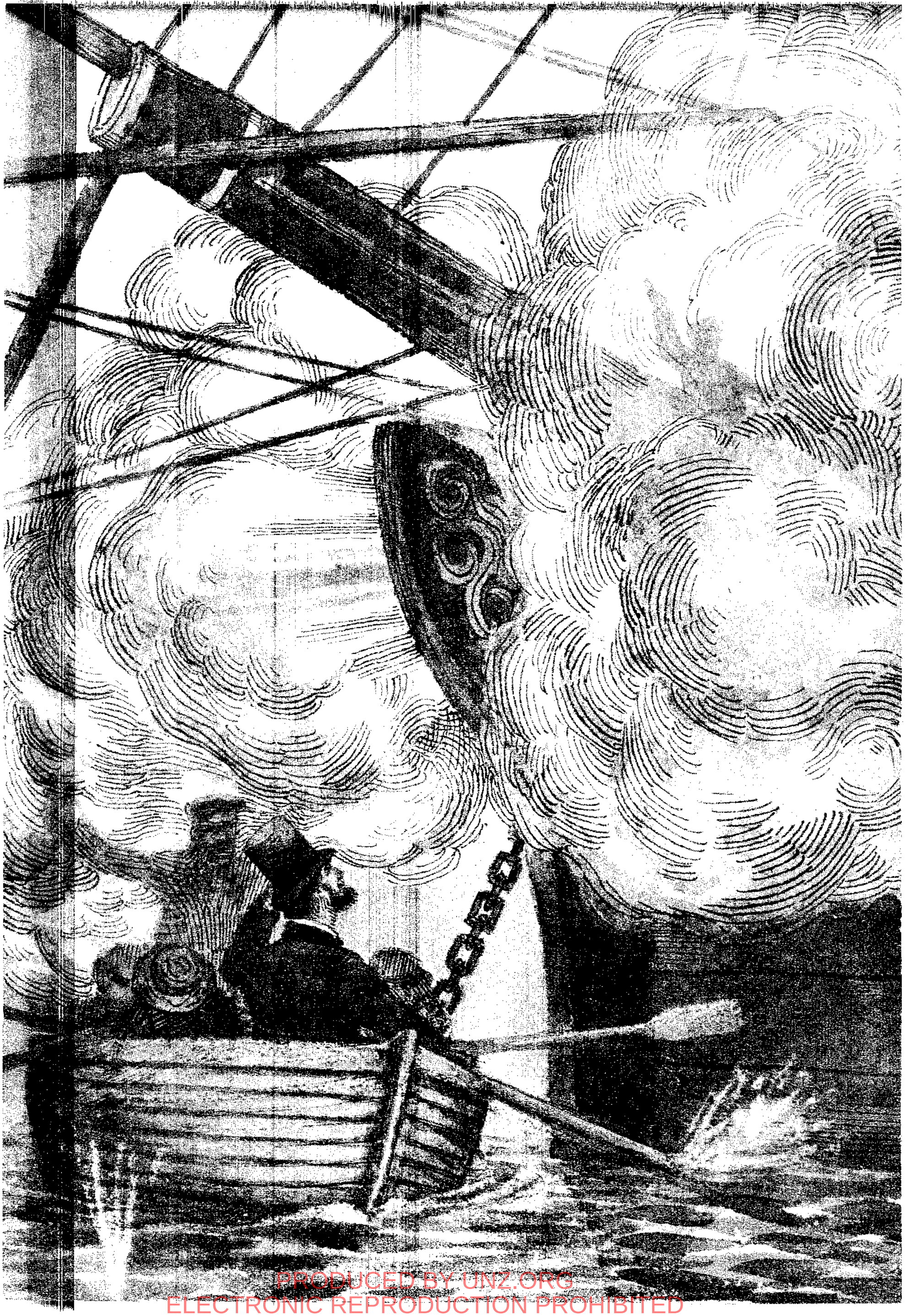


"I can bear censure but not insult!"
When the usually gentle Lincoln's integrity was questioned, his anger could be terrifying. One day a dishonorably discharged army officer begged the President to intercede for him. Lincoln refused, whereupon the man sneered, "You are determined *not* to do me justice!" Lincoln leaped from behind his desk. Seizing his caller by the coat collar and britches, he hurled him out the door, thundering: "I can stand censure but not insult. Begone! I wish never to see your face again!"

"One of the Abes was frightened..."

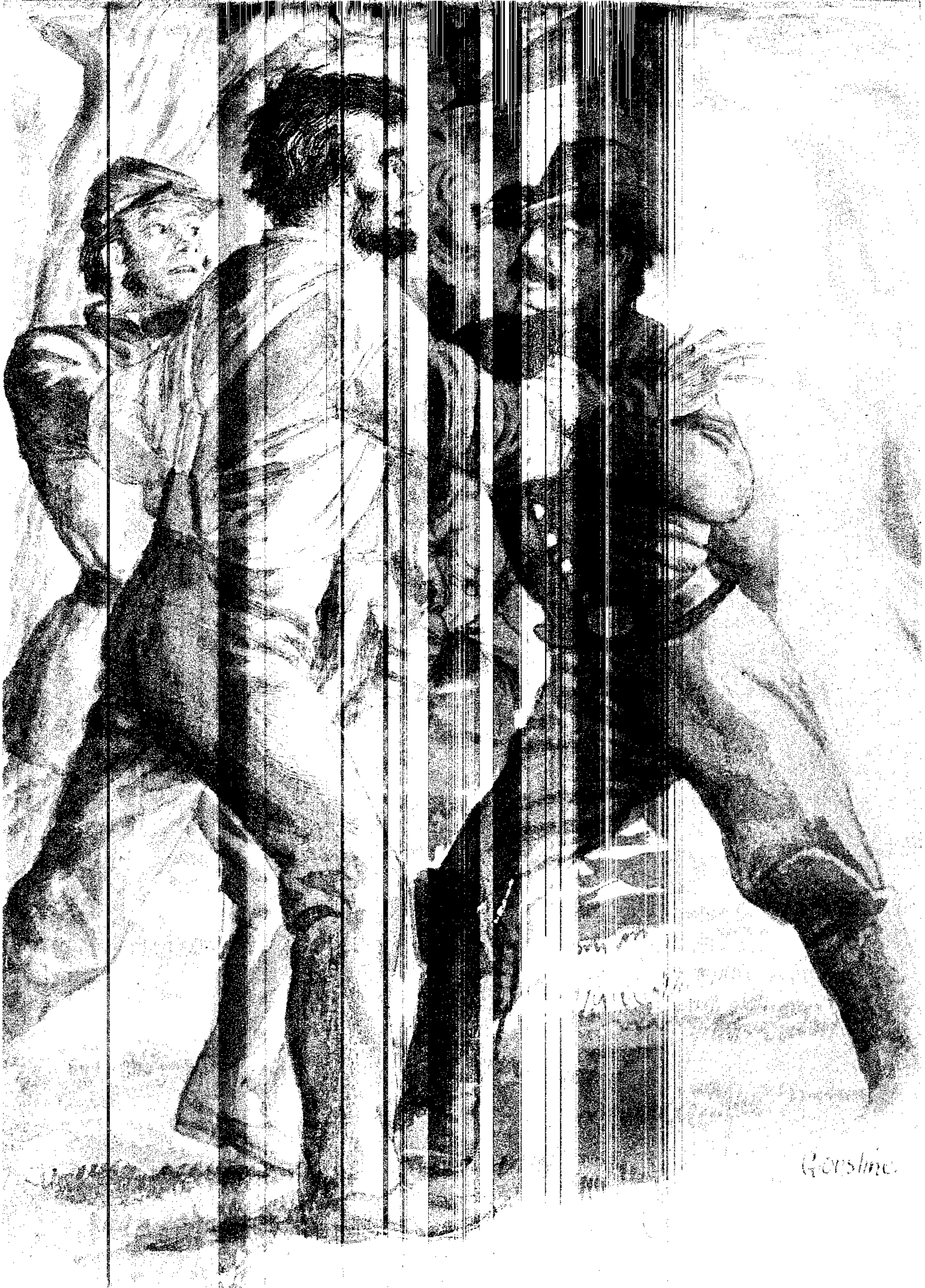
Scoffing at the danger of assassination, Lincoln often rode alone from the White House to his summer residence three miles away. One night as he jogged along, a shot rang out. Lincoln's eight-dollar silk hat flew off his head, and his horse, "Old Abe," reared up in terror. The President was sure the shot had been fired by a careless hunter. Nevertheless he galloped off hastily. Later he quipped: "One of the Abes was frightened. But modesty forbids my mentioning which." To his aides, however, it was no joke. For when they recovered the President's hat, they found a bullet hole in it. Lincoln never went unescorted again.





"Pull like the devil, boys!"

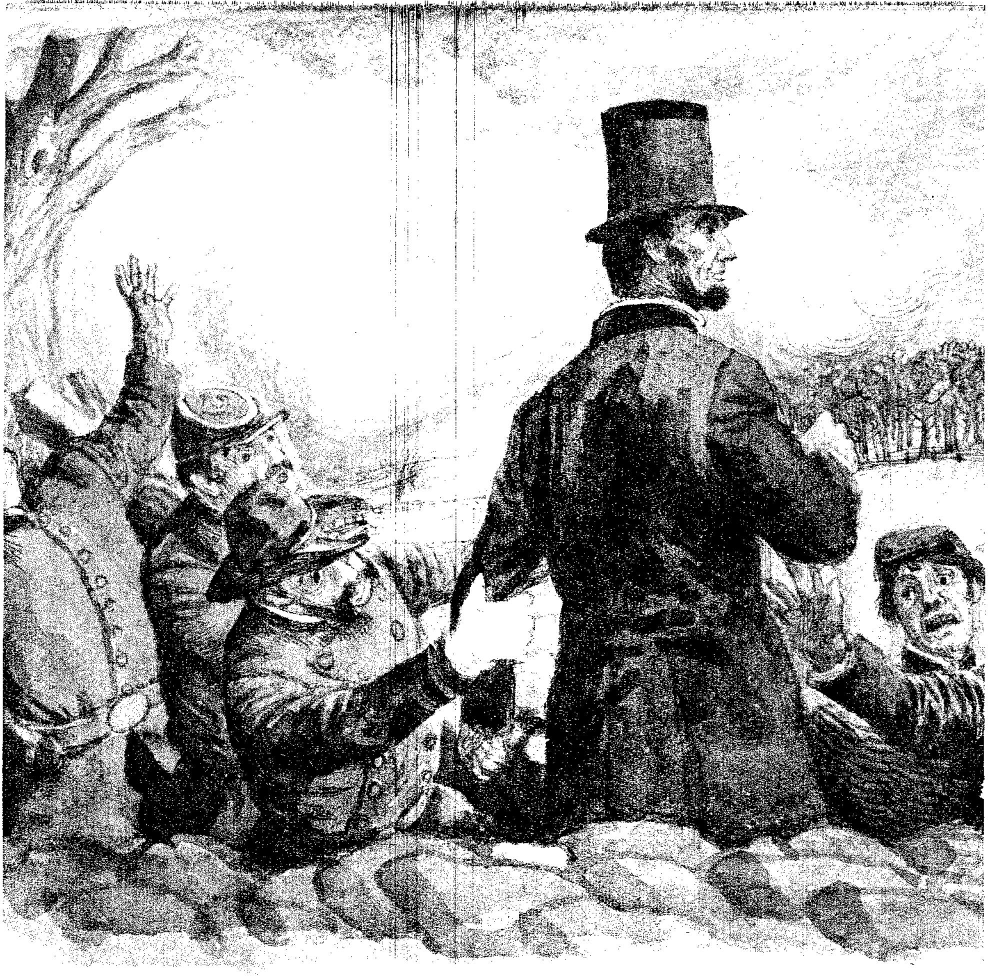
Lincoln's unending curiosity often got him into dangerous scrapes. Once, while leaving a French frigate after a state visit, he insisted on being rowed to the bow of the ship to examine her more closely. Believing the President's boat had passed well astern, the French began firing a cannon salute. Acrid gun smoke obscured Lincoln and his party, and giant chunks of sizzling metal and cannon wadding whizzed dangerously close to their heads. "Pull like the devil, boys!" roared Captain John A. Dahlgren of the U.S. Navy as the backlash of the blasts almost capsized the little craft. Finally, it pulled out of range. "I have seen men beheaded by shell fragments in situations like that," Captain Dahlgren later confided. "To think of exposing the President to such a risk!"



Gershine

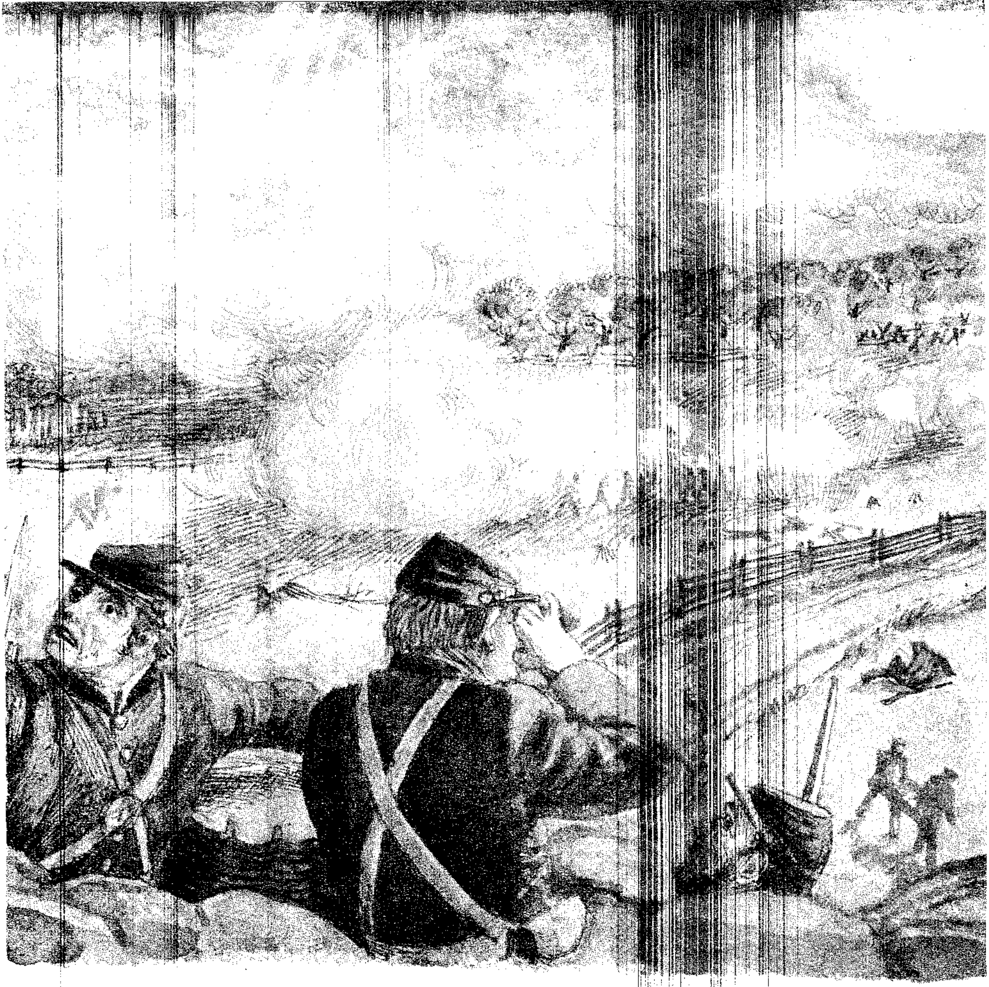
"Have the horses been taken out?"

In February, 1862, Lincoln's 11-year-old son, Willie, died. The President grieved silently, cherishing every memento of the boy. Late one night, several weeks after Willie's death, the Presidential stables caught fire. Lincoln heard the crackling flames and charged out of the White House, disheveled and half-dressed. Hurdling a high hedge, he ran toward the stables, shouting: "Have the horses been taken out?" The firemen shook their heads; the flames had spread too rapidly. With an anguished cry, Lincoln plunged toward the burning building and tried to wrench the doors open. Dodging falling, flaming timbers, several soldiers wrestled the President back to safety. Tears streamed down Lincoln's unshaven cheeks as he watched the stable crumble, destroying what he had most wanted to save: Willie's pet horse.

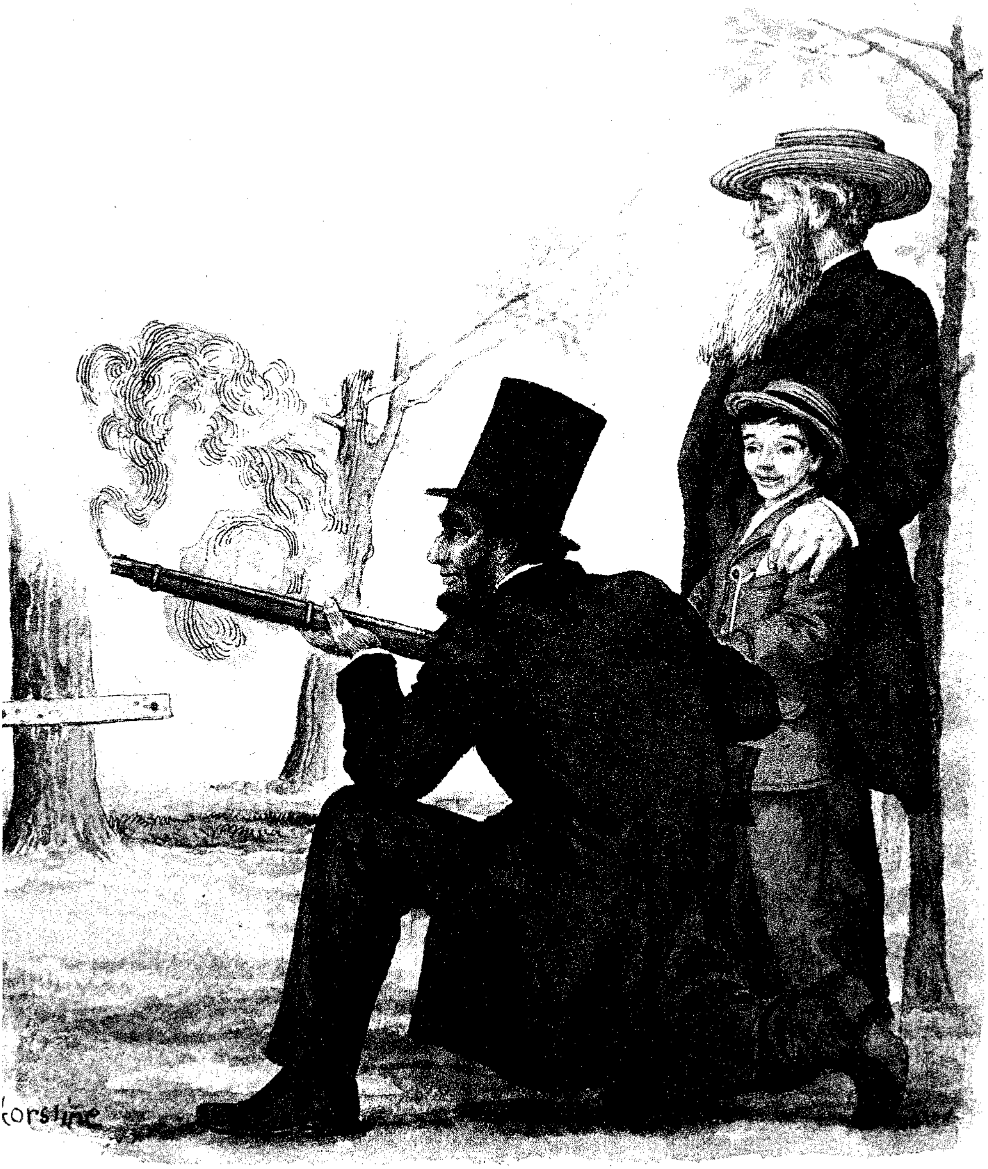


"Get down, you fool!"

In July, 1864, a Confederate army under Gen. Jubal A. Early was repulsed in a bloody battle on the outskirts of Washington. At the height of the fighting Lincoln clambered atop a barricade at Fort Stevens and calmly stood there, watching his first—and only—Civil War engagement. Spotting the six foot, four inch President and his party, Southern sharpshooters started



firing. One Union officer three feet away from Lincoln was killed instantly. Another was wounded. Seizing Lincoln's arm, Gen. Horatio G. Wright vainly tried to pull him down. Finally a staff officer, said to have been young Lt. Col. Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., bellowed, "Get down, you fool!" Startled, Lincoln obeyed. "The President seemed unconscious of danger," General Wright recounted later.

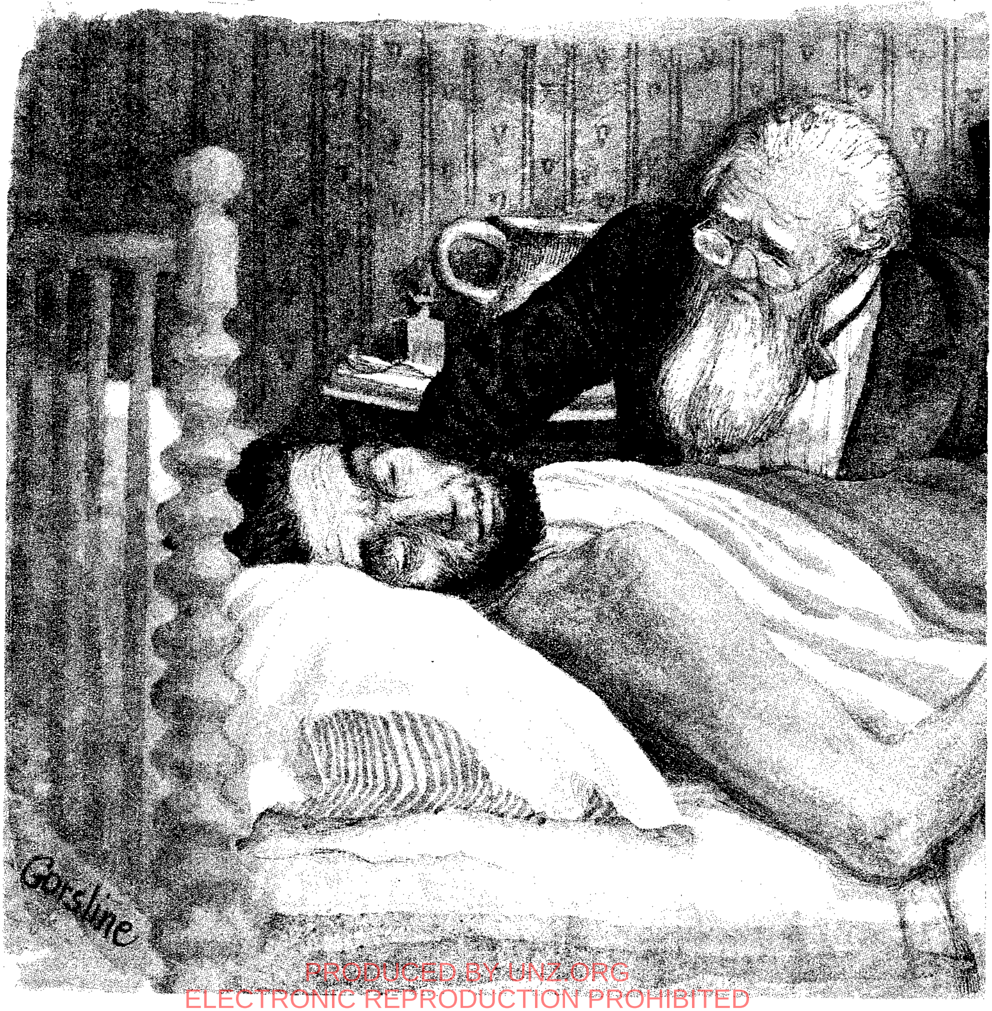


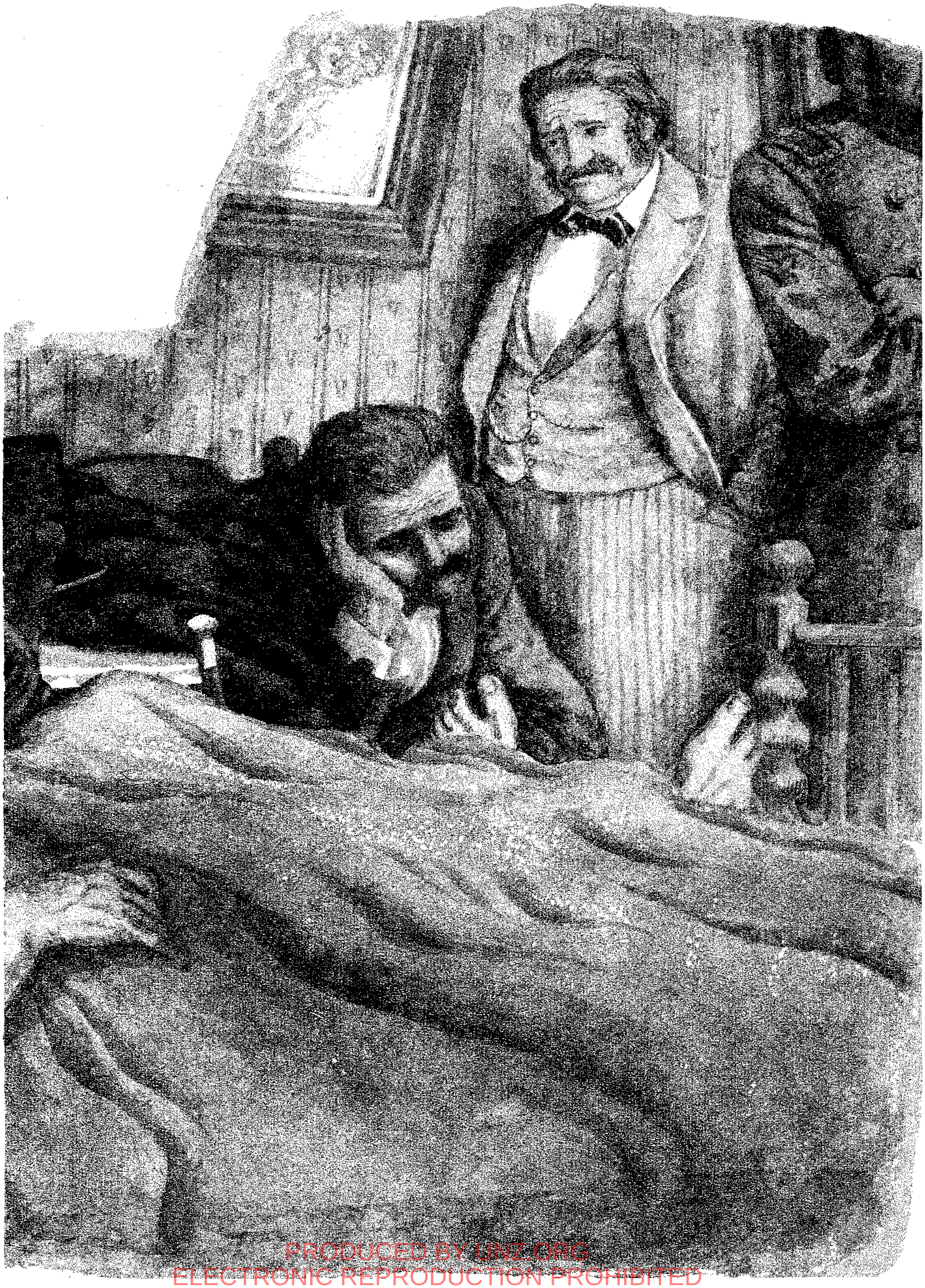
"I can make this gun shoot better!"

Although he readily admitted his ignorance of military science, Lincoln always enjoyed tinkering with the army's latest weapons. In 1863, he was given a chance to test-fire the new seven-shot Spencer repeating rifle. Inviting his son Robert and Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, the President went to the firing range and pumped seven shots at the target—a rectangular board with a black circle at each end. One bullet struck the bull's-eye. Five more barely missed. But Lincoln was dissatisfied. Returning unannounced a few days later, he nailed a piece of white paper to a tree and tried again. This time only one of his seven bullets hit the target. "I can make this gun shoot better," growled Lincoln, taking from his pocket a tiny wooden gunsight he had made by hand. Attaching it to the new rifle, he fired 14 more shots and scored 12 hits. Smiling broadly, the one-time Illinois hunter strode away.

"Now he belongs to the ages!"

With an assassin's bullet in his brain, the unconscious Lincoln was gently carried from Ford's Theater to a nearby house. Here, in the drab bedroom, he was stretched out diagonally on a cornhusk mattress, since his legs were too long for the bed. At 22 minutes and ten seconds past 7 A.M. on April 15, 1865—the day after Good Friday—America's 16th President died, "a look of unspeakable peace" on his face. He was 56. "Now," wept his friend Stanton, "he belongs to the ages!"





Lilliputian logic

MY CLASS OF FIFTH GRADERS had shown a lively interest in the riddles I often prepared for them in order to encourage their thinking.

One day I asked the riddle, "What makes the ocean restless?" The answer, as I had heard it, was: "Because it has rocks in its bed."

Several answers were given but none were too apt so I gave a hint, "It has to do with something on the bottom of the ocean."

One small boy's face lit up and his hand waved violently. When I called on him, he happily answered, "The ocean is restless because it has crabs on its bottom!"

—MARION CHAMBERLAIN

A THIRD GRADE TEACHER instructed her class to write a sentence beginning with the word "than."

Most of the students seemed to be completely stymied. One small boy, however, after a few minutes went up and handed his paper to the teacher.

He had written, "Than is a word with four letters."

—MADELINE A. RUDNICK

IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION on a science test, "Why did the population of Chicago grow so rapidly?" one youngster wrote:

"The population of Chicago grew fast because of the big stork yards."

—MARY TRAYLOR

A CLASS OF 10-year-olds was instructed by their teacher to write a story on some category of cleanliness and health.

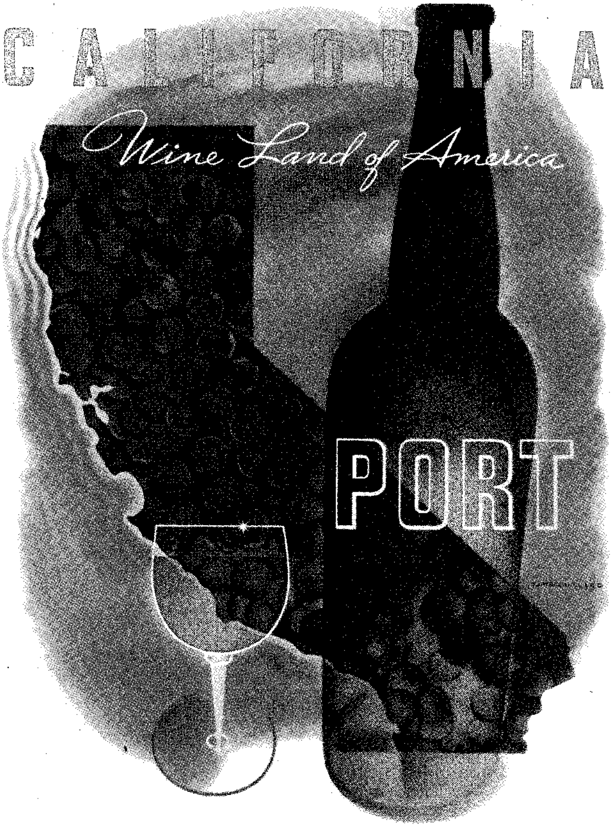
One little fellow's treatise—labeled "Care of the Teeth"—listed in order:

(1) See your dentist often.
(2) Brush your teeth every morning and every night.
(3) Watch out for shovers at the drinking fountain.

—*Railway Carmen's Journal*

THE TEACHER ASKED BILLIE to write a short composition about the days of the week. After pondering for a short time, the lad went to work. "Monday, Daddy bought ice cream for me" he wrote "and it lasted so we had some each day—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday."

—OVEID PACKARD



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Why all those government "secrets"?

They range from hiding data vital to science to comic opera hush-hush about bows and arrows. A troubled legislator bares the nonsense—and perils

by Congressman John E. Moss
Chairman, House Special Subcommittee on Government Information
as told to Leonard Gross

DO YOU BELIEVE it is your right to know whether the Air Force has wasted millions of your tax dollars in its ballistic missile program; or whether the money you are spending to support the government of Nationalist China on Taiwan is being lost through graft and fraud?

Of course, you as a citizen and a taxpayer are entitled to the answers to these and other vitally important questions. But you won't get the answers from your Government, which has the information.

For today, at a time when your need to know the full story of the nation's affairs has never been greater, the amount of information volunteered by your Government has never been smaller. The "Secret" stamp has never been used with such abandon. At a Congressional hearing not long ago, Charles A. Coolidge, former Assistant Secretary of Defense, admitted that while six *billion* documents were classified during the war by the Armed Forces, classification is running *at a higher rate today!*

Other witnesses testified that 1,000,000 Government servants, whose salaries your taxes provide, are empowered to keep information of their official activities from you, simply by marking their own work "classified."

More and more often the reporter who seeks the facts of government is faced with the bureaucratic attitude that the Government official —not you—will determine what you will be told about *your* business.

Secrecy in government played a part in two recent, vital developments:

1. *The fact that the launching of Sputnik caught the American public completely by surprise.* Our Government had information at its disposal to prepare us for the shock of events, but did not use it.
2. *Our own technological lag.* At a time when we are trying to regain scientific mastery, our scientists are unable to obtain vital information unless they can prove their "need to know" it.

This problem poses two unanswerable questions: How can a scientist prove his need to know something about which he knows nothing because it is classified? And how does he know what he needs to know until he knows what there is available?

No wonder that Dr. Lloyd V. Berkner, president of Associated Universities, Inc., and a member of the President's Science Advisory Council, recently warned Congress that "some day we may have to fight a war with pieces of paper marked 'secret' rather than weapons and men who are ready to fight."

This was uncovered in a three-year study by a special House of Representatives subcommittee on Government information, of which I am chairman. We have held more than 50 public hearings, taken testimony from more than 200 witnesses and been approached privately by individuals in Government burdened by what is happening, but afraid to testify publicly for fear of reprisals. These are some of the stories they told:

One official refused to declassify a report on a bow-and-arrow type weapon developed for espionage operations during World War II on the grounds that the information might fall into the hands of "potential juvenile delinquents."

Another official put a secrecy stamp on a World War II study that had resulted in the development of an effective shark repellent for shipwrecked seamen. The study was classified although only nine of 69 cases of shark attacks analyzed stemmed from military disasters that had not been covered in news stories published prior to the report. All other cases had occurred between 1907 and 1940, and much of the information was taken from an article entitled "The Shark Situation in the Waters About New York," which was printed in the *Brooklyn Museum Quarterly* of 1916.

Many of these ludicrous examples of public mistrust we have managed to correct. But fighting for freedom of information, I have discovered, is like stepping on a balloon. Stamp on it in one spot and it pops up somewhere else.

Last year, the Comptroller General of the United States wanted to find out why the Immigration and Naturalization Service had been sending border-patrol officers to compete in rifle and pistol matches at taxpayers' expense. The Service wrote a report, but put a "Secret" stamp on it, thus hiding its contents from the people who guard your tax dollars. The report is still classified, even though the explanation for the trips is quite simple.

But perhaps the most ridiculous of episodes occurred several months later when the committee discovered that the Navy had put a "confidential" stamp on two volumes of a four-volume work covering the development of machine guns in the U.S. and Russia.

It is a safe guess that the Russians became pretty familiar with our machine guns during World War II; and we can certainly assume that they know their own. Yet we, in effect, were classifying information about the Soviet weapons which the Soviets, themselves, already knew.

Explained the Navy: the material must be protected "even when there is no apparent justification for it" and "to insure that (unfriendly) countries do not learn of the United States' knowledge of it."

Everyone agrees that nations should guard the secrets that are essential to their safety. But what is "essential"? Is it, for example, essential to establish secrecy over *mistakes?* It certainly should not be. Yet recent events prove that the philosophy expressed publicly in 1955 by Robert Cutler, then the President's top security advisor—that "deficiencies, shortfalls and slippages in our national defense operation" should be kept secret—is clearly the operating philosophy of government today. As evidence of this, take the case of the Air Force and its ballistic missile program.

Several months ago, after a detailed study of the program, the Inspector General of the Air Force reported to his superiors that, while management, organization, budgeting and funding of the program were excellent, procurement was quite another matter. Practices in this area did not meet Air Force standards, and were causing delays and excessive expenditures.

No one is accusing the Air Force of dishonesty in any form. Once it learned of the shortcomings, it presumably acted upon them. But you, the taxpayer, certainly have the right to know whether you are getting the most for your money and your representatives in Congress need to know what is done with the money they appropriated to the Air Force. The General Accounting Office, the major financial arm of Congress, is given the authority to collect these facts. Yet the Air Force refused to give that office the specifics of the Inspector General's report.

Had they a legitimate reason? Representatives of the Air Force admitted to a subcommittee representative that there were no confidential sources, war plans, loyalty cases or criminal investigations involved.

The Air Force, therefore, had no excuse to withhold information. The only conceivable reason for hiding the facts was to avoid embarrassment from the disclosure that administration of its ballistic missile program had been untidy. And that is no excuse at all. Without full access to Defense Department records, Congress cannot intelligently appropriate your billions of dollars for the defense effort. *And defense spending takes three-fourths of every tax dollar.*

A similar situation exists regarding foreign aid. Recently our subcommittee has received a number of complaints that information is being withheld from Congress by the International Cooperation Administration, which oversees our grants to needy countries. When we asked James H. Smith Jr., the director of this State Department agency, for an explanation, he claimed he had the personal authority to determine what information Congress should have about foreign aid contracts.

What shall Congress, and thus the people, believe, then, about our support program to Taiwan? From 1948 through mid-1955, when the ICA *was* sharing its information, it reported numerous instances of malpractice on the part of importers and suppliers. Goods of substandard quality would be imported, to be bought, nonetheless, at the full value price; other goods were channeled into the hands of black market operators, with kickbacks all around. In all, it was estimated that some $250,000,000 was lost to corrupt Nationalists.

Did this dishonesty end in 1955? We don't know, because the flow of information was blocked. While the ICA has made a thoughtful study of all the aid programs we are supporting, it refuses to make its information public. Thus, while the study may show that some skulduggery on Taiwan has been stopped, it may also show that the misuse of funds is continuing, or even worse.

But it is the Defense Department and its missile and space programs that provide an example of management of the news on a colossal scale. Just follow this sequence of events:

On October 4, 1957, to the utter astonishment of all of us, the Russians launched Sputnik—all of us, that is, but the Government officials who might have told us what would probably happen, but chose instead to withhold the information.

In early August of 1957, the Library of Congress received two copies of a Russian magazine called "Radio." Together, these copies disclosed that the Russian satellite would soon be launched. Several weeks previous to that windfall, a private corporation had furnished the Air Force with an analysis of dozens of *freely distributed* Russian technical publications on space flight—all of them adding up to the fact that the Russians planned to launch a satellite as early as September 17, 1957. The accompanying diagrams even included a sketch of a dog in the satellite and details of how he would be cared for.

This document was in the hands

of the Air Force more than four months before the launching of the Laika-bearing Sputnik II. What did the Air Force do with the documents? I don't know. But it did not forewarn the American people.

Did the bewilderment and shock of the public teach the Defense Department a lesson? The department's first reaction to Sputnik was to issue military orders *prohibiting the discussion* of satellites or missiles. Even the gag order itself was secret! The explanation for this was a rare piece of naïveté: "Disclosure of (the gag order's) contents could have been exploited by Soviet propagandists abroad as a pre-emptory silencing of military personnel to prevent the truth from being told."

On April 23, 1958, the Air Force fired a special missile in an attempt to reach space and to return the missile's nose cone safely back through the atmosphere. The day after the unsuccessful test, the Major General in charge of Air Force missile development, Bernard A. Schriever, told the Space Committee of the House there had been no living thing aboard the missile.

Yet five days later, a newspaper revealed that a mouse had, in fact, been placed in the nose cone. The Air Force then reluctantly admitted that the missile had carried a passenger, now lost at sea.

Instead of improving, the situation is getting worse. Under a recent reorganization program ordered by President Eisenhower, all information from the three services must now funnel through the politically appointed Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs—a job now held by Murray Snyder, who for several years was assistant Press Secretary at the White House. What is Mr. Snyder's criterion for releasing news? In recent testimony before the House Armed Services Committee, Mr. Snyder conceded that he withholds public information, not only for reasons of "policy" but for what he called "timeliness." Asked whether this amounted to censorship he replied: "You may call it censorship. It is review for conflict."

Truly essential secrets must be maintained. But the promiscuous abuse of the privilege of classification must be outlawed. It *can* be done. A law can be enacted declaring that the people who created agencies of the Federal Government did not yield their sovereignty to these agencies. We have such a law in California. It says that public servants do not have the right to decide what is good for the people to know.

Properly enforced, a Federal Public Records law would require the Government servant to justify the use of a "Secret" stamp every time he classifies a Government document. He must *prove* that the public should not be told. The public need not prove its right to know.

I believe the 86th Congress, which began last month, will truly be the "showdown Congress." We will find out who owns our Government—the people who serve it, or the people they serve. My subcommittee is looking into anti-secrecy legislation. I hope your Congressman will help us work out a legal means of preventing unjustifiable restriction on *your* right to know.

Reason is out of season when the poltergeists go gunning for you

Happy haunting!

by Parke Cummings

EVEN IN THIS MODERN AGE we occasionally hear of strange, mysterious happenings which appear to defy scientific explanation. A case in point is the curious goings-on that took place in a Long Island household, and won national attention. Bottles of laundry bleach and ammonia propelled themselves across the room, furniture toppled over, ornaments shattered themselves against walls, toys got inexplicably broken—all of this without discernible human assistance.

Some believe that these phenomena were caused by mischievous spirits known as poltergeists, who delight in throwing things into confusion. Could be. At any rate, I'd like to point out that this Long Island family isn't the only one who's been plagued by poltergeists, or whatever they were.

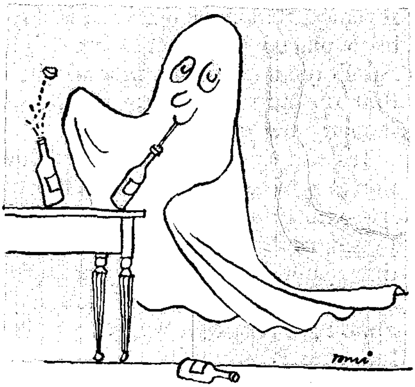
I'm convinced we've got some around here, although I've never been able to lay my hands on one. At any rate, a lot of weird things keep happening with us. Take the other night when my wife Virginia and I heard a crash in the kitchen. We dashed out there and found Junior visibly shook up. He explained that while he was washing the dishes a large plate—one of our best ones, unfortunately—suddenly disengaged itself from his hands and dashed itself onto the floor where it shattered itself into pieces.

Bottles act in curious fashion in our house, too. On a recent Saturday morning, Virginia purchased two six-bottle cartons of pop—enough, as any reasonable person will agree, to last a family of four for a week or so. Yet, by 5:30 P.M. on that same day the contents of ten of those 12 quart bottles mysteriously vanished. The bottles must have somehow popped their caps off and then emptied themselves.

Another incident that left my wife and me badly shaken was the case of the transported sweater. Recently, our young Patsy was missing hers.

"Well," I inquired, "where did you put it?"

"In my bureau drawer," she said.



"The middle one. And now it's disappeared."

"You're sure you put it there?" I asked.

Patsy nodded emphatically. "I'm positive," she insisted.

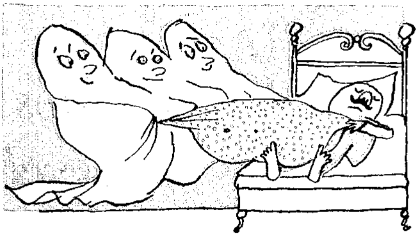
But in spite of this scientifically attested testimony of our daughter, the sweater turned up at the house of one of her playmates, Sue Griffin. And get this—Sue lives nearly two miles from us.

A poltergeist—and a mighty sneaky one, if you ask me—has been plaguing my wife, too. What he does is alter the checks she deposits in her personal account, apparently always lowering the sum. The other day, for instance, the bank reported that she was $13.82 overdrawn when, she insists, her balance should have been at least $25. Of course, it may be that this poltergeist *raises* the amount of the checks she makes out to other people, but it comes out to the same thing.

This is serious, and if she ever gets the perpetrator it will go hard with him. He may, or may not, be the same one who teases her by causing our phone to ring the minute she gets into the bathtub, and then hangs up by the time she has donned her bathrobe and picked up the receiver.

In winter, a poltergeist—or rather, several of them—play a devilish trick on me. I sleep under a heavy down puff, and on a number of occasions I have awakened, shivering, to find the puff on the floor. This always happens on the coldest nights, never on a warm one when I could probably do without the puff. The reason I put the blame on several poltergeists is that this puff is so heavy I doubt that one could pull it off alone.

The most distressing episode of all took place two weeks ago last Friday after I had returned from the annual banquet and initiation of the Eagles Club. These ceremonies took considerable time, breaking up in the wee hours of the morning. I entered the house and thoughtfully began removing my shoes. If I had been more alert I suppose I should have suspected the presence of a poltergeist because one of the laces became mysteriously knotted as I attempted to untie it.



I then started cautiously up the stairway, and when I reached the third or fourth step—it happened. Something invisible tripped me, and I took a rather nasty spill, which awakened Virginia from a sound sleep.

I was no end distressed and, needless to say, she was just as upset over this macabre incident as I was. A bit more, now that I come to think of it.

I just don't know what the outcome's going to be if these things keep happening.

Are truancy, temper tantrums and

thumb-sucking merely "growing pains"—or danger signals?

Here are helpful answers for baffled parents

When does a child need psychiatry?

by Max Gunther

LINDA WAS SEVEN YEARS old and in second grade when she began to lose interest in her schoolwork, withdraw from other children, and explode with violent rage over little frustrations.

Linda's mother, though perplexed, told the school guidance counselor that she thought Linda was "just going through a phase." The counselor said this might be possible, but suggested that Linda's parents take the child to a psychiatrist.

The mother was shocked. To her, a psychiatrist was a man who treated disturbed people—and, as anybody could see, Linda was just a normal little girl having difficulty in school.

So Linda got no help. Today, at the age of 16, she is under treatment for a serious emotional disorder.

"If only she'd been helped when she was younger," says the specialist who is working with her now, "her story might have been different. As things stand today, she has a long, hard climb ahead of her."

Many parents have worried over the question: Should I take my child to a mental-health specialist? It is hard to be a parent and not be concerned, once in a while, with your youngster's behavior. Maybe he doesn't play well with other kids. Or maybe he is unruly and destructive. Or he has reverted to wetting his bed or sucking his thumb.

You're puzzled. You wonder: Is he all right? Is this just another of those "phases" that pass away in time? Or should I take him to a specialist?

"These aren't easy questions for parents to cope with," says Dr. Victor Balaban of The National Association for Mental Health. "When parents are worried that a child has a physical disorder, they unhesitatingly take him to a doctor. But with emotional problems, they tend to wait a considerable period of time before seeking help—or avoid seeking it altogether."

One doctor tells of a mother and daughter who came to consult him about enuresis—bed-wetting. The trouble had started when the girl was five; now she was nine. Enuresis can be a symptom of many different emotional problems. In this case, the girl had hostile feelings towards her mother and the enuresis was a deliberate act of vengeance.

The mother had scolded her daughter instead of seeking help. The bed-wetting failed to go away. The girl felt guilty about it, but at the same time felt she had no control over it and hated her mother for making her feel so ashamed.

The mother, in turn, didn't understand the significance of the bed-wetting and thought the daughter was just being naughty. The two went through four years of torment. Their relationship as mother and daughter disintegrated in a fog of bitterness that will remain for a long time. All this could have been avoided by earlier consultation.

How can you tell when your child needs help with an emotional problem? Mental-health authorities say these are signs of possible trouble:

(1) Prolonged unhappiness when the reason is not apparent. In the volatile emotions of childhood, sadness and joy usually tumble over each other like leaves in the wind. If a child can't climb out of the doldrums, some deep problem may be hounding him.

(2) Reversion to habits of infancy: thumb-sucking, bed-wetting, soiling, frequent crying over trifles.

(3) Signs of withdrawal, such as a lack of interest in playing with other kids, or an exaggerated fantasy life. Most children indulge in fantasy; but when a youngster consistently prefers to play with an imaginary friend, for instance, it could signal that he is afraid to face the real world.

(4) Prolonged, unreasonable fears. Most children have nightmares once in a while, or occasionally think a tiger is hiding around the corner. But when a child has such fears constantly, they may represent real fears, guilts, or hostilities fermenting inside him.

(5) More-than-normal aggressiveness: constant fighting, bullying of younger children, antagonism to parents' or teachers' authority.

(6) Severe "sibling rivalry": more-than-normal fighting, quarreling, or sullen animosity between brothers and sisters.

(7) Difficulty in learning.

(8) Truancy or "school phobia."

(9) Signs of tension such as a facial tic or severe nail-biting.

"Be guided by your own feelings of concern," says Dr. George Cohen, a psychologist who works in New Jersey schools. "If there's something about your child that worries you, it's certainly worth a consultation with a specialist."

The aim of this first consultation —with or without the youngster along—will be to answer the two basic questions: whether treatment seems necessary, and if so, where you go next.

As your second step, you'll probably be advised to take your child somewhere for a thorough physical exam. The whole affair may end right there; for in children, apparently complex emotional problems often turn out to have quite simple physical roots. A physical defect can go unnoticed in a child for years, simply because the child doesn't know enough to tell anyone about it.

One badly worried mother, for instance, went to a doctor with her two-year-old daughter. The little girl could neither walk nor pronounce even simple words. She had whined constantly since infancy, and now she was growing almost unmanageable. Little frustrations threw her into fits of hysterical crying. The mother feared she was mentally retarded.

The doctor gave the girl a thorough examination, including an X ray. This revealed the trouble: A bone in her foot was slightly misshapen and out of place, not enough to show but enough to cause sharp pain whenever the sole touched anything. Surgery cleared up the problem in a hurry.

BUT SUPPOSE a physical exam fails to turn up any clues in your own child's case. Your next step will probably be to go to a psychotherapist—an expert in treatment of mental or emotional problems. There are two main kinds of psychotherapists:

A psychiatrist is a medical doctor specializing in mental or emotional problems. Some psychiatrists work only with adults, some only with children, some with both.

A psychologist or a social worker is a man or woman who has intensively studied the human mind but isn't an M.D. As with psychiatrists, some psychologists specialize in children, some in adults.

These therapists have many techniques at their command to help your youngster: play therapy, psychodrama, psychoanalysis—to name a few. Some therapists specialize in one technique, while others draw from many techniques, molding the treatment to fit the case at hand.

Which of these many specialists should you go to? "It isn't possible to make a blanket statement that one kind of therapist or one technique is better than another," says Dr. Balaban. "It depends on the particular problem and on many other factors. The important thing is to go to good sources of advice and referral. Don't just pick a therapist's name out of the phone book."

You can start by seeing your family physician. But if you don't know anyone to consult, ask your local medical society or mental-health association to refer you to someone. Or write to the National Association for Mental Health at 10 Columbus Circle, New York 19, N. Y. The NAMH has a nationwide information service.

The people or agencies you consult will eventually steer you to a good source of treatment for your child. Finally, therapy will start. What kind of therapy will it be, and exactly how will it work?

One broad class of treatments is sometimes called "environmental" or "social" therapy. It's often used for mild or shallow-rooted problems, and often with very young children who can't easily tell a therapist their feelings or understand his advice. As the name implies, the idea is to adjust a troubled child's environment—usually his home life—by working with the parents instead of with the child himself. The therapist may spend part of the time in play therapy with the young patient, but most of it counseling the parents. In some cases, the parents themselves may be advised to undergo psychotherapy.

"A parent often sees a child as an extension of his own personality," says psychoanalyst Dr. George Crane of New York. "Thus, there are all kinds of complicated ways in which a child can get drawn into a problem that is basically the parent's."

Take five-and-a-half-year-old Steve, for instance. On the advice of a family doctor, Steve's mother took him to a psychologist. Her complaint: "Steve is accident-prone."

The psychologist saw that there was a great deal wrong with the little boy beyond that. He was tense, agitated, overaggressive. Because he was always climbing on shelves and getting into other dangerous situations, deliberately defying his parents, he had more than a normal boy's share of bad accidents.

The basis of it all, the psychologist discovered, was the attitude of Steve's mother toward him. She was naggingly protective—wouldn't let him out of the back yard to play with other boys, whimpered over him when he got an insignificant scratch or bruise. Steve in turn felt hostile toward her for restricting him so much, sensed that her protectiveness had little real love or warmth in it. He was confused, and his aggressiveness was a way of kicking back at a bewildering world.

The psychologist then began exploring the mother's problems. She had grown up desperately wanting love, afraid to give love for fear of being hurt again as her parents—who had abandoned her—had hurt her. Thus, she selfishly wanted Steve as her own and nobody else's; she couldn't bear the thought of his being away from her.

As the psychologist helped her understand her problems, young Steve changed. Today, at eight, he's a stable, cheerful youngster.

If environmental therapy with the parents doesn't seem to alleviate the child's problem, he may be given play therapy. "This is the most widely used technique with children below teenage," says Dr. Balaban. Watching a youngster play, a skilled therapist who is a non-threatening, warm and sensitive person can find out things that the child couldn't hope to recognize or express in words. "Also, play helps a child feel at home in what might otherwise be a frightening situation," says Dr. Jules Barron, who practices in suburban New Jersey.

As an example of how play therapy works, take the case of one of Dr. Barron's patients, a tense, anxious boy of six.

Playing with a doll house he insisted on keeping the furniture in absolutely perfect order. This, Dr. Barron discovered in chatting with the boy, stemmed from the fact that the boy's parents were unusually strict. He was scolded for leaving a toy on the floor and wasn't ever allowed to go into the living room.

In the third session, the boy organized the doll house meticulously, as before. He sat and stared at it. Then, suddenly, he knocked it over. He looked at the doctor fearfully—expecting to be punished. He was noticeably relieved when the doctor explained that it was all right for him to get mad, and to scatter the furniture.

"In later sessions," Dr. Barron says, "he began throwing the doll furniture around and breaking it. Here's where I drew the line. From this, he learned that there are limits to the ways in which we can express anger."

With a child older than seven or eight, a therapist may often invite his patient to play an organized game such as checkers instead of merely watching him play with toys. "You can learn many things this way," says Dr. Cohen, the school psychologist. "For instance, it may be important to know how a child will react to the frustration of losing."

Another common technique is psychodrama. In this, the therapist and his young patient—or perhaps several youngsters in a group—act out their emotions. One of Dr. Barron's patients, for example, was a boy of ten, a detached and friendless little fellow who seemed afraid of people.

He and Dr. Barron acted out battles with toy guns. "He always wanted to be the bad guy, and I had to be the good guy," says Dr. Barron. "This was the way he saw the world: himself as an outcast, shunned and hated."

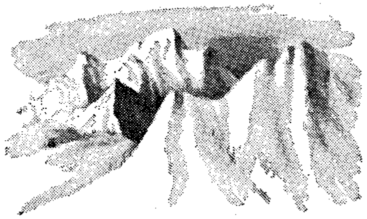
Eventually Dr. Barron was able to get the boy to "fight" by his side as a "good guy" against the "bad guys." In doing this, says Dr. Barron, "he was finding out that he was worth being allied with—that maybe he wasn't so different from other people after all."

Another common therapeutic technique is psychoanalysis. The basic idea of this technique is to help the patient take his problems apart and see what is causing them—where they started and how they developed. Once he understands these things, he's better able to cope with the problems.

In classical Freudian psychoanalysis, the most familiar kind, the patient usually lies on a couch or relaxes in an arm chair and talks of his problems to the therapist. This technique isn't used as often with children as is play therapy. Children aren't as good as adults at putting their feelings into words, and they're often too restless to lie or sit still for long. However, a therapist will often encourage a youngster to talk about his problems while playing, or invite him to sit and chat for a brief period.

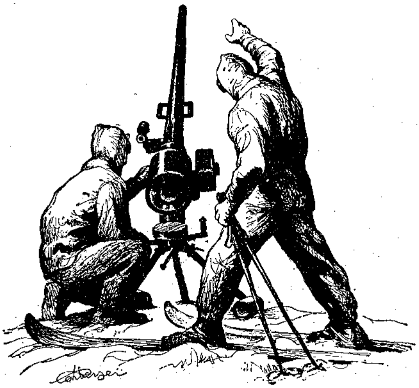
These are the main kinds of therapy used with children. There are many variations and combinations of them. The specialist you consult will be able to choose the therapy particularly suitable to your child when and if he needs help.

SIGN ON THE BACK of a small foreign car: "Quit honking. I'm pedaling as fast as I can." —FRED NOFZIGER



They tame snow slides

by ROBERT LEE BEHME



With cannon, courage and special strategy, Rangers wage endless war against avalanches

AT SQUAW VALLEY, California, site of the 1960 Winter Olympics, officials faced a serious problem. Much of the land was logged-off, slab-sided mountain slope. With no toe-hold for heavy winter snows, avalanches were a constant threat that had to be controlled before an Olympic site could be built.

"Let's call the Snow Rangers," an official suggested. "If they haven't the answer, there isn't any."

The mushrooming reputation of the U. S. Forest Service's elite corps of avalanche-busting Snow Rangers has been built on their uncanny ability to tame mountains. Safety is their business.

To Squaw Valley, Forest Service officials sent 50-year-old Montgomery Atwater, a rugged six-footer who had been in charge of avalanche prevention and research since 1946.

In five months Atwater solved the problem with a plan based on the latest techniques of cannon fire, hand-placed explosives, intricate snow fences and earth barriers. Several Olympic experts claim the plan made the impossible possible.

Such talents, Forest officials feel, are common to all Snow Rangers.

During a typical winter season, Snow Rangers will command rescue teams, research snow and weather conditions, keep constant tab on avalanche dangers and blast troublesome snow slides to smithereens. Working with state highway officials, they wage an endless winter war to help keep vital trans-continental highways open by their counselling and advice.

The Forest Service has Snow

Rangers on duty at every major ski area in National Forest Lands. Situated in the West, from the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean, they patrol the nation's most dangerous high mountain areas.

Three men comprise the backbone of the Snow Ranger corps: Assistant Regional Forester J. M. Herbert of Ogden, Utah, Wasatch National Forest Supervisor F. C. Koziol, and Ed LaChapelle, research ranger at Alta, Utah. They have been largely responsible for the aggressive, two-pronged program now followed by the Service: research through field stations; and commando-like avalanche raids by rangers armed with high explosives.

"The idea," Forester Herbert says, "is to remove slide dangers before they build to uncontrollable proportions. Our primary consideration is the skier. Our basic tool is research, but eventually, avalanche dangers must be removed physically."

In practice, this means a ranger must spot avalanche perils when they begin, know the difference between danger zones and stable snows, know when a danger zone is critical and how to make it safe.

"To make a potential avalanche safe," Herbert says, "a Snow Ranger must make it stabilize or slide. It can be done by weight—generally through snows added by wind or storm; by shearing the surface which holds the snow; or by vibration or abrupt temperature changes."

Nature can trigger avalanches four ways, but a snow ranger has only two at his disposal. He can dislodge the snow by cutting across the slide path with skis or he can blow it up with vibrations from dangerous, hand-placed explosives or safer, long-range cannon fire.

If possible, rangers trigger avalanches with 75 mm. projectiles fired from fixed or mobile gun positions. But at times targets cannot be reached by gunfire. When this happens the Snow Ranger must pack explosives up the mountain to blast the slides at close range.

The fastest route to an avalanche is a hike straight up the slide path, where the slightest misjudgment in weight or position can send tons of snow crashing down. It is a route a Snow Ranger never uses. As a protective measure, a longer, circuitous trail is plotted to circle down on the avalanche from the top.

One ranger was leading a blasting expedition of three men up a mountain near Alta, Utah, not long ago. Their mission was a slide path threatening a ski lift and lodge in the valley. The wind was wildly whipping the snow upward, and the trail was twisting, slippery, steep and often no wider than a pair of skis.

When the men reached the top of the slide path, the ranger quickly ordered the explosives. As leader, he carried the blasting caps and detonator. The rest of the crew each carried 30 pounds of Tetrytol, a stable, powerful military explosive used for cold weather work.

The crew was positioned on stable snows off the avalanche path, their skis dug in for support. Their leader was alone, spread-eagled against the slope. Thirty feet above him towered the avalanche head, a jagged mass of loose snow. Painstakingly, he tied cigarette-cartonsized blocks of explosives together with black friction tape. Blasting caps had been carefully screwed into the top of each block of explosive and detonating wires had been connected to each cap. The ranger carefully played out 50 feet of wire from a reel in his rucksack and backed from the slide. Then he screwed the wires to connections on the electric detonator, doubled up to protect himself from shock waves and flying snow and pressed the switch handle with both hands.

The snow shuddered like flour in a sifter and hung motionless for a second. Then, tons of white powder rocketed down the mountain. Less than three minutes later it lay harmlessly at the bottom of the ravine. The danger to the ski lift and lodge was gone.

"The secret, if there is any," a Forest Service official says, "is to make an avalanche commit itself. A blast will make a snow field settle or slide. If it settles, the danger is over. If it slides, we want it to happen before it builds a dangerous volume of snow, and we want it to happen on our time—when we can protect skiers and equipment."

THE FOREST SERVICE began its avalanche protection program in 1941. At the time, there were no funds and even less information about avalanches. What little knowledge they had was borrowed from the Swiss Avalanche Institute. But the Swiss information did not fully suit U. S. needs. In 1945 special avalanche study funds were made available and the program was expanded. To gather first-hand information, three research stations were set up at Alta, Utah; Steven's Pass, Washington; and Berthod Pass, Colorado.

These sites were selected because the altitudes or alpine zones in which they lie are typical of the major U.S. resort areas. The high alpine zone, at Berthod Pass, has a moderate 200-inch-per-year snowfall, temperatures frequently below zero, strong winds and altitudes from 10,000 to 13,000 feet. The middle alpine zone, at Alta, Utah, has heavy 400-inch-per-year snowfall, temperatures which only occasionally reach zero, strong winds and altitudes from 8,000 to 11,000 feet. At Steven's Pass, the coastal alpine zone station, the snowfall is extremely heavy—more than 600 inches per year—temperatures are warmer and rarely hit zero, the wind is gentler and altitudes are between 4,000 and 7,000 feet.

Rangers at each of these stations compile data on every winter storm and snowfall. Statistics include information on the rate of snowfall, wind velocity, snow settlement rates, water content, wind direction, the strength of the snow surfaces and its resistance to penetration. In addition to standard Weather Bureau instruments, a variety of special, homemade ones, including converted phonograph turntables, colored wool threads, scales, yardsticks and hollow aluminum tubes, gather the data. Ranger Frank Foto has spent as many as 78 sleepless hours at Steven's Pass logging the changing whims of coastal winter blizzards.

The men who handle research jobs are trained specialists. Ed La-

Chapelle is a trained physicist and glaciologist. He has just returned after a leave for special work during the International Geophysical Year. Dick Stillman, research ranger who is presently at Squaw Valley, has spent several years developing methods of relating wind velocity to avalanche dangers.

From information supplied by its research rangers, the Forest Service has compiled a quick-reading list of danger signals for mountaineers. The list provides a fairly complete breakdown of avalanche causes, but Snow Rangers still must ski-test suspect areas for the final answer.

To ski-test a slope, a ranger crisscrosses a potential slide on skis, a tricky procedure. Working with him are one or two other rangers, tied together by a long rope. Only one ranger ventures onto the slide at a time. His partners are always firmly anchored on safe snows. The rangers alternate in traversing the face of the slide, working their way down from the top.

Once, at Alta, three high school boys touched off an avalanche when they skied into a dangerous area closed by the rangers. Two boys escaped, but the third was trapped beneath tons of snow.

When word of the disaster reached the Snow Ranger, he quickly assembled a rescue party. Ordinarily, the Snow Ranger tries to reach the accident scene within 45 minutes. Although there is sufficient oxygen inside a snow slide to sustain life for a while, the critical time limit is two hours. As the victim breathes, his breath condenses against the snow and in about two hours forms a solid wall of ice around his mouth and nose. The ice mask snuffs out oxygen—and his life.

Within one hour, the ranger was at the accident scene. The two boys who had escaped were brought along to point out the spot where they'd last seen their friend alive. By pin-pointing the place where the victim was last seen on the surface, the ranger was able to eliminate the area above it. After checking the surface for personal effects and the angle of fall, he further reduced his search area.

Within minutes, the ranger had narrowed the search to an area about 40 feet in diameter. Each member of the rescue team was given a long, hollow aluminum pole. Fanned out in a straight line, elbow's length apart, each man plunged the ten-foot pole into the snow until it reached ground. In this way, the buried boy was soon located under some six feet of snow. Quickly, the rescuers probed the area until they had outlined his body. The men dug in with shovels, and five minutes later the boy was free. He was unconscious and suffering from shock and a fractured leg—but alive.

Unassuming and embarrassed by publicity, the Snow Rangers prefer to remain anonymous members of the U. S. Forest Service team that guards our national recreation lands. But there is nothing unassuming about the job they do. "The Snow Rangers are an amazing group," said one grateful ski resort owner. "The difficult they do immediately; the impossible takes a couple of hours."

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Inviting comparison, the pairs below also test your memory and impressions of our surrounding world. Guest Quizmaster Bob Paige, host of "The Big Payoff" (CBS-TV, Mondays through Fridays, 3 p.m., EST), invites you to single out the correct answer in each coupling—and check your choice on page 82

MORE OR LESS...?

WHICH IS:

1. **Taller,** the Empire State Building or the Washington Monument?
2. **Higher,** Pikes Peak or Mount Whitney?
3. **Larger,** the Earth or Mars?
4. **More negotiable,** a Joe Miller or an Annie Oakley?
5. **More destructive,** a monsoon or a typhoon?
6. **Older,** South Carolina or Rhode Island?
7. **Heavier,** iron or lead?
8. **More intelligent,** a horse or a deer?
9. **Faster,** light waves or sound waves?
10. **More fattening,** heavy whipping cream or peanut butter?
11. **More,** MCM or DCV?
12. **More ornamental,** a Corinthian column or a Doric column?
13. **The better singer,** a jay or a cardinal?
14. **Harder,** bituminous coal or anthracite coal?
15. **Smaller in area,** Illinois or Idaho?
16. **More valuable,** the Hope or the Koh-i-Nor diamond?
17. **More abounding in apples,** Washington or Connecticut?
18. **Sadder,** Requiem or Scherzo?
19. **Longer,** the Golden Gate Bridge or the Brooklyn Bridge?
20. **More feathery,** cirrus clouds or cumulus clouds?
21. **More "highbrow,"** Porgy and Bess or Madame Butterfly?
22. **More durable,** marble or granite?
23. **Pinker,** a talisman rose or a Cabbage rose?
24. **Older,** the Neanderthal or Cro-Magnon period?
25. **More colorful,** a picture by Gainsborough or a picture by Doré?
26. **Farther north,** Caribou, Maine, or Penasse, Minnesota?

When they blasphemed his cooking, he wrathfully hit the sawdust trail—and served 'em homemade furniture à la splinters

Grandpa's kitchen capers

by K. N. Hardin

For years my hobby has been cooking, and—as I frequently say—I'm pretty expert at masterminding a meal. Unfortunately, my family doesn't have a taste for my hobby.

"Cooking isn't as dignified for a lawyer as oil painting or stamp collecting," my youngest daughter complained one afternoon between mouthfuls of a Boston cream pie I had concocted. "After you've eaten, what do you have left to show for your efforts?"

"Two more inches on your waistline," I snapped back, "if you don't stop gobbling my Boston cream pie."

Obviously cooking doesn't possess enough snob appeal for my family. They just can't believe that, after a difficult day in court, brewing up some exotic new dish could possibly relax me. Actually, barbecue is my specialty. And when the occasion warrants it, I can even hatch curried shrimp, lobster Newburg or chicken chow mein.

Formerly my experiments were limited to main dishes because I thought cakes were sissy stuff. Then one night my wife admitted I might barbecue better than she, but she insisted I certainly couldn't bake as well.

The challenge tickled my palate. I switched off the ten o'clock news, donned my bathrobe and marched into the kitchen, where I pored over cookbooks hunting for a spectacular cake recipe.

At midnight I cautiously peeked into the oven. My creation had exploded. It looked so much like a volcano that my wife frequently refers to it as my Stromboli special.

Soon after, when my wife was called on maternity duty with one of our daughters, I went on a cake-baking binge and filled up the deep freeze with them. I had to dump the frozen strawberries and peaches that my wife preserved last summer. But I donated them to my son and daughter-in-law.

When my wife came home she was outraged at my extra-curricular activity. I pointed out that it was better than chasing women while she was gone, but she didn't seem to think it was *much* better. I had not only messed up her kitchen, but had also gained seven pounds on my own. She immediately declared war and joined forces with the rest of the family to divert me to other more fulfilling interests.

The initial assault began with my wife dragging me to a square dance class. I was told to listen to the caller for exact instructions. I strained to hear every word but I couldn't decipher the code. "Stomp alla 'round that ole cow hide—and allemande left and a grand right and left alla 'round the ring—and the birdie hop in and the crow hop out—and you swing mine and I'll swing yours—"

By then I didn't even know which woman was *mine,* let alone *his!* I was so flustered I drifted over into the next square. They promptly catapulted me back into my own set like a cowboy being tossed through the swinging doors of a saloon.

It was during the Dip and Dive that I was finally wounded in action and could retreat gracefully. I dived when I should have dipped, colliding head-on with another bald-headed Nijinsky. Everyone in my square examined my head and assured me it was only a scalp wound. I convinced them that there were internal injuries and sat on the sidelines for the rest of the dance.

My successful escape was short-lived, since my wife immediately recaptured me and entered us both into the Mr. and Mrs. Garden Club, where I was definitely on foreign soil.

From the very beginning my morale was at low ebb because I couldn't speak the language. They kept embarrassing me by asking things like how was my compost heap and did I mulch? I considered both pretty personal questions.

Even the small fry took pot shots at me. My nine-year-old grandson spent one Saturday night with us. He was relishing his bedtime snack of a hot peach cobbler that I had whipped up, when he sighed and said wistfully he wished I could do magic tricks like Freddy's grandfather.

A man can take just so much sniping without shooting back. The opening gun came one Sunday evening when the family had gathered at our house to eat some of my pizza. Taking careful aim at everybody at large I announced, "I'm buying a power lathe and buzz saw. I've decided to build a few things." My wife paled at the cost of the equipment. But she was jubilant at the apparent victory of their campaign to make me quit cooking.

Little did she realize I had only just begun to fight!

The first thing I hacked out was a coffee table. Since my work schedule coincided with my wife's favorite TV show, the power lathe interfered with the reception just beautifully.

I experienced another minor triumph when my youngest daughter asked me to make some spaghetti sauce for the PTA food bazaar.

"Well, sweetie," I replied sweetly, "I wouldn't mind a bit, but I'm trying to finish your mother's coffee table. Why don't you just whip up a batch yourself? You take four pounds of ground meat. . . ."

"Oh, never mind," my daughter snapped irritably. "I'll just donate some canned goods."

The final battle came one Sunday afternoon when my oldest daughter, Eloise, and her family dropped by and stayed until suppertime.

"Let's have Welsh rarebit tonight," Eloise suggested.

"Spanish omelet," my son-in-law recommended wistfully.

"Make me pecan waffles," my 13-year-old grandson ordered.

"What'll it be, dear?" my wife asked, glancing expectantly at me since I usually take over on Sunday.

"Oh, makes no difference," I shrugged. "Just fix what you want and call me when it's done. I'm going downstairs to finish my table."

They were pretty stunned but they rallied enough to spread some cheese sandwiches. Then when I lugged up my masterpiece, I knew that victory was close at hand.

"Well, how do you like my table?" I asked proudly, slipping an ash tray on top to hide a gash in the wood, and balancing the table by sticking a block of wood under one leg.

"It's just lovely," gushed Eloise, jabbing my oldest grandson sharply in the ribs. "Grandpa made it for your grandmother."

"Oh no, this one is yours," I told her grandly. "I've decided to make your mother an entire suite of dining room furniture."

I heard my wife gasp, but I couldn't quite make out what she muttered under her breath. She was breathing too fast and too loud.

Fortunately for all of us, I didn't have to start on the furniture, because the following week brought the formal surrender. Oh, nothing was *said,* you understand. But I received a package in the mail which contained a tall, white chef's hat. The card inside was signed, "Your loving family."

More or Less . . . ?

(Answers to Quiz on page 79)

1. Empire State (1,250 ft.); Washington Monument (555 ft.). 2. Mount Whitney (14,495 ft.); Pikes Peak (14,110 ft.). 3. Earth (mean diameter: 7,913.1 mi.); Mars (4,216 mi.). 4. Annie Oakley (free pass); Joe Miller (joke). 5. Typhoon (violent cyclonic storm); monsoon (seasonal rain in India). 6. Rhode Island (first settlement: 1636); South Carolina (1670). 7. Lead (atomic weight: 207.21); iron (55.84). 8. A horse—it can be trained. 9. Speed of light: 186,000 mi./sec.; sound: 1,130 ft./sec. 10. Peanut butter (1 tbls.: 100 calories); cream (50). 11. MCM (1900); DCV (605). 12. Corinthian. 13. Cardinal (songbird); jay (crow family). 14. Anthracite (hard); bituminous (soft). 15. Idaho (82,808 sq. mi.); Illinois (55,947). 16. Koh-i-Nor (106 carats); Hope (44½). 17. Washington (nearly ⅓ of U.S. crop). 18. Requiem (Mass for the Dead); Scherzo (minuet form). 19. Golden Gate (4,200 ft. span); Brooklyn Bridge (1,595 ft.). 20. Cirrus clouds. 21. *Madame Butterfly*. 22. Granite. 23. Cabbage rose (pink); talisman rose (golden yellow). 24. Neanderthal period was followed by the Cro-Magnon. 25. Gainsborough painting. 26. Penasse, Minn.

If you think your
doctor has
overcharged you,
bungled a diagnosis
or acted like
a boor, speak up . . .

"Medical juries" hear patients' gripes

by Lester David

IN LONG ISLAND, a woman was furious when a nose and throat specialist refused her plea for immediate treatment of an excruciating sinus headache. In a Southeastern state, an elderly man was stunned when he opened a letter from his doctor. It was a bill for $550 for removal of a small, nonmalignant tumor.

Each of these incidents involved a complaint brought by a patient against a doctor. Each was brought to "trial" and settled by a unique kind of jury—a "medical jury."

There are nearly 1,100 such tribunals. They sit in every state. Most have been in operation less than ten years. Their phenomenal growth is an immensely significant medical development.

Actually, they are committees of physicians and they go by many names—grievance, mediation, ethics, public service, professional conduct. But the number one aim of each is to give patients a chance (at long last) to air complaints against doctors.

The move, a milestone in American medicine, is designed to improve doctor-patient relationships by cracking open the traditional wall between the two. Up to now, patients have been made to feel they had no comeback on fees and treatment, that there was little to do but gripe to the neighbors about "that so-and-so who calls himself a doctor."

Things are different now. If you believe you have a legitimate bone to pick with a medical man, you can go straight to a committee of top physicians in your community and be assured of a thorough, confidential and impartial hearing. If you feel you are being charged too much, that an M.D. gave you needless treatments just to jack up a fee, was neglectful, or refused to come when he should have, you simply go before a medical jury in your county and state your case.

The committee will listen to evidence, investigate carefully and then render judgment, letting the chips fall where they may. And they fall on both sides.

In the case of the woman with the sinus headache, for example, the committee ruled for the specialist. He had, it was established, a full schedule of appointments. He had advised the patient to consult her family physician, saying that if the latter thought it necessary after examination he would consider it an emergency and treat her.

In the case of the $550 fee, the doctor claimed he had actually performed a complex type of surgery. Investigation, however, proved the operation had been simple and routine, and the patient was discharged in less than a week. The fee was scaled down considerably.

How often does the patient win out in his complaint? Very often! Grievance committee members, determined to avoid all suspicion of whitewashing doctors, lean far backwards to give the patient a break.

At one recent session of the Nassau County Medical Society committee in Long Island, for example, the nod went to the patient in four out of five cases. Of the total 66 handled during 1957, however, the rulings were about evenly divided.

What do patients kick about? The Kings County Medical Society in New York analyzed the cases heard in one year by its mediation committee and reported that 35 percent involved alleged improper diagnosis or treatment, 15 percent alleged failure to explain costs, another 15 percent alleged failure to come when summoned and 10 percent claimed overcharging. Other complaints included failure to give reports to patients on their conditions, failure to treat patients in an emergency, failure to follow up a patient's case, improper examination.

In an East Coast city, a woman charged that a certain doctor had a "perfectly terrible bedside manner." He was brusque, abrupt in his answers to questions and anything but reassuring.

The committee summoned the doctor and advised him to think things over. "We pointed out to him," the committee chairman says, "that he was hurting himself as well as the profession by his bad manners." It worked a cure—the M.D. improved at once.

In a report published last year on the work of the committees, *The Journal of the American Medical Association* cites this case: "In one New York suburb, the county society's grievance committee dressed down a physician for having the nerve to submit a $200 bill to a woman who nearly died of peritonitis because he failed after three days to make an ordinarily simple diagnosis of appendicitis."

A Midwestern county medical society received a bitter letter from a woman explaining that both fallopian tubes were removed during surgery without her consent or knowledge, making it impossible for her to bear children. She had agreed to an operation because of pain in her lower abdomen but insisted she did not learn of the drastic surgery until she visited the doctor after her discharge from the hospital.

The committee examined all records, including the history of the patient, operative reports from the hospital, pathological reports. It interviewed both the surgeon and the patient.

The evidence plainly showed that the tubes were diseased and had to be removed. The doctor had told the woman's husband what had been done immediately after surgery, but the latter had not broken the news to his wife. It was a clear case of misunderstanding. The complainant was satisfied.

GRIPES ABOUT fees are especially numerous. Often the amount is small. A New York mother asked a pediatrician to examine her baby in a hospital and complained of an excessive fee—it was $15. The committee suggested an adjustment be made and the doctor reduced the bill to $10.

In Nashville, a woman indignantly complained that a specialist had asked $100 for two office visits and one house call. The grievance committee raised eyebrows until it discovered that the woman had been treated for a back injury received in an accident and the fee covered: (a) a series of X rays; (b) complex laboratory tests by the doctor's staff; (c) fitting of a special corrective device, and (d) checkup in the home to make certain the device was properly adjusted.

The woman was told the charge was a reasonable one. She paid.

Volleys of criticism have been fired at American medicine for years, and resentments have multiplied. These are some of the charges heard over and over:

The medical profession constantly and carefully covers up the mistakes of its members. Doctors keep you coming for injections at $5 and $10 each when a bottle of medicine or quantity of pills will serve the same purpose. Doctors charge whatever they want or think they can get and you can't do a thing about it. Surgeons perform unnecessary operations for the high fees they can get.

Whether the criticisms are justified or absurd, malicious or constructive, there is real need for answers. Grievance committees can supply them and thus create much-needed improvement in doctor-patient relationships.

Further, grievance setups are sound and sensible ways of settling complaints and thus stemming a situation which is reaching alarming proportions—the rising tide of malpractice suits. A nationwide survey by the AMA recently revealed that one in seven living physicians has had a claim or suit of this kind brought against him at some time in his career.

Doctors are hoping that grievance machinery will help offset this threat by getting at the truth and clearing up misunderstandings before ruinous court action is taken. Medical men realize only too well that even a false charge of malpractice can have a serious effect on a doctor's reputation.

How does a grievance committee operate? The group set up by the Nassau County Medical Society in Long Island, for example, consists of five members appointed by the Society's president. Serving on the committee are an X-ray man, a surgeon, an orthopedic specialist and two general practitioners. Once each month they meet around a table at the society's headquarters and thrash out complaints.

In complex or serious cases, all interested parties are asked to appear at the sessions and give their full stories. Often the committee asks for laboratory and hospital reports in order to get at the facts. And then the ruling comes down.

"More than 90 percent of the patients who file complaints are satisfied with our decisions and 99 percent of the doctors go along," says the chairman.

If disciplinary action is needed, the case is referred to the association's appropriate judicial committee. Punishment may take the form of a reprimand, limited suspension or even expulsion.

In addition, a number of committees have even arranged for top-grade specialists to repair, free of charge, any botched-up job performed by a member of the Society against whom a complaint has been filed.

Neither patients nor doctors are under any obligation to accept the county committees' decisions. They can appeal to state medical associations which also have grievance bodies. Even here, patients and doctors needn't abide by the decisions. They can still go to court.

If you have a legitimate complaint against a doctor, simply call or write your county medical society and ask for the name and address of the grievance committee chairman. Often a telephone call will explain a misunderstanding. If it doesn't, write your complaint in full detail, setting down names, places, dates, costs—everything about the case in point. Medical men guarantee that your complaint will be heard. ♛

All Too True

MEDICAL SPECIALIZATION HAS REACHED such a state today that patients have to learn to diagnose themselves before they know which specialist to call.

—*Two Minutes With You*

FOLKS WITH AN OPEN FIREPLACE say there is nothing like the first fire of the season. The second one, when you remember to open the flue, is much duller.

—*The Detroit News*

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover Don Ornitz; 24 bottom, 24 bottom center Jack Dressler; 12 ABC-TV; 14 top Universal International, bottom Walt Disney; 16 Friedman-Abeles; 37 Wide World; 87-95 Don Ornitz from Globe; 98 CBS-TV; 114 Lou Jacobs Jr.; 128-137 Izis from Rapho-Guillumette

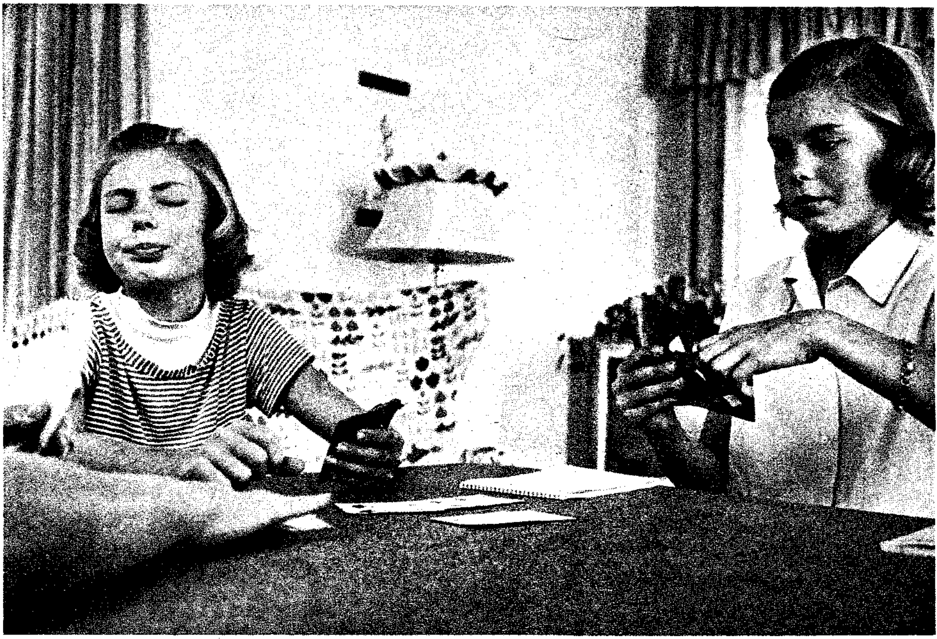
Text by Richard Kaplan **Photographs by Don Ornitz**

Identical—but different

Marilyn (right) and Margaret Soash of Altadena, California, are 12-year-old identical twins. But the resemblance is only skin deep. Encouraged by their parents, each is building a personality all her own, as pictures on the following pages show.

The twins share—but not alike

Unlike many twins, Marilyn and Margaret were never dressed alike—even as infants. "Relatives objected, because they thought the twins would look 'so cute' in identical clothes," explains their father, David G. Soash, a Los Angeles executive who majored in psychology at college. "But I wanted the girls to be individuals, not one-half of a pair." In school, Marilyn and Margaret attend different classes; and last summer they went to different sessions of a Girl Scout camp. At home, the twins enjoy the same music, games and books, but their reactions reflect their dissimilar temperaments. Marilyn is exuberant and aggressive. Margaret is more reserved and methodical, and a better student. Drawn to the same friends, they usually have shared them amiably. Recently, however, rivalries have sprung up. Marilyn sometimes accuses her twin of "stealing" a girl friend, to which Margaret retorts, "She likes me just as much as she likes you."



Learning bridge, Marilyn grimaces impatiently as twin dawdles over her hand.

Ignoring Marilyn, Margaret shares secret whispered by friend Cathy Gruwell. Although Marilyn has more friends, Margaret develops closer relationships.

Marilyn laughs gleefully as Mrs. Soash scolds Margaret for leaving clothes on bathroom floor. "Look who's talking about how sloppy I am," she gloats.

A better athlete than her sister, Marilyn boldly stands up on horse's back during riding lesson (below).

Both guard their privacy fiercely

The twins were roommates until last year. They broke up after a quarrel in which Margaret, the tidier of the two, accused her sister of "slopping up" their closet with old souvenirs. Now Marilyn shares a room with her sister Diane, 10, and the twins enter each other's room by invitation only. Once, when Marilyn broke this rule, Margaret posted a sign reading: "Keep Out! This Means You, Marilyn!" But despite their spats, the twins remain intensely loyal. They never tattle on one another in school or at home and join forces to baby-sit with their two-year-old sister, Barbara. "Being twins is fun," says Margaret. "Marilyn is the best friend I'll ever have."

Both twins have become appearance-conscious since starting junior high. Above, Marilyn tries fancy new hair-do. Later she excitedly describes it to schoolmates (below).

Margaret (right) "blows up" more often than Marilyn. When troubled, she climbs to her "thinking place" high up in a pine tree behind the house.

School becomes a gay adventure

Last fall, Marilyn and Margaret entered Eliot Junior High School in suburban Altadena. It was an exciting new world for both of them. Marilyn quickly showed an aptitude for art. She also tackled math with gusto. Margaret took to the social sciences. At first the twins were awed by their shiny school lockers. They dashed downstairs after every class to stare at them. Once, when her combination lock wouldn't open, Margaret burst into tears. Then she discovered she had gone to the wrong locker. But junior high school has also heightened a mystery more puzzling than locks—boys. Giggling, the twins now run to Mrs. Soash for advice, but are embarrassed when Mr. Soash listens in. "Daddy doesn't understand," they chorus. "At least not like Mommy."

They get "crushes" on the same boy

With boys, the twins flit from one "crush" to another. They dream of wearing a St. Christopher's medal, symbolic of "going steady" (although they are still not allowed to use make-up). Frequently, they compete for the same boy. Last October, the twins anxiously looked forward to their first dance at school, wondering who would dance more with Steve Posthuma, their latest "boy friend." At the affair, Margaret charmed Steve as Marilyn sat forlornly. But by the end of the evening, when Mrs. Soash arrived to take the girls home, she found both coquettishly vying for Steve's attention.

Enviously, Marilyn watches her twin dance with the boy they both like.

Both suffer from "telephonitis"—and enjoy **every moment of it.**

The sea harbors weird creatures that fly, shoot "bullets"—even light up like neon signs

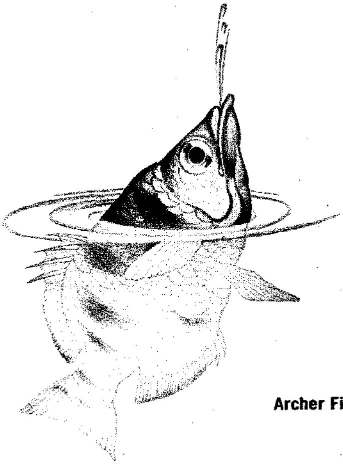
Fabulous facts about fish

"FISH STORIES" can be pretty fantastic, but actual facts about fish can be even more so.

A female fish may lay as many as 28,000,000 eggs in a single spawning season, for instance, but the odds against one of them ever becoming a mature fish are approximately 14,000,000 to 1. In an attempt to beat the odds, the female splashing samlet fish leaps up out of the water and deposits her eggs on overhanging plants. The male then keeps the eggs moist by splashing water over them with his tail until the young finally hatch.

In the West Indies, northern Australia, and other areas, people hunt with a fish—the remora, or sucker-shark—which has a powerful sucker on the top of its head. Fishermen place a brass ring around the base of the remora's tail. To the ring is attached a thin, strong line. The remora is then loosed among turtles and soon attaches itself to a turtle's shell. Whereupon the fishermen haul in their catch.

The periopthalmus, found in tropic waters, frequently gets bored with swimming and will suddenly start to skip along the surface of the water a foot or so at a time. Catching sight of a rock or a log abutting the water, it clambers out on its strong pectoral fins to rest and take a look around.

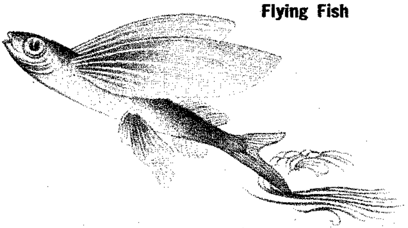

Archer Fish

This "mud-skipper," as it is often called, has been found exploring 20 feet from the nearest water.

Some fish hunt in packs. A group of thresher sharks, for example, will circle around a school of mackerel, literally "herding" them into a constantly smaller, compressed mass. Then, when the mackerel are properly "corralled," the dogfish fall upon them and the massacre starts.

The "flying fish" of the warm sea areas can glide as much as 1,200 feet, and attain a height of 36 feet above the ocean.

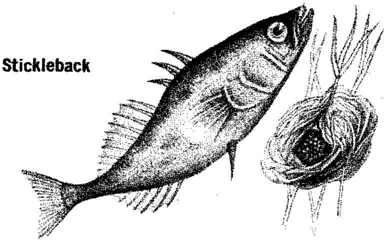
The male three-spined stickleback is a paragon of paternalism, piscatorially speaking. He builds a by Maurice Paul


Flying Fish

nest, seals it securely to some underwater vegetation, then goes off courting. After choosing a female, he lures her to his home by showing off his red coloration. She enters, lays her eggs, and departs. Father stickleback then goes out courting again and again until his nest is filled to capacity with eggs.

He mounts guard over the nest for about three weeks, defending his hatching brood against all comers. He will fearlessly fight off fish 20 times his own size. He keeps his vigil as long as the fry continue to dart around the nest.

After they finally abandon his marine manse, the father goes out to choose new mates and starts his cycle all over again, continuing it for about a year, when he finally dies.


Stickleback

There actually are a number of light-producing fish. One of the more unusual is a deep-sea denizen of the Indian Ocean which gives off varicolored lights from different parts of its body—red, orange, violet and blue.

Another fascinating fish, the African mudfish, possesses both gills and an air bladder which converts to a lung. Should the stream in which it lives dry up, the mudfish takes lodging in a burrow and stays there with the aid of its lung until the next rainfall fills the dry channel with water.

The archerfish of Thailand hunts its game *out of water*. The fish expels drops of water from its mouth so forcibly, and its aim is so accurate, that insects at a distance of as much as four feet away can be brought down by machine-gun-like bursts of its liquid bullets.

The body of the electric eel, which attains a length of nine to ten feet, contains three sets of natural "batteries" which produce electricity at will. The positive electrical pole is in the front of the eel's body and the negative pole at the rear. This eel, aside from the intense electrical shock with which it electrocutes its prey, has two other unusual faculties. First, it is able to swim backwards just as fast as it swims forward. Second, it has the ability to detect objects at considerable distance *in pitch darkness.* ♛

The return of Red Buttons

by *Peter Maas*

He hit the depths as a TV clown—then scaled new heights as a serious actor

One night in 1956, after his monumental decline and fall as television's comic crown prince, Red Buttons was reduced to playing a roadhouse in a remote section of New Jersey. A few faithful friends drove out from New York City to catch his act.

"We felt like mourners at a funeral," one of them recalled recently. "The place was a real joint and practically nobody else was there. Red was as funny as we'd ever seen him. Afterwards, he sat down with us, almost in tears, and said, "It's amazing, isn't it, what can happen to you in a year?"

Even more amazing is what happened to Buttons in the year 1958. From near obscurity, he sparked a spectacular comeback by winning an Academy Award as a straight dramatic actor for his sensitive and often poignant portrayal of Joe Kelly in the movie, *Sayonara.*

At the Oscar presentations last March, the award for the best supporting actor was the first to be announced. When his name was called, Buttons fairly sprinted to the stage. "I was running down that aisle for every guy who ever had the nine count on him," he explains.

When Red, who is now 40, made his network TV debut in the summer of 1952, he was unknown to the public at large although he had been in show business since the age of 16. In less than a year, however, he was rated the nation's favorite funnyman and his trademark quip—"Ho-Ho, Hoo-Hoo"—threatened to become a permanent part of the language. A season later he began to falter. By 1956 he had skidded off the air and out of sight.

During the next year and a half, Buttons worked only 14 weeks, mostly on club dates. Finally, he and the huge William Morris talent agency parted company. He remembers the date well—October 16, 1956. "It was," he says, "the blackest moment of my black period."

But that same month his manager, Harry Adler, chanced to call a young actor's agent named Marty Baum and ask, "Can you do something for Red Buttons?"

Baum couldn't. But he recalled the friendliness accorded him by Buttons some years before at Lindy's, the famous Broadway hangout.

"Red was already a headliner then and I was just starting out as an agent," Baum said recently. "But if I were alone, he would invite me to join his table—simply because he was a nice guy. So when Adler called I told him *I* wanted to take Red to lunch."

The morning he was to meet Buttons, Baum received a copy of the *Sayonara* script from director Joshua Logan. He read it, jotted down some possible candidates for the cast and then left to bolster Red's morale.

But he found Buttons was far from giving up.

"Marty, I'm *not* through," Red said midway through the meal. "What I need is advice. What should I do with my future?"

As Baum listened, he suddenly began to see Red in the role of Kelly. "First," he says, "Red had a perfect Irish face. Second, I realized all at once that he and Kelly both were tough little city kids from humble backgrounds. In *Sayonara,* Kelly had to fight Army pressure and prejudice to marry a Japanese girl. As for Red, he was bucking the belief of the entertainment industry that he was washed up.

"I told Red to get a copy of the book. I simply said there was a hell of a part in it for him."

Buttons called Baum the next day. "I never wanted anything so much in my life," he said. "I *am* Joe Kelly."

Baum sounded out Warner Brothers regarding Red's chances for the role. The response was an emphatic lack of interest. Baum then approached Joshua Logan, who remembered that José Ferrer had once spoken highly of Red's dramatic potential.

With Logan's blessing, Red made a screen test which was flown to California. But weeks passed without further word. Every time Buttons picked up a paper, he read that somebody else was being considered for the part.

His spirits sagged further after a call from a West Coast agent. "Jack Benny is interested in doing a situation comedy series with you," he was told. "Grab it and forget about *Sayonara*. They just think of you as a comic out here and they're afraid to trust you with the part."

"I want *Sayonara*," Red said. "I'm not interested in anything else."

Convinced that he was losing out, Buttons went to Logan and offered to play Kelly for nothing. Logan, however, was now firmly on Red's side. Finally, Red was summoned to Hollywood for another screen test. He stayed there, waiting.

ON THE EVE of December 24th, in no mood for holiday merriment, he had retired gloomily to his hotel room when the phone rang. A Mr. Baum was calling from New York.

Buttons can only recall Baum's first four words: "Merry Christmas . . . Joe Kelly!"

It was a long way to Joe Kelly from Aaron Chwatt, as Red was officially born in a Manhattan tenement on February 5, 1919, the son of immigrant parents. "I grew up on the lower East Side," he says. "It was a pretty tough neighborhood. You either grew up to be a judge or you went to Sing Sing."

Red, who never did grow very big, was the smallest kid on the block. While this didn't stop him from fighting almost every day, it helped him develop an early wit for self-preservation when outnumbered in enemy territory. At such times, he would beg off by claiming to be an orphan. "Mother love," he says, "was the only thing those little gangsters respected."

His first stage appearance was at the age of 13 when he won an amateur singing contest. At 16 he got a summer job as a singing bellhop. It supplied him with his present name, an inevitable aftermath of his flaming red hair, now graying, and the buttons on his uniform.

Red received his basic comedy training along the "borscht belt" of the Catskill Mountains, a group of hotels of which Grossinger's is probably the best known. His father, who was a millinery worker, helped him get his first Catskill resort job as a singer after he graduated from high school. The management turned him into a comic and he became the "third banana" or recipient of custard pies. He moved up rapidly in Catskill circles and then went into burlesque.

By 1941, Red was set to make his first appearance on the legitimate stage. José Ferrer, the actor and director, signed him for a part in *The Admiral Had a Wife*, a light comedy about naval life at Pearl Harbor. It was probably the most ill-timed play in theater history. It opened a trial run outside New York and lasted just one week—until December 7th.

Buttons went into the Army in 1943. In a matter of weeks, he returned to New York as a member of the cast in the Air Corps show, *Winged Victory*.

In 1946, after his discharge, Red started appearing in top nightclubs and movie-palace stage shows. Then he came to the attention of CBS television executives looking for a fresh personality. On TV, Red was an instant sensation. Materially, his life took such turns for the better as a Cadillac convertible, a wardrobe made up by former President Truman's tailor, an apartment overlooking the East River on Manhattan's swank Sutton Place.

The change was so swift that it took Buttons a while to catch up. At the end of his initial season, he still had not completely recovered. Although he was able to command $20,000 a week for a personal appearance in Las Vegas as a result of his new-found success, Hollywood reporter Jim Bacon recalls him noting with wonderment, "Just a year ago I was arguing with Mrs. Grossinger for an extra helping of sauerkraut."

As the Buttons show climbed merrily up the rating ladder, there was gossip along Broadway about Red's expanding ego. But people close to him during this period claim such talk was grossly exaggerated.

When his ratings skidded during his second year, panic set in. Backstage bickering made matters worse. As late as Friday, often as not, sketches for Red's Monday performance still were not ready. In desperation, he would fall back on old routines. Once, in mid-year, the show was switched from individual sketches to a situation comedy. After three weeks, Buttons went back to the sketches again.

A CBS man says, "Everything happened too fast for Red. He had this enormous talent and he wasn't ready to handle it."

At the end of the 1953-54 season, Buttons and CBS abruptly parted company. He stayed on the air for one more year, this time at NBC. Then, when his new sponsor dropped him, he retreated to Europe to rest.

On his return, song writer Ken Hecht remembers walking along Times Square with Buttons one rainy afternoon. "I recall Red saying, 'Nobody's asking for autographs. It used to take me 40 minutes to get down to the corner.' "

Six months passed before Red worked the first of his club dates. He usually worked on a percentage basis and as he says, "There wasn't much of a percentage." He also had a contract with NBC to do three spectaculars at $25,000 each. NBC, however, preferred to pay him off rather than use him.

"This was my period of self-doubt and fear," he says. "I worried about what would happen after the money ran out. But maybe some guy with a wife and three kids who can't make the rent would punch me in the nose for saying it was a bad time.

"What I worried and thought about most was being counted out. It's very difficult to be king of the hill and then settle for groveling at the bottom. Before you know it, you start acting like a failure. You're no longer the bright boy. If you say something funny, the reaction right away is 'where did you hear it?' But when you're on top and say something like 'good evening,' people think it's the greatest ad-lib in the world."

Despite rumors to the contrary, Buttons never turned to psychoanalysis. He gives full credit to his attractive wife, a former beautician from Toledo, Ohio, named Helayne McNorton, for helping him to snap out of his depression; she met Red in 1949 and, as she says, "ran after him until he caught me."

"This is a great marriage," an old acquaintance of the Buttonses points out. "They're absolutely devoted to each other. After Red lost his show, she didn't change a bit."

While Buttons was still uncertain about his future, his wife prevailed upon him to move out of his Sutton Place apartment to an equally elegant duplex overlooking Central Park.

"This symbolized her attitude," Red says. "First, she figured the old place was psychologically bad for me. She was also showing me she wasn't worried about tomorrow. Come on, she was telling me, let's live. You're pro. Stay busy. It'll all work out. When I played a club she was always there, full of bounce."

After his television debacle, Red's decision to get the *Sayonara* part was the first he had made with any real confidence. He says, "I told Josh Logan that for me Kelly wasn't a fictional character. I had grown up with him on the East Side. I'd lived with him most of my life. I guess I got a little emotional about it."

When *Sayonara* was finished, word of Red's remarkable performance spread through the movie industry. When he received his Oscar, he gave public thanks to Marty Baum and Josh Logan.

Today, Buttons is being swamped with offers. Under Baum's watchful eye, he is keeping his career well mixed. He co-starred in his second movie, MGM's *Imitation General.* On television, he has starred in the NBC production of *Hansel and Gretel.* He also has been headlining major nightclub stands in Las Vegas, Chicago and Atlantic City. Next on the agenda, as yet undecided, is another movie.

At ease with himself now, Red says simply, "All I want to do is to keep working."

A number of people, meanwhile, are eating crow. One with the biggest mouthful is the TV executive who, after Buttons lost his show, sneered: "Red had a bagful of tricks which were all right for a while, but now it's back to the Catskills."

They Told It To The Judge

"I JUST DON'T believe in divorce," declared a man charged with bigamy, in a Florida court.

"I DID IT to get money to pay my income taxes," testified a man arrested for making moonshine whiskey in Minnesota.

—GEORGE MCCORMACK

The Ghost of Hokkaido

For 15 years, the escaped PW lived like an animal in the mountains of Japan—unaware the war was over

by Walter J. Sheldon

ONE BITTER-COLD MORNING last February, a hunter named Hakamada stumbled into a police shack outside Sapporo, a city on Japan's mountainous northern island of Hokkaido. His mouth hung open slackly. "I have seen it! I have seen it!" he babbled to Detective Komatsu, on duty at the time.

Komatsu eyed the incoherent hunter skeptically. Was he drunk? Or a dope addict? Yet there was something about Hakamada's terrified expression that disturbed the detective. An old Japanese proverb sprang to his mind: "The man who has seen a ghost will never be able to close his mouth again." What had the half-frozen hunter seen, Komatsu wondered, that had frightened him so? After considerable questioning, the detective decided that Hakamada must have seen *something* sinister, and so he organized a search party.

Led by the hunter, they slogged through the snow some ten kilometers to the valley called Zaimoku-nosawa, which might be translated as "Lumber Gulch." They combed the area for some time, and were about to give up when Detective Komatsu poked experimentally with a branch at a pile of leaves and twigs under an overhanging bank. It seemed to explode before their eyes and an apparition rose. A pair of dark eyes stared at them from a dirt-encrusted face.

"Hsien-sheng! Hsien-sheng" the creature croaked in a strange, hoarse voice. (The word means "sir" in Chinese.) *"Ippen hao."* (Which means "Hooray for Japan!")

The average Japanese doesn't understand Chinese any more than the average American really knows French. But luckily Komatsu had a schoolboy smattering and caught these simple words. And when the thing put its fingertips together in a gesture of prayer and bowed thrice, two essential facts became clear: the creature was a man, and infinitely more frightened than they.

He seemed to speak only Chinese, and that haltingly, as though he had not used it for some time. He wore old Japanese Army quilt clothes, his hair was long and braided, his skin calloused and tanned by snow glare. He was tall for an Oriental, 5′ 8″, and thin.

He obeyed Komatsu's gestures and came along, with his head hung forward, as though in final surrender after some long and terrible ordeal. In the city, after a Chinese interpreter had been found, he began to spell out an incredible tale.

His name, he said, was Liu Liang-i. He was 46 years old. Japanese soldiers had brought him here from Shantung Province, China, 15 years ago. He had escaped from them and had been living in the mountains ever since.

If it had been in sunny Kyushu, perhaps, they might have half-believed this. But not on Hokkaido! The big island is about on a level with Wisconsin, and the weather that blows down out of Siberia and across the straits is some of the world's bitterest. No man could survive one Hokkaido winter unaided in the hills, let alone 15.

A doctor examined Liu. "Remarkable," he said. "This man's liver is a little weak. And there's some frostbite here and there. But otherwise he's physically perfect. Common sense tells me he couldn't have survived this long in our mountains, yet I believe him. Why? The look in his eyes."

Nevertheless, the investigators continued to question Liu, hoping to trap him into some sort of admission.

"I was a farmer in Shantung Province," said Liu. "I lived with my wife and baby daughter. I had never been out of the valley where I was born. People are strong in my valley, they work hard. I had my own little patch of land. Then your soldiers came. They took all the young, strong people they could find."

After being marched, then moved by truck, Liu found himself among a large group of men herded aboard a ship. When they arrived in Hokkaido, they were taken to a coal mine deep in the mountains and put to work. The prisoners lived in long shacks and slept on the hard floor. Everyone rose long before daylight. Breakfast was one *manju* (a small roll with a few cooked beans inside). Dinner and supper were the same thing. The men were given a few minutes to eat, then trotted under guard to the mine. Getting picks or shovels at the entrance, they walked into the mountain. Guards rode behind them on railed cars pushed by other prisoners.

"Some were not bad men," said Liu about the guards. "But officers would shout and hit them. High officers would shout and hit low officers. Dig more coal! Then if we didn't dig more they'd hit *us*, with a pick or shovel. We were not supposed to rest."

The only Japanese word Liu learned well enough to remember from those days was *"itai!"* which means, "It hurts!"

He decided he would escape, and if he were killed trying, even that would be better than the mines. He had seen other escape plans betrayed, and so he told no one of his intention.

All through the long winter and

into the still-cold spring, he tortured his brain for a method. Every night he slipped out of the shack to check the gate in the barbed wire fence near by, though he didn't really fasten much hope on this.

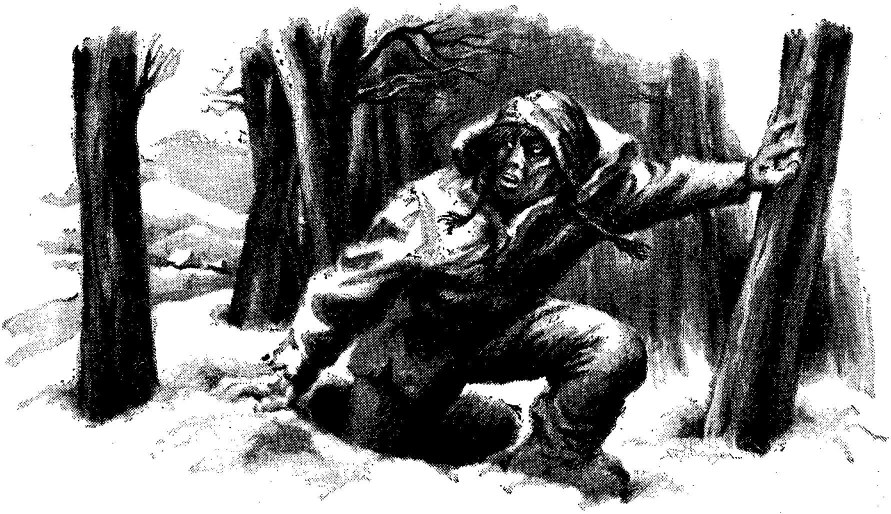
And then, one night in June, a guard forgot to lock the gate. Liu slipped through—and began one of the most remarkable feats of human survival in our time.

The first night he waited in terror for the pursuit. Probably there was a search as soon as his absence was discovered. But it must have been half-hearted since everyone believed survival in the mountains was impossible.

Liu considered himself lucky to have escaped when the weather was warm. But he found out there was nothing easy about living in Hokkaido's wilds in any season. In fact, one of the strangest parts of his account is that he found it easier to live there in winter than in summer. More than once during the warm season he thought he would die after being stung by swarms of mosquitoes. True, as a farmer, he knew plants, and in summer found edible buds, roots and weeds. But in wintertime he could more easily steal food from farmhouses, for in cold weather the people stayed indoors and were less likely to see and hear him.

That first summer he lived almost entirely on vegetation. His principal fare was the nourishing root of a water lily he was pleased to find in mountain lakes. There were also insects and grubs, now and then a frog or a snake. Liu had the advantage of having eaten grasshoppers before, even considering them a luxury. Occasionally he would steal some less exotic but probably more nourishing foods such as beans or carrots.

Liu kept himself so busy seeking



The first winter, Liu tried to sleep off his hunger, hibernating in a hole he dug in the snow.

food that he had little time to brood. When finally winter struck, he dug a hole with sticks, one that had an entrance two feet in diameter and widened below, like an animal's den, into a space just large enough to accommodate his curled-up body. He lined it with straw and pulled leaves and twigs in over the entrance. To a degree, he emulated the bear and substituted sleep for food.

In this first winter he came upon the method that helped him survive the next 14. For when he first stumbled toward a lone farmhouse in the foothills, he was unbearably hungry and actually meant to surrender. But as it happened, he found a store of winter food outside and the tenants deep in sleep within. Thus he was able to steal. He took two precious items: matches and rice. Without them each winter, he said, he never would have lived. He stole a pot and every three or four days cooked himself a handful of rice.

Days, months, years dragged by. Liu began to exist in a daze, numb to everything but the instinct to survive. Many of the things he learned came to him by accident—such as his first taste of meat.

One summer day he had tried to climb as high into the hills as possible in an effort to avoid the terrible mosquitoes. Finally he fell exhausted and slept.

When he opened his eyes he saw a rabbit scarcely a foot away from him nibbling on the exposed root of a shrub. With a quick, desperate gesture, he caught it and strangled it with his hands. He had not realized that part of the restlessness within him was meat hunger, and when he cooked the rabbit it was the most delicious meal he had eaten in years.

This was what he needed—more animal protein. He remembered the fish he had seen in the clear waters of lakes deep in the mountains. They had seemed too swift to catch, but now he told himself that with patience it might not be impossible after all. He found a lake, dangled his hand in the water, and waited.

After a full day, a fingerling swam into the curve of his palm. He grabbed it and ate it raw. In time he became surprisingly skillful at fishing with his hands.

When something like the fifth winter came along, a curious thing happened. Liu had learned much; he was surviving well. As a result he now had something he had almost never known before—leisure time. That meant time to think, and there was only one thing to think about: *what a terrible predicament he was in.* No future—only this horrible isolation. In the valleys he saw people working in the fields or snug in their houses and this set up an aching for the land and family that had once been his. His depression increased. He finally decided he could stand it no longer.

Liu stole a rope from a farmhouse, strung a noose in a tree, put his neck into it, and after considerable hesitation, jumped.

The rope broke.

Liu stared at it dumbly. He felt somehow that since he had not been permitted to die there must be a reason for him to live.

He forced himself to go on, through the monotonous seasons, though now his thoughts and emotions were little more than those of an animal.

One day he climbed a mountain near the coast and saw the sea. His home, China, was somewhere across that sea. In a moment of madness he shouted again and again the names of his wife and child until his voice gave way. Now suddenly he had a real reason to live.

As far as Liu knew, the war was still going on. Thus he continued to avoid people.

But once he almost surrendered—to a woman.

He saw her working in the millet fields and somehow she reminded him of his wife. There was something about her figure and her graceful walk as she carried water buckets slung from a yoke that set the memories stirring within him and all but maddened him with the heightening of his buried desires. He watched her for several days and saw that each afternoon she came alone to a certain field.

Finally he dared to come close. His heart beat wildly as he emerged from the trees and walked toward her. To his surprise she wasn't startled; in fact, she glanced at him briefly, and went on working.

Her indifference deflated him and he went back to the hills.

And so the uncounted years went by until that bitter day in February, 1958, when he was seen by Hakamada, the hunter.

Records showed that Liu had indeed been a prisoner of war and his wife and daughter were informed through the Japanese Red Cross. Arrangements were made and Liu was sent home again.

All the doctors who had examined Liu agreed that something beyond the scope of ordinary medicine had kept him alive those 15 years. One doctor put it this way: "In Buddhism it is called 'right way.' In Shinto, 'the way of the gods.' Christians call it faith, or the soul. I don't know its name. I only know there is something. It exists."

Liu Liang-i, even after an experience probably unequalled in history, is still a very ordinary man with nothing on the surface remarkable about him. He is learning again certain things we take for granted, like laughter.

"Liu himself is the real miracle," say the doctors. "But since he's human . . . he is probably the last to understand that."

IN MARCH CORONET

WHAT'S GOOD TASTE?

It's changing fast—not so many suburban back-yard barbecues, big cars, blue jeans. In a witty article, famed author John Keats discusses our new standards of good taste.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR TAXES

Are you losing money because you don't use every legal device to cut your tax bill? An expert shows how to adapt some of the techniques used by big taxpayers to your advantage.

They smoke out ARSONISTS

by Loy Warwick

By analyzing ashes, charred wood, even samples of air, scientific sleuths can tell what—and often who—set off the blaze

QUITE SUDDENLY, MR. J. Robert Worthington (as we shall call him), a well-to-do New Englander, developed an interest in the weather that amounted to an obsession. He was concerned specifically with detecting, well in advance, an approaching Nor'easter—the sort of obstreperous storm, full of fierce wind and turbulence, which periodically sweeps over New England.

Came the day when Mr. Worthington had every reason to feel assured that the Nor'easter he'd been looking for was headed in his direction. But he didn't wait around for it. Instead, he packed his bags, said goodby to his $75,000 mansion in a fashionable Boston suburb, and boarded a train for Chicago.

On his arrival in the Windy City, Mr. Worthington checked in at a hotel where he was well known. And there he remained for several days. Remained, in fact, until he received a telegram that his fine house had, in some mysterious fashion, caught fire and burned to the ground.

Mr. Worthington hurried back to Massachusetts and took the necessary steps to collect the insurance on his flame-wrecked domicile. But, to his annoyance, the underwriters resolutely refused to issue a check until a full investigation of the fire had been completed.

Today's arson detectives are a stubborn, if not congenitally suspicious, lot. And it seemed to make no difference to them that the burned house obviously had been empty. Or that Mr. Worthington, the only person who could have profited by the fire, was in Chicago at the time. Yet the insurance was being held up by nothing more than a thin strand of wire which had been found trailing from a branch of a poplar tree near the fire-wrecked house. It wasn't a telephone wire. It wasn't a wire such as tree surgeons use to control or correct growth of trees. Insofar as could be seen, the wire had served no useful purpose.

But the investigators began asking Mr. Worthington some questions. Strictly routine, they explained.

"Why did you go to Chicago?"

"Business, of course," he replied impatiently.

"What business?"

"My own. I went to sell merchandise."

"What firms did you call on?"

Mr. Worthington named several, which the investigators promptly checked. But members of these firms said they were no longer doing any business with him. The detectives confronted Mr. Worthington with the fact that he had lied about his business activities in Chicago. Why, they wanted to know, had he lied?

Unable to come up with a plausible explanation, and not being at all sure what else the investigators had learned, J. Robert Worthington confessed this ingenious scheme:

He had tied a wire to a branch of the poplar tree, run it through a small hole in the roof, and attached it to a spring inside the house. The spring held several matches, with their heads pressed against a sheet of sandpaper. And, exactly as Mr. Worthington had figured—when the wind blew, the branch swayed, the wire was activated, the matches scraped against the sandpaper and ignited, setting fire to wood shavings and paper placed nearby. Finally, what remained of the wire was drawn out through the hole in the roof and left to dangle from the tree. Supposedly all evidence of arson had been obliterated.

For all his ingenuity and careful planning, Mr. Worthington was convicted of arson and sent to prison.

Not too many years ago, cunning amateur as well as professional "torches" were collecting arson dividends that amounted to millions of dollars a year in the U.S. The professionals received fees of $100 and up, depending on the size of the job, and would burn anything from a woodshed to an office building.

There was a time when the average person was right when he figured that the flames would destroy every trace of evidence of deliberate fire-setting. But no more. Arson squads—such as the crack special detectives of the National Board of Fire Underwriters—are performing seeming miracles today. Give them a few drops of sponged-up liquid, a fragment of charred wood, even a trace of bottled air. From such fragile evidence these laboratory-trained arson sleuths can tell what (and often *who*) started the blaze, as well as a number of other pyrotechnically pertinent things.

Such supersensitive instruments as the spectroscope and microscope are brought into play. Debris is analyzed chemically; gas-collecting instruments suck up traces of inflammable fluids from air pockets in the ruins. Charred wood is submitted to microscopic examination. If it has burned in a "normal" fire it will not have the same appearance as an ember which has been saturated with an inflammable substance before ignition.

The common wax candle is perhaps the simplest and most popular of all firing devices. Burning at the rate of an inch an hour, it is frequently set in boxes of excelsior, or planted to ignite a fuse "trailer" of gasoline-soaked material.

During one epidemic of building

fires it was at first presumed that (1) the blazes were not necessarily connected with each other, and (2) that the old familiar candle had been used to set them off.

Fragments—even microscopic particles—taken from the burned buildings were examined and re-examined. X-ray and fluoroscope equipment of the most advanced design was put to work. And, in time, the technicians came up with evidence that the fires had started in the inside walls of the structures.

Radiographic pictures and analyses told them, as did other experiments, that all of the fires in this series had been touched off, not by slow burning wax candles, but by some sudden, explosive force that instantly generated a concentrated center of heat. This they determined by exhaustive study of ashes, the condition of wall materials, and especially the intensity with which the laths behind the wall plaster had been consumed.

It became obvious that the laths had been soaked with gasoline, and had burned infinitely more rapidly at a given point in the wall. The plaster, too, showed signs of having been subjected to a greater degree of heat at one point than at another, which proved to be one of the most interesting and fruitful discoveries of all.

The investigators now began centering their search for a special type of professional arsonist, one who favored the rarely used incendiary time bomb. They had one such talented torch in mind—call him Time Bomb Bobby.

Bobby's highly efficient method was to gouge a hole in the wall plaster, exposing the laths, which he saturated with gasoline. Then Bobby inserted his time bomb, governed by a watch or clock mechanism, and set to give him ample time to escape before it let go. And, by the time the firemen and cops arrived, evidence (such as that of any eye witness) that might possibly have tied Bobby to the crime had disappeared.

When the arson men collared Bobby, he told them, "Suppose I did set fire to the dump—you can't prove I've ever been near the place." But Bobby had the surprise of his life coming.

"Take off your pants," ordered one of his captors. Muttering at the indignity, Bobby obeyed.

It took a laboratory technician only a few minutes to find what he was looking for: minute traces of plaster caught in the cuff fold of Bobby's trousers. Under the microscope the telltale crumbs matched exactly samples taken from the walls of the fired buildings—just so many grains of sand in the plaster mixture were black, so many white, so many amber, and so on. Time Bomb Bobby was hooked.

Sometimes the arson detective arrives while the blaze is still going and takes photographs of its progress. Sometimes he risks his neck by entering a burning building to determine if the fire is hotter than its structural material warrants.

In one dramatic case, a detective-photographer plunged into the hallway of a flaming building and shot a picture of the front stairs, showing a trailer of blazing paper racing up the bannister. A few moments later, the walls and roof caved in and all evidence might have been destroyed if it had not been for the cameraman's timely snapshot. It proved enough to convince a jury, which found the arsonist guilty.

Following another disastrous fire, there was practically nothing left of a men's clothing factory in the East. Everything had been burned to black ash, the establishment gutted.

"We had not a particle of evidence against the owner of this factory," says the arson detective, who worked on the case. "But when we examined the ashes, we couldn't find any buttons. Now everybody knows that men's suits have buttons on them. And buttons, this manufacturer should have found out, just don't burn. What he had done was this—he had removed $20,000 worth of suits, filled the factory with old rags, loaded the fire-sprinkler system with gasoline, and set the torch."

One of the Fire Underwriters aces says, "You never know where you'll smoke out a firebug, even in church. When fire demolished a Midwest church, we found several half-burned candles, oil-saturated rags, and an empty coffee jar that smelled suspiciously of gasoline. But for the life of us, we couldn't understand who'd want to burn down a church in this peaceful community.

"We made the rounds of gasoline filling stations. To our surprise we found that the minister had had just such a coffee jar filled with gasoline. And then the story came out. He was anxious to merge his flock with that of another church. But his congregation was not enthusiastic about the plan. So he burned down his own house of worship to get things moving faster."

The microscope played an important role in exposing a neat bit of arson in Chicago. The owner of a fur business claimed fire had destroyed a fortune in silver fox furs. The arson detectives tackled the case with what might be described as open minds—open to suspicion, that is. So they put strands of the burned fur under the revealing rays of the microscope, along with samples of other furs.

They determined, first, that a burned silver fox hair, under the microscope, shows a black line bordered with white. But samples from the fire quite inconsistently had a "beaded" appearance, wholly different. And this look, it was found, belonged unmistakably to rabbit hair.

The fur man confessed when confronted with this embarrassing bit of evidence. He said he had moved out the silver foxes, stocked his warehouse with cheap rabbit furs, and then struck the match.

Thanks to the arson detectives with their atom-age laboratory equipment and techniques, incendiarism is rapidly becoming a most unprofitable crime. ♛

Quick Quotes

ROBERT BRISCOE, former Lord Mayor of Dublin: "A recession in Ireland? We've never been prosperous enough to have one!"
—*Quote*

HUMAN COMEDY

Do I have a mousie in my hand?" asked the four-year-old girl, cupping her hands together.

"No, you don't," answered her grandmother.

"Here, hold his coat," the child said, handing over an imaginary garment.

"All right," the grandmother said, resignedly.

"Now do I have a mousie in my hand?" questioned the child.

"No," said the grandmother.

The little girl shook her head wonderingly. "Then how come you're holding his coat?" —MARY KENTE

An airline reservation agent was at a loss for an answer one day when an elderly gentleman called and asked: "How many air pockets are there between New York and Philadelphia?" —ANNE FISHER

The tenants living in the apartment above a neighbor of ours were inconsiderate, noisy, and quarrelsome. One day when our neighbor and his wife were almost washed out of their bedroom by an overflowing bathtub overhead, he rushed upstairs, pounded on the door, and shouted: "What the blankety blank-blank do you mean by letting your bathtub overflow again?"

"Shh," cautioned the careless one opening the door. "Don't use that kind of language. I have a lady up here, you know."

"Well, what the hell do you think I've got downstairs," cried our by now furious friend, "a *fish?*"

—CAROL BIRD

My three-year-old son came home proudly showing off his new crew-cut.

"When you get bigger, you can have a haircut like this," he informed his one-year-old sister.

"Girls don't wear crew-cuts, dear," I told him.

His face filled with consternation as he asked, "Is she gonna *stay* a girl?" —MRS. WILFIELD SELOVER

A newlywed executive carefully remembered his mother-in-law's birthday and wired her: "Happy birthday Mother! May you have 100 more!"

Her iciness in the following weeks baffled him until he caught sight of the telegram and saw a zero had been left off the hundred.

—NEIL MORGAN, *San Diego Tribune*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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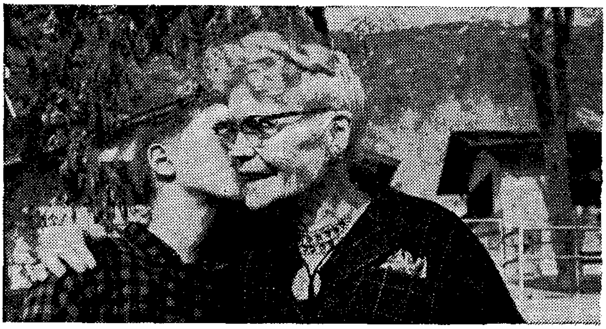
Aunt Ettie's rescue ranches

by Oren Arnold



At 73, this millionairess and ex-schoolmarm unselfishly invests her wealth—and love—in children nobody wants

Forty years ago Ettie Lee was a young and pretty schoolteacher who dreamed of 1) getting rich, 2) helping others. Ettie pitched in to make her dreams come true. And today, at 73, she is a millionairess who lives humbly and works 12 to 15 hours a day helping others.

She calls herself the happiest woman alive because fine young citizens like Jody Barnes drive 200 miles on her birthday to kiss her forehead and present a corsage. And because a judge in Los Angeles, where she lives, says of Miss Ettie and Jody:

"It is unbelievable what she did with that wild Barnes boy. At 15, he was our city's No. 1 delinquent, a vicious, incorrigible thief, headed for prison. Now, at 21, he has been president of his class and is leading the honor roll at a great university. His past is like a nightmare—forgotten. He was lifted out of an abyss by Ettie Lee."

Only recently, the Intermountain Juvenile Court Institute said she may well be the nation's foremost enemy of delinquency because of the redemption pattern she has set.

"I could never have made it without her," Jody testifies. "That judge, six tough policemen and a church bishop all said I was a hopeless psychopathic. Then Aunt Ettie came along.

"She put her arm around me and hugged me—actually hugged *me*. Then she said gently, 'Jody, I have no sons, and I need some. Maybe you could help me.' She was asking *me* for help.

"She took me out to a big beautiful ranch where a foster Mom and Pop welcomed me with a smile and kindness I had never known. Right away I became part of a family there. I was wanted, I was respected, I was loved, I belonged.

"The whole world ought to know about Aunt Ettie."

Ettie Lee was one of 12 children reared on an Arizona ranch. She grew up loving her brothers and sisters, and helping them, so it seemed natural to teach school. This eventually led her to Los Angeles.

Her pupils were delighted with what they now call her "personal touch." She never taught by rote, but by radiance. This means—according to her alumni—that her heart just seemed to reach out and take each child in. Ofttimes she had to defy the principal and trustees to get her teaching ideas across, but the happy kids supported her unanimously.

It was the unhappy kids, however, who captured Miss Ettie's major interest. The unfortunate ones who got into trouble invariably lacked proper home guidance; and the law provided no adequate substitute—it merely punished.

"I resolved to help those youngsters," she says. "I knew it would take a mountain of money, and I knew I'd have to make it myself."

Her salary at the time was under $200 a month. She lived on less than $100, thus saving enough for a small down payment on a house with four apartments. After school each day she put on old clothes and started repairing, painting, sewing curtains, cleaning upholstery and rugs. Up at 7 A.M., she'd be back at it until school-time. The refurbished places brought good rent.

Soon she sold the house for a profit—and bought one with 13 rental units. She haunted the auctions, looking for good furniture at low cost. When she sold that second apartment building, she bought another. Soon she had enough for a down payment on a building with 66 units covering half a block.

She hired a business manager and other help, all on faith. She scrimped enough to start buying another apartment house. She bought another, then still another. Her bank account grew. The moment came when she knew she was ready to activate the second half of her dream.

"Troubled boys should not have to live in a crowded city," this farm-reared woman reasoned. "It is easier to sense God's nearness under the sky and among the trees."

So, she bought a run-down ranch home, and refurbished it as she had done her apartments. She hired a mature but youngish married couple to be Mom and Dad—types carefully selected not for their education but for what she calls their "educated hearts." Then she brought out two frightened, confused, "dangerous" boys, who stood around warily until the magic of understanding and kindness began working—and Ettie Lee's great life program was under way.

She parlayed that rental-investment business up to such a level that she could become a full-time philanthropist. The ranches for boys grew to six. And while Aunt Ettie, of necessity, had several paid assistants, she herself "seemed to be everywhere at once."

It is still so. New acquaintances often expect to find her a sweet little lavender-and-old-lace personality in a rocking chair. Instead, she radiates energy.

Always she lives by her Christian faith. She may startle any group in business discussion with her by saying, "Just let me have a moment to pray."

She seeks the incorrigibles with whom the courts have failed, the "hopeless" cases. She does not always succeed in redeeming them, yet her failures are few.

Take young Wylie, for instance. At 12, he used a knife to rob a newsboy of $25—and spent all of it hiring horses to ride.

Aunt Ettie escorted him to her Flying O Ranch, gave him three horses and said, "Go to it." For a week he raced over the hills and valleys like a wild thing.

Then suddenly he had enough. He was put to work milking, and from his earnings repaid the newsboy $30. He read books on animal husbandry. At 14, he competed with 300 other Californians in stock judging at a fair, and won first place.

He forgot about his blood parents, who were alcoholics and had never wanted him. He had a new Mom and Dad, and called them that. He had new security, strength, love. He is the happy and trusted employee of a dairy farm today.

The best helper Aunt Ettie has found is a youngish man named Delbert Eccles, who, in his official capacity as Executive Director, serves as big brother to all her troubled lads. Del looks like last year's college fullback, is a soft-spoken giant with deep understanding. He can wrestle and "rough up" the energetic boys, or put an arm around a shoulder affectionately.

As a reward for the bigger boys who make specific progress each year, in June Del loads 16 or 18 of them into a truck with camping equipment and heads up the broad highway to wherever the boys vote to go. The fellowship, the sharing, the whole lore of the outdoors, become part of the Ettie Lee therapy for emotionally ill boys.

One lad was still a thief when he started such a tour. He stole a pistol and carried it wrapped in a towel. But in two weeks on the road it became unconscionably heavy—on his conscience more than in his luggage. Finally, at Yellowstone Park he dumped the thing into a waterfall, and told Del.

"Forget it," Del said. "It's a good place for guns. We all have some things to toss away now and then."

It was the boy's last offense. Today he is a successful young mechanic, happily married, an elder in his church.

Though she is without official status of any sort, Aunt Ettie's reputation now is such that probation courts and even parents refer their worst cases to her. For some years, she and the State of California did battle. It wanted her to function according to established institutional methods.

"If there's anything these boys *don't* need," she argued with spirit, "it's 'institutional' care. They need a home, with good parents. That's what I'm offering."

She won her fight. Lately, her contact with the state's licensing bureau has been Mrs. Mildred Rumbold, who is wholly sympathetic. And now the welfare organization is looking at her homes with calculated interest. So are social workers from other states. They say Aunt Ettie—almost everybody calls her that—has spelled the doom of the old-fashioned, orphanage-type institution for correction.

Her treatment for each young outlaw begins with a complete and revolutionary change. Invariably he has lived in an ugly environment. Suddenly he is in a glamor setting—each of Aunt Ettie's ranch homes is big and spacious, clean and picturesque. There are mountains, streams, trees, wild animals, wide open spaces.

"This esthetic quality," she says, "can be priceless in helping youngsters who have never known beauty in any form."

Simultaneously, the personality impact is changed. Nobody cuffs or curses young Timmy if he is sullen. Nobody pushes him aside. He is wanted and respected.

All the homes have grace at table and family worship at night. All the youngsters attend the church of their choice. There is abundant food. All go to the public schools, and all may have Mom and Dad help with homework.

These dedicated foster parents are, according to Aunt Ettie, the most important persons in this work. "No matter how fine the facilities for children may be," she says, "they would be worthless without the sincere, understanding home parents who give these youngsters security and love—and actually make *homes* for them."

No lad, however troubled he may have been, can long resist such an environment. The percentage of runaways is less than one-third that of most juvenile houses of correction. Whenever a new boy is coming, the old ones are briefed in advance to help him adjust. Discipline at all times is firm, not strict.

From six to 12 youngsters make up the ranch homes. Two older groups maintain herds of cattle, sheep and pigs which provide meat for all the homes. All sorts of manual skills are taught: Each boy is allowed to earn spending money. Each wears good-quality clothes, no uniforms.

When Aunt Ettie visits any of her ranch homes, *everybody*—adults included—rushes out to hug her. She knows each by name and record. She visits with each one, loves them, praises their accomplishments, guides them over daily problems—and eventually gives them back to the world sound in body and mind.

Almost all her alumni maintain contact with Aunt Ettie and with their foster Moms and Dads. "You are the only family we really know," they explain.

Recently, a friend caught Aunt Ettie crying gently about a boy, and chided her for taking in so many truly distressing cases.

"It's all right," she smiled. "My business is children nobody else wants." ♛

HEARD AT A SWISS HOLIDAY RESORT: "Here come his skis—he can't be far behind!" —KATHRYN LARSON

New Yorkers were ASTOUNDED
By A Frank Newspaper Article That Discussed
VITAMIN PRICE COMPARISONS
Now You Too Can Learn How To SAVE...

STOP PAYING HIGH PRICES FOR
VITAMINS

A recent public service study of Patent Medicines in one of New York's leading evening newspapers, devoted one entire installment to VITAMINS and disclosed many interesting highlights about the sale of Vitamins and Vitamin-Mineral combinations.

One of the startling revelations in this frank article was the wide variance of Vitamin prices.

The following three paragraphs taken from the series, as it appeared, are of particular concern to every family buying Vitamins.

Hudson Vitamin Products has been serving doctors and nurses for over 25 years and now you, too, can purchase your Vitamins DIRECT from Hudson at savings that are up to 50% and more. Page after page in the Free Hudson Catalog shows tremendous dollar savings on Vitamins, Vitamin-Mineral combinations and Food Supplements.

Here is one example: Vitamin "A" 25,000 U.S.P. units sold nationally for an average price of $4.10 per 100, sells for only $1.00 through the Hudson Vitamin Catalog.

"Any particular vitamin bottled under one label is, for all practical and therapeutic purposes, the same as if it is bottled under another label. The fact is, most of the Vitamin concentrates consumed in America are produced by only a few companies.

"The list of ingredients in a Vitamin compound is one thing the consumer can almost always depend on to be correct. Any company which fails to label the bottle with the exact formula and amount (or unit strength) of each ingredient risks a seizure by the U. S. Government.

"Bearing that in mind, it is interesting to pick up a few Vitamin catalogs and compare the prices charged by different companies for the same Vitamin compounds."

Following publication of the installment we received hundreds of telephone calls requesting copies of the Hudson Vitamin Catalog. This interest prompted us to tell the entire nation our story.

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These are only two examples that you will find in our 32 page catalog that is simple, easy to read and has been a Vitamin buying guide for millions from coast-to-coast.

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The futuristic riddle of reproduction

by Albert Rosenfeld

Law and life—as we know it today—will be revolutionized in the space age by scientific breeding of man

A WOMAN BIOLOGIST recently performed an unusual experiment on herself. The results were announced in Paris by the eminent French biologist Jean Rostand. Rostand disclosed that the woman had borne her husband two children—years after his death in a car crash! He was in truth the posthumous father. His scientist wife had impregnated herself with his male seed, which had been preserved in a 30 percent glycerin solution at a temperature of 110°F below zero.

The A-bomb and space satellites have awakened us to the fact of how drastically lives are being transformed by the physical sciences. But it takes an announcement like that of Rostand's to shock us into realizing that the biological sciences are quietly transforming our lives even more profoundly.

Human beings have always taken it for granted that, in order to procreate, it is necessary for two parents, one a male and the other a female, to unite physically. On this premise are laid the foundations of our family life, our laws, the themes of art and literature, and all of our ethical and moral codes.

But the premise is no longer true.

Recent scientific discoveries give us every reason to prophesy that in the Space Age, not only will children be born of separated or long-dead parents, but that virgin births may become relatively common. Through ova transplants, women may give birth to other women's children. And alteration of the reproductive cells may make it possible for mothers to become, at least in a biological sense, the "fathers" of their own children. Some men may father thousands of babies, and genetic changes will be chemically controlled so as to be useful in bettering the race.

Not long ago, such possibilities might have seemed much too remotely futuristic to concern us. But biologists and geneticists have already begun to unlock the deepest mysteries of reproduction and in so doing, they are posing a multitude of bewildering problems—legal, social, philosophical, scientific, religious, and even political.

Consider this divorce case in New York. The couple had a child who had been conceived by artificial insemination—with the full knowledge and consent of the husband. In the dreary denouement of divorce the mother claimed full custody since, in her view, the child was in no way her husband's. He protested that the child had been born to them in legal wedlock, had been nourished and loved by him as his own, and was therefore as much his child as hers.

The New York court agreed that this constituted at least a sort of semi-adoption, and granted him visiting privileges. But when the mother moved to Oklahoma, a court there reversed the New York decision, ruling that her husband was not in any sense the child's real father.

Cases such as this bring up a number of questions which would try the wisdom even of Solomon: Could the child's "real" father—the anonymous male who donated the semen—claim the child as his, and demand visiting privileges? Could he be forced to support the child? Is the child his heir? Could the mother's husband, when the child was born, have had the right to disown the child and declare him illegitimate? If so, and the wife had been very young—could the donor or doctor have been prosecuted for statutory rape?

Obviously the law as it stands is ill-equipped to deal with such problems for which there are simply no historical precedents. Among those insisting that the law must be changed to keep up with biology is Jean Rostand who, incidentally, is the son of the late Edmond Rostand who wrote *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Another is Dr. Glanville Williams, an internationally famous British law professor.

In his latest book, *The Sanctity of Life and the Criminal Law,* Dr. Williams reports a case where a Canadian judge ruled that artificial insemination—this time without the husband's consent—constituted adultery. Would this, Dr. Williams wonders, make the anonymous donor of the semen an adulterer? And could the husband name him as co-respondent in the divorce? Since it is the doctor who personally administers the semen and impregnates the woman, perhaps the doctor would have to be named the adulterer. This would result in even greater absurdity, Dr. Williams points out, if the physician is a woman.

Artificial insemination, with the husband as the donor, is known as A.I.H. When the husband himself does not provide the semen, the method is called A.I.D. Still a third method has now become available.

Researchers at Iowa State University have discovered that by adding glycerol to semen, the spermatozoa can be preserved in a frozen state for indefinite periods of time—even after the donor's death. Several women have already been impregnated at Iowa by use of such deep-frozen semen. This is very similar to the technique used by the woman whose case Rostand reported.

Discovery of a way to preserve male sperm indefinitely has given rise to a great deal of speculation about the feasibility of private "sperm banks" and even of a national "sperm bank" in which to preserve the genetic character of the human race in the event of an atomic war.

Sperm banks would permit a number of unprecedented arrangements. Suppose, for example, a young man were preparing to go away for an extended period of time—to war, say, or on a journey into space. His wife could still arrange to bear a good-sized family of his children. Moreover, using the deep-frozen method, husbands afflicted with a low sperm count (oligozoospermia) can now "accumulate" sperm until there is enough to permit more certain conception.

Scientific discoveries are never unmixed blessings, however. It does not require too much imagination to conjure up any number of appalling situations which might result from the broad application of artificial insemination. Since these situations are unique in human history, they will undoubtedly provide enough original plots to make many novelists and playwrights happy. But they are not guaranteed to make everyone else happy.

Why, then, don't we save ourselves all these complications right now by simply forbidding artificial insemination and limiting sexual reproduction to time-honored methods? Many medical and religious authorities are, in fact, opposed to artificial insemination. But their reasoning pales beside the deep-rooted and strong desire for parenthood. In the U.S. and Great Britain, one couple out of ten is involuntarily childless. Many thousands of couples have already used artificial insemination. "These children mean more to families than children conceived in a normal manner," says Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher of New York's Mount Sinai Hospital. "Babies conceived in this manner are wanted children, often desperately wanted."

BUT the acceptance of artificial insemination will not render man's life on earth any simpler—at least, not so long as our laws and customs remain as they are. And artificial insemination is only the beginning; there are other problems arising from biological advances.

"What would become of the notion of maternity," Rostand asks in his recent book, *Science Fausse et Fausses Science*, "if surgeons transplanted a fertilized ovum or a young embryo from one woman to another?" Such transplantation has already been accomplished quite successfully with animals. Biologists at the Southwest Research Institute in San Antonio, Texas, have reported that this relatively minor operation makes it possible for a prize cow to

By James Henry Weston

Announce New Way To Shrink Hemorrhoids

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain, Stops Itching As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and relieve pain—without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) — the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug counters. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(Advertisement)

conceive 20 calves a year where formerly she could conceive only one. After conception, each foetus is transplanted and developed in another cow.

Anticipating ova transplants in humans, biologist Rostand asks, "If a woman bore a child that was not genetically hers, who would be the actual mother? Would it be she who carried the child or she who furnished the germ cell?"

Dr. Williams postulates an even tougher question: Suppose frozen sperm from a long-dead donor is used to inseminate Mother A, then the fertilized ovum is transplanted to Mother B, who gives birth to the child. Whose child is it legally? At the New Haven Dog Hospital in Connecticut and the Cambridge University School of Agriculture in England, scientists have transplanted entire ovaries in animals. They found that the young animal conceived in a transplanted ovary always bore the characteristics of the female from whom the ovary was taken.

In the course of these experiments, a startling discovery was made: when defective or atrophied ovaries from an elderly female are transplanted into a healthy young female, the ovaries are rejuvenated! The availability of this operation to humans would open the prospect of a sort of ovarian immortality.

Transplants, it must be pointed out, are nearly always troublesome in human beings—especially when complicated organs like kidneys are involved. But researchers who have seen ovary transplants tolerated so successfully in animals believe techniques can be developed to make them as safe for humans as eye-cornea or bone transplants. Thereby, a woman with a hereditary ailment she feared to transmit might still bear a family by acquiring a substitute ovary—perhaps donated by an older woman who could no longer have children.

Even the transplantation of ova and ovaries represents merely the infancy of biological advance. It may soon be possible to alter chemically the structure of the reproductive cells themselves. Customarily, fertilization cannot take place without the presence of a female cell, which supplies half the necessary chromosomes, and a male cell, which supplies the other half. But there are occasions in the animal world when parthenogenesis—the development of eggs without fertilization—occurs, and Dr. Helen Spurway, a British eugenist, believes that parthenogenesis may occur on rare occasions in human females.

How or why parthenogenesis occurs is not yet well understood. But biologist Rostand predicts that it will soon be possible for women to supply the necessary chromosomes to fertilize themselves. In such "auto-adultery," as Rostand calls it, the mother would be the "father" of her own child. Biologist Rostand is also deeply concerned with the matter of "chemical adultery." Lawyers one day might have to decide if artificial genes, created in the laboratory, were used to inseminate a willing mother, who would be the father—the chemist? Rostand believes it will be possible to tamper with genes sufficiently to change

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

Christos has almost given up hope

Little Christos never has any fun. Life to this Greek boy is drudgery and bitter poverty. And yet, Christos has a dream . . . some day he will make life better for himself and his family. In school he learns of venerated men who gave so much to Greek culture and to the world—Aristotle, Plato, Socrates—and he dreams. But life is so dark now . . . how long can he nurse his dream and carry hope in his heart?

Christos' parents were married just after the war when everyone hoped for a better future. Instead, Communist inspired uprisings spread over the country. Christos' father joined the National Guard and took part in many battles, but guerilla bands destroyed his house and burned all his belongings.

Life for Christos' family began all over—from nothing. They now live in a hut with a roof of straw. They own three pieces of furniture. All must sleep on straw mats on the cold earthen floor. Their only property is a quarter acre of land which the father cultivates early in the morning and after dark. During the daylight hours he must work on other farmers' land for daily wages to buy food for his family.

Christos sees his father's plight and thinks, "My father struggles for a better future; I must help him." At the age of 10, Christos still has hope.

You can extend a hand to help Christos and his family help themselves, give them courage for the future. A child like Christos becomes "your child" through an SCF Sponsorship and receives food packages, warm clothing and many other material benefits in your name. But the whole family receives the greatest gift of all—"hope." You may correspond with your child and discover for yourself what your understanding and generosity means to a struggling family. Won't you please fill in the coupon now?

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their hereditary characteristics at will. Important steps in this direction were, in fact, made this winter when three American scientists were awarded the Nobel Prize for their studies of the make-up of genes. Two of the men, Drs. Edward Tatum and George Beadle, found that the dietary requirements of a fungus could be changed by altering the gene structure. The third man, Joshua Lederberg, Professor of Genetics at the University of Wisconsin, was actually able to "cross-breed" genes.

A sampling of what is going on elsewhere in the world of genetics research makes Rostand's speculations sound anything but fantastic:

At the University of California, Dr. Manuel Gordon separated rabbit sperm into anode sperm and cathode sperm, and was able to produce an appreciable increase in the proportion of male offspring. In his studies continued at Michigan State University, he has also been able to increase the proportion of female offspring when desired.

In France, a team of biologists has produced what appears to be a new breed of duck by transferring from one breed to another some deoxyribonucleic acid—known familiarly as DNA—the potent and extraordinarily complex chemical which controls heredity.

At Columbia University, a group of researchers has already produced synthetic genes which caused a number of "directed mutations" in bacteria. Some grew to 80 times their normal length, others had eight times the normal number of nuclei, and some of the mutations lasted through 180 generations!

At the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, DNA has already been artificially produced in the laboratory. A thimbleful of active DNA could change hereditary characteristics of billions of babies. DNA has also been synthesized at the Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York City and at Columbia University.

In Copenhagen, Denmark, Dr. Tage Kemp concludes: "The time draws near when man, to an increasing extent, can control his own biological evolution."

The new powers being loosed upon the world by biology are more far-reaching in their implications than atomic energy, and even more fraught with hope and peril for mankind. In the dawning Space Age, it may turn out that proper government of these infinite powers of reproduction is an even more challenging problem than the conquest of space. It is the challenge of life itself. ♛

What's In A Name?

A MONTREAL FIRM that deals in investment securities is called: *Forget and Forget, Ltd.*

THERE'S A CONSTRUCTION company in Plainfield, New Jersey, that unwisely goes under the name: *The Terrible Construction Co.*

FOR NEW YORK CITY dwellers worried about juvenile delinquency, there is a firm entitled: *The Good Lad Mfg. Co.*

—ROBERT SYLVESTER *(N. Y. Daily News)*

by Hy Steirman

Ace of Knaves

In 1891, EDWIN STODDARD, alias Henry B. Davis, was serving six years in a Tennessee state prison when he plotted a fantastic escape.

Davis had been a brilliant lawyer who entered politics and, as treasurer of his party, walked off with its funds, was caught and sentenced to prison. He served his term, was later picked up with counterfeit checks and again sent to prison—this time in Tennessee. He had the appearance of a successful banker, an excellent memory for names, and the handwritings that went with them. And he had a colossal nerve.

By bribing a guard, Davis was able to smuggle into his cell some legal-size paper, bottles of ink, pens with nibs of varying sizes, plus some official-looking envelopes. Then, in various handwritings, he wrote the names of 150 of the best-known citizens of Tipton County, where he was sentenced. The names were acquired from a Tipton newspaper and the first dozen only were replica signatures he remembered from his dealings in that city. Next, he forged a letter from the attorney who defended him to accompany the petition for the release of Henry B. Davis. The brother of a fellow-prisoner mailed the letters.

Within two weeks, the warden brought Davis his pardon, plus a note from Governor John P. Buchanan, asking Davis, as a formality, to come to the capital to sign certain papers for his release. Davis eluded a detective assigned to accompany him to the Governor, and boarded an eastbound train without a single penny in his pocket. He reached his destination by riding the mail car.

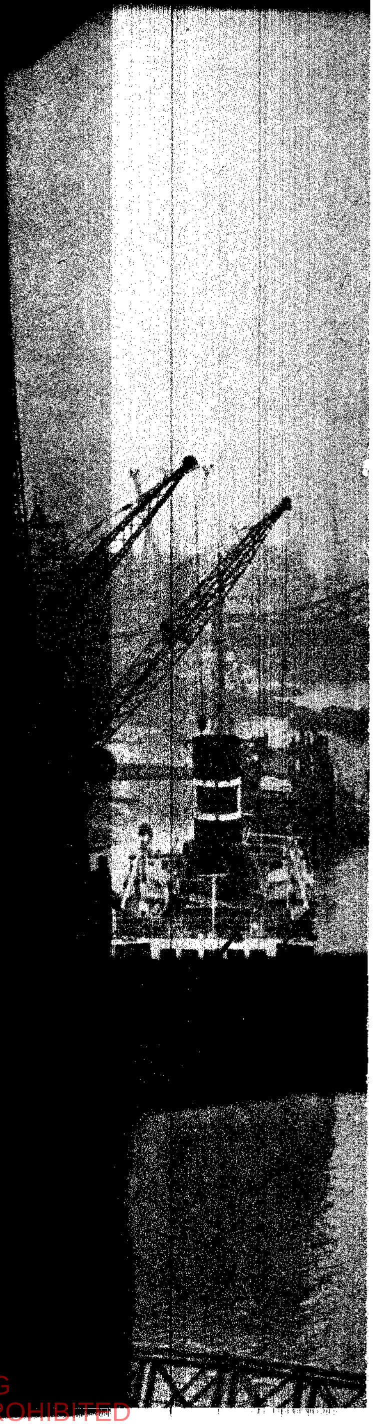
On another train trip, a few years earlier, Davis had sat down next to a minister who mistook him for a nationally known preacher. The minister paid for Davis' ticket, took him home as a guest preacher, and for three successive Sundays, the escaped prisoner preached about the poor sufferers of the world. He took up a collection and left town several hundred dollars richer. But this mastermind who could pull off the big coups fumbled little ones. A detective caught him forging a telegram in New Jersey—a matter of 50¢—and wired Governor Buchanan: "Do you want him and what is the reward?"

The Governor replied: "No, sir, I do not. He beat me very cleverly, and is . . . too brilliant a man to be in prison! All I ask of Henry B. Davis is to stay out of the State of Tennessee! The pardon stands."

LONDON...

as two Frenchmen see it

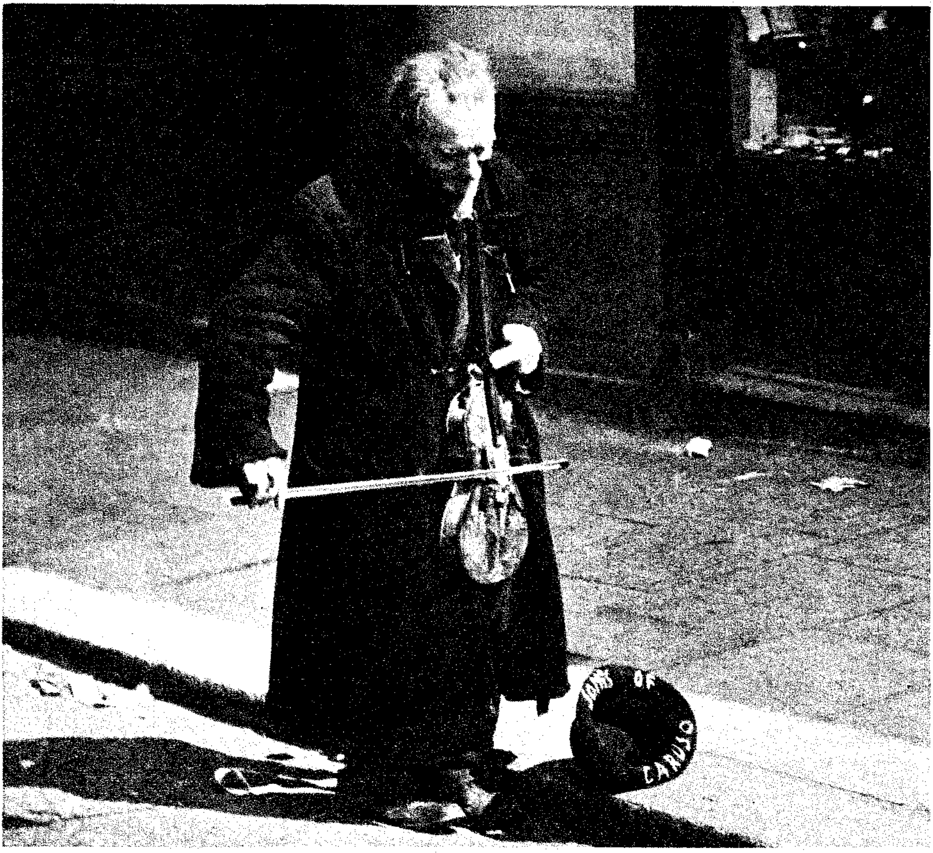
Wherever they go, travelers seek
out sights that remind them of home.
When famous French poet
Jacques Prevert and photographer
Izis recently went to London,
they saw, not an austere city of banks,
derbies, pomp and circumstance,
but a city whose charm
and atmosphere beguiled them as
did their beloved Paris.
Even the Tower Bridge (right) assumed
for them a misty impressionism.
On the following pages
are more scenes of London recorded
by the camera eye of Izis
and, paraphrased,
the poetic images of Prévert.



Photographs from "Charmes de Londres,"
by Jacques Prévert and Izis.
Copyright 1952 by la Guilde du Livre,
Lausanne, Switzerland.

In the mind of this wondering
youth are locked the echoes of London's
long and regal history—
the triumphs and griefs of impacted
tombstones where now he stands.

The enduring dream of the aged
troubadour—a royal invitation to play
before the Court his
song of loneliness and lost love.



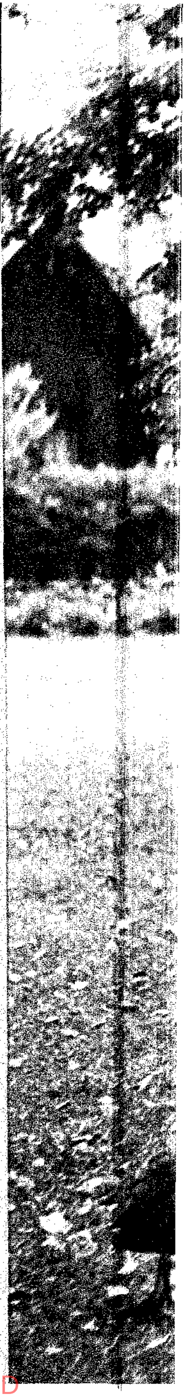
Beneath a gray sky on Petticoat Lane, a nobleman of the spirit is monocled by ephemeral, shimmering satellites.

As the sand belongs to the rolling surf, so the grass of London's parks, like the grass of Paris parks, belongs to the tidal wave of love.

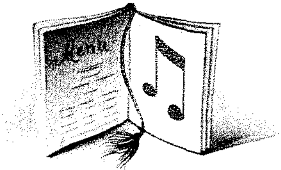
A creaky barge, a gossamer of gulls and the languid pace of Regent's Canal fuse into a vision of the Seine.

e lost music of youth
a carousel.

The wheezy nostalgia of the hurdy-gurdy is like a toll bridge where Londoners pause and pay to cross deep rivers of memory.



Never has this old man seen the sea, but he is called 'Father Thames' because of his hoary flowing beard. He talks to swans, but they eat and do not heed his stories. ■



Music à la carte

by Patricia K. Brooks

Muzak's Don O'Neill has a melodic menu for almost everything—from cemeteries to poultry farms, from assembly lines to massage parlors

WHAT'S THE BEST MUSIC for a cemetery? What tunes do cats and dogs howl for? What is the most effective background music to diet by, to learn by, to work by?

The man with the answers to these and similar questions is Don O'Neill, America's best-informed though least-known Music Man. As program director for Muzak Corporation, the background-music service, O'Neill has spent 22 years putting Americans in the mood musically.

His research has turned up some revealing facts about music's effects on people—and animals. For cemeteries, cemetery offices and funeral homes, for example, it's best to use music without associations that might be painful, he says. Semi-classical selections, heavy on the strings and woodwinds, are a perfect choice, for they blend into the surroundings, have a quieting effect without intruding on the mourner's thoughts.

Dogs have supersensitive hearing, so if you want to keep your pet happy serenade him with soft music. Rock 'n' roll on a loud trumpet might make him chew the furniture.

Music is for the birds, too, it seems. A Connecticut poultryman treats 90,000 pullets to soothing renditions of popular melodies. The music keeps them from panicking at strange noises. Their contentment has paid off in substantial savings in feed and in plumper, healthier birds.

Dieters can face the music too, because music actually aids digestion. Studies show that tension at mealtime can be reduced through proper musical accompaniment. "Let's have another cup of coffee and let's have another piece of pie" may be rhythmically satisfying, but the lyrics wouldn't be much help to suggestible dieters trying to resist that extra dessert. "Better stick to 'Tangerine' " says O'Neill with a grin, "and other light-but-nourishing ballads."

Research has convinced O'Neill that music can increase muscle strength (by use of strong rhythms, fast tempos), delay fatigue (strong brass and rhythm), help appetite and digestion (string or salon music). It can speed learning (TV and radio commercials are purposely put to music so you'll learn them fast and remember them). Music can also act as a tranquilizer (soft, string arrangements), or a stimulant (bop, jazz, rock 'n' roll), depending on what is used, and how.

On the basis of such data, O'Neill prescribes nonvocal, rhythmic selections with lots of brass for factory workers on assembly lines.

"They like strong rhythms and the brass helps cut through the noise of machines," he says. Such music aids worker efficiency, according to research.

Office workers need the quieter strains of popular ballads and old favorites played by orchestras with plenty of violins and woodwinds—and no vocals.

This type of music pleases them, but doesn't take their attention from their work. At the same time it helps to increase production and cuts errors.

"There's a lot less milling around the water cooler," says O'Neill, "when background music is played in an office, because it reduces the monotony of repetitious work."

Background music doesn't always remain in the background, despite O'Neill's best efforts. Customers in reducing salons have been heard to giggle uproariously when "Fanny" is piped into the massage studios. But the president of a famous eastern railroad didn't think it funny when he heard "On the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe" filling the vast waiting room in his terminal.

O'Neill's music was almost the cause of an international incident recently. It happened at a breakfast in Fort Worth for the visiting Russian Minister of Agriculture. The mood was convivial, until from the loudspeaker came "Get Out of Town." Fortunately the advice must have lost something in translation, for the Russian and his Texas hosts parted company amicably several cups of coffee later.

Every now and then, background music programming has unforseen effects. Witness what happened at a big department store in a Midwestern city when background music was installed. For many years the store had closed its doors daily with a recording of "A Perfect Day," which starts with "When you come to the end of a perfect day." A few weeks after the new music service began, this tune was played about 3:45 one afternoon. Before the floorwalkers knew what was happening, 77 clerks had covered their counters and were happily on their way home. Habit dies hard.

O'Neill's favorite story happened just a few weeks ago. He walked into a snack bar near his Manhattan office and asked the waitress what he could get to drink.

"We've got coffee, tea or milk," she muttered.

Pondering this, O'Neill glanced at the wall and noticed a loudspeaker. "Do you have Muzak?" he asked.

"I told you already," she snapped, "just coffee, tea, or milk."

With his lofty standards, "angel" Louis Lurie amassed $50,000,000, a wealth of friends and fame as...

Mr. San Francisco

by EDDIE CANTOR

ONE OF THE greatest showmen I know never set foot on a stage. He was born 70 years ago in a poor section of Chicago and given the name Louis Lurie—the only thing in life that he hasn't gotten by himself. Today, he's a financial wizard with $50,000,000 and the unofficial but undisputed title, "Mr. San Francisco." In the last 44 years, Lurie is credited with the construction of more commercial buildings than anyone else in San Francisco. A while ago, I asked a mutual friend, Bob Ransohoff, who owned a department store in San Francisco, just how much Mr. San Francisco was worth. Bob walked me to a window and pointed to the Golden Gate and the Bay Bridge:

"See those bridges? They're the only two things Louie doesn't own."

My friendship with Mr. San Francisco dates back more than 30 years. In the early days, I never paid much attention to his appearance, except to notice he was short enough to make me feel tall. Now when we get together, these banjo

The waggish Lurie (left) leaves comedian-author Cantor pop-eyed with "heavy" donation to Eddie's Camp Committee fund drive.

eyes of mine turn green with envy. Next to Lurie's unlined face, mine is like an old road map that's been folded too often. Time has thinned his sandy hair and added pince-nez glasses but his round brown eyes are still bright with the optimism of youth—and the glitter of gold.

To see Lurie in action is to see a showman at work. He has a humility that disarms, a touch of brashness that amuses, and the quiet confidence of a true businessman. Many years ago, in competition with several contractors for the construction of a factory, Lurie won the contract—not because his bid was lower, but because of the way he submitted it. Appearing at the client's office with an architect's sketch of his conception of the building, Lurie made a great show of having the office properly lighted before unveiling his masterpiece. And masterpiece it was! In brilliant colors, complete in every detail, even to an American flag flying from the pole on the roof, it made the others look like nothing.

"Some men wouldn't go for that," Lurie remarked, "but I had a hunch this one would."

Literally a "quiet" businessman, I have never heard Louie raise his voice. "Always be a gentleman," he says, "that's the strongest weapon in any battle."

In 1943, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau Jr. asked me to help sell war bonds. I had lunch with Louie, and asked him if he knew of any good prospects. Without batting an eye, he answered: "A. P. Giannini—he's good for a million dollars worth."

Giannini, then active as president of the Bank of America, was one of Lurie's best friends, and I could hardly wait to finish lunch and see Louie get to work on him. Never have I heard Louie so persuasive. Giannini was impressed, but explained he'd already bought his quota of bonds. We got up to go, but Giannini stopped us. A few minutes later a sale was made—not for one million dollars, but for two—and not to A. P. Giannini, but to Louis R. Lurie. His sales talk had so inspired Giannini that the bank president used Lurie's own arguments to "sell the salesman."

A child of a broken home, at the age of eight Louie was peddling papers in Chicago to help support his mother and younger brother. He worked the business district in the afternoons, the theatrical district at night. One evening, a bully cornered him in an alley and demanded a cut of his earnings, "for protection." Louie fought and lost—not only the fight but the use of his left foot.

In the 1890s, there were no X-ray machines, and doctors could only guess at the extent of damage. They decided to immobilize both the leg and foot in a heavy steel brace. For five years, Lurie hobbled about the streets, clutching both crutches and newspapers under his arms. Innumerable treatments and three operations couldn't relieve the pain.

"The only way to get rid of the pain," a doctor finally told him, "is to get rid of the foot."

"I simply couldn't give up my foot," says Lurie. "I decided to stay off it as much as possible and stopped selling papers. I had to find something I could do where my brain would carry the load."

He took to hanging around newspaper press rooms and print shops. By the time he was 16, he felt he had learned enough to open his own print shop. He talked the owners of a "hole-in-the-wall" print shop into letting him use it free of charge for one month.

In the first two weeks he had enough orders for two printers. Louie began to dream. Imagine having a bank account with $5,000 in it! And imagine Ma's face if someday he could hand her the key to her very own cottage. (Ma lived to see him with more than half-a-million dollars. Her "cottage" was a luxurious, ten-room apartment in San Francisco, well-staffed with servants.)

Business continued to be so good that he was able to buy the shop and new machinery. But the best news of all was that his foot began to heal.

"I don't know how to account for it," Lurie says. "Maybe it was Ma's prayers. Maybe it was just giving the foot a rest. All I know is the foot started to get stronger." (Today there is no trace of a limp except when he walks too much, which doesn't happen often; he has two full-time chauffeurs.)

By the age of 18, Louie had sold the little shop in Chicago for four times his original investment. He moved to Seattle and opened a larger printing shop where he did a flourishing business, much of it with real estate firms. Learning from one of these firms that Alberta, Canada, was in for a boom, Louie sold out in Seattle, moved to Canada and bought land where a railroad was to run through town. While still in his early twenties, Lurie had banked nearly a million dollars in real estate holdings and funds. But what had started out like a dream come true, ended up like a nightmare. The railroad deal fell through. The bank failed. Depositors were paid off on a percentage basis and Lurie cleared only 40 thousand on his million. "Taught me a good lesson," he reminisces. "Never put all your eggs in one basket."

IN 1914, he responded to the lure of San Francisco, where four years later he met and married vivacious Babette Greenbaum. It was around that time that he began eating lunch regularly at Jack's Restaurant—a habit that has continued right up to the present day.

Some San Francisco residents may never have heard of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. But it's unlikely that many people are unfamiliar with Louie Lurie and his "days of the round table" at Jack's Restaurant. Every noon, Monday through Saturday, celebrity-seekers jam the restaurant for a glimpse of Louie Lurie and the famous people he lures to lunch: Helen Hayes, Jack Benny, Mary Martin, Noel Coward, Judy Garland, Walter Winchell, Hedda Hopper, Edward G. Robinson, visiting governors, writers, artists, lawyers, scientists.

At lunch, Lurie rarely if ever discusses business affairs. He keeps his business in his offices on Montgomery Street—the Wall Street of the West. From here, in the 1920s Lurie began to buy, build or lease every good piece of property he set his eyes on. He invested wisely and shrewdly, in one case entering into partnership with Sol Lesser to produce the "Tarzan" movie series.

In one day in Chicago, he made a million dollar profit by buying two buildings for $15,000,000 and immediately selling one to a customer he had lined up before even looking at the buildings.

As his fortune grew, Lurie became more and more interested in the theater. He remodeled an old theater in San Francisco and made it the city's first plush motion picture house. He also bought the Curran legitimate theater and began operating the money-losing Geary theater on a profitable basis. He then plunged in as an angel on Broadway productions that excited his attention. (Recently, he has angeled such successful plays as *Auntie Mame, Damn Yankees, Pajama Game* and *Witness for the Prosecution.*)

His success in all of these ventures was phenomenal. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. Once when I asked him what he thought was the reason, he answered:

"I try to work out the best deal I can, but make it a point never to take advantage of the other man—that way, he'll do business with you again. Y'see, you can't go through life making deals with new people all the time—there just aren't that many new people around."

In 1939, the fast pace that Lurie had set for himself almost caught up to him. One day the round table at Jack's Restaurant was empty. Louis R. Lurie had had a heart attack. For six weeks he inched his way back to recovery. Before he left the hospital, his doctor said, "Louie, you businessmen don't seem to consider a deal important unless it's in writing. I want to make a deal with you—the most important of your life. That's why I've put it in writing." He handed him a letter. In clear language it explained what happened to Lurie's heart when he had the attack, why he had it, and the modifications he must make in his life to stay well.

Mr. San Francisco did more than commit it to memory. He had the letter printed and a copy mailed to each of his friends. I carry mine constantly and, from time to time, refer to the more imperative instructions:

Refuse to be angered. A patient's blood pressure has been known to jump up 60 points after an outburst of anger. Your life is in the hands of any rascal who chooses to annoy you, unless you curb your emotional reactions.

Diet until your weight is normal. Once you reach your right weight, refrain from overloading your stomach on any occasion.

Cut down your physical activities. Don't run after a car, up the stairs or up an incline. Never park an automobile in a small space, exercise immediately after eating—or do anything that will make you short of breath.

Think only when your mind is fresh.

Be cheerful under all circumstances. Our moods affect our bodies as well as our thoughts and emotions, and a sad heart loses tone and quickly tires.

Never forget your heart. It is asking to be permanently housed in a lean, cheerful, placid man who will intelligently curb his physical, mental and metabolic activities.

Lurie has followed this advice for 19 years, and he is still going strong. He smokes just as much, but now his cigars are de-nicotinized, and every afternoon from five to seven finds him undressed, in bed, reading and resting before dinner.

And every noon, Monday through Saturday, he takes his place at the big round table in Jack's Restaurant. During one of these luncheons, I asked Lurie how much he made a year.

"That's something I never discuss," he said, lighting one of his huge cigars. "Your friends don't believe you make as much as you do, and the Government won't believe you make as little."

A pretty, quiet girl at the round table (half of a husband-and-wife songwriting team) sighed, "The closest we've been to 'money' is to use it in a lyric as a rhyme for 'sunny.' "

"Don't worry, dear," her husband whispered, "some day we'll be rich."

Mr. San Francisco leaned across the table to them. "You are already rich," he said. "Some day you'll have the money to go with it."

Touché

MY HUSBAND HAS a game he plays with our four-year-old identical-twin daughters. While putting them to bed, he pretends not to know which is which. The other night, after putting out the light, he kissed Marsha and said, "Good night, Linda." Then he kissed Linda and said, "Good night, Marsha."

But my little girls had had enough. "Good night, Mama!" they said in unison. Needless to say, my husband does not play that game anymore.

—*MRS. R. M. HENDERSON*

ON MY LIST OF New Year's resolutions last year was: "Be more patient with my son, Tom. No matter how irritating he is, remember that he is only 16 and going through an exasperating period of adolescence."

Imagine my feeling when, quite by accident, I came across Tom's New Year's resolutions and saw at the head of the list: "Try to be more patient with Dad."

—*Quote*

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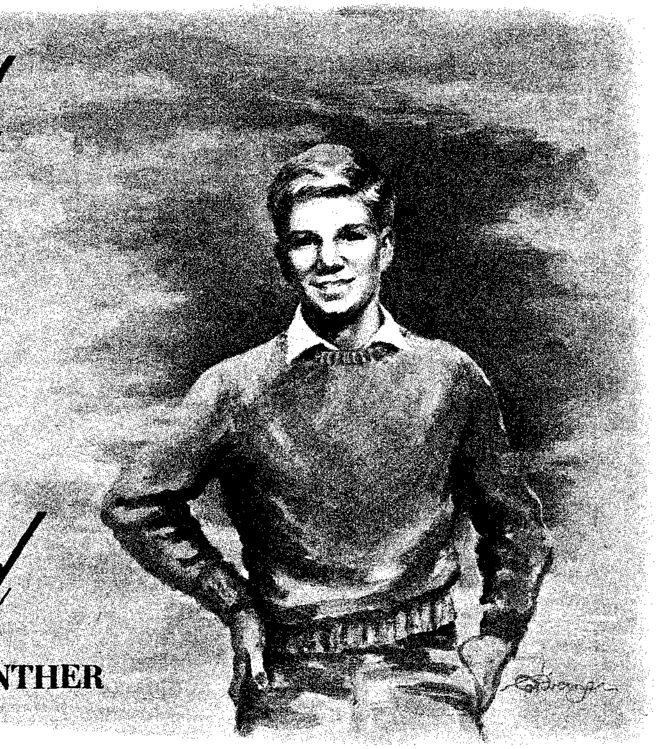
CORONET BOOK CONDENSATION

This month marks the tenth anniversary of "Death Be Not Proud"—author John Gunther's moving story of his 17-year-old son's losing battle against cancer. Since its publication, the book has inspired thousands all over the world, and swept into sharper focus the heroic work of cancer researchers, who last year saved 38,000 lives that would have been lost ten years ago. The story has become a modern classic. But even more memorable is its exaltation of the dignity of life—and the deathlessness of the human spirit.

Death Be Not Proud

by JOHN GUNTHER



From the book DEATH BE NOT PROUD. Copyright, 1949, by John Gunther, published by Harper & Brothers

This is not so much a memoir of Johnny in the conventional sense as the story of a long, courageous struggle between a child and death. It is, in simple fact, the story of what happened to Johnny's brain. I write it because many children are afflicted by disease and perhaps they and their parents may derive some modicum of succor from the unflinching fortitude and sweetness and detachment with which Johnny faced his ordeal.

Johnny was conceived in California, carried across the bosom of the American continent and the Atlantic Ocean by his mother, and born in Paris on November 4, 1929. His early years were spent in Europe. We moved to London when he was six, and he had a year and a half in England before we returned to the United States.

Johnny went to the public school in Wilton, Connecticut, and to several other schools, then finally to Deerfield Academy, in Deerfield, Massachusetts.

His life was packed with everything from postage stamps to mineralogy to electric trains to cookery. Once he announced to me firmly, "I have too many hobbies, and I am going to give up five or six of them!" He was beating me at chess easily by the time he was 12. He became fascinated, too, in weather forecasting, and built up a formidable array of charts and instruments; like his mother, he loved weather in the abstract, all and any kinds of weather. He loved gardening and he tried experiment after experiment in gardening without soil, using hydroponics. He loved puppies and small cats and turtles. He loved to collect rocks and study them and to smelt bits of iron out of ore. He loved magic and card tricks, and worked out dozens of tricks, some of which I never got onto.

I do not mean to give the impression that Johnny was any prodigy. He was good at some things, not good at others. His I.Q. at one of his schools was, we were told, the highest ever recorded there, but his marks were often indifferent. He was a great procrastinator and lacked assertiveness and self-reliance. He also had an almost unparalleled capacity to lose things. I remember at Deerfield he mislaid and never found one of a pair of shoes. On another occasion we walked in a windy snowstorm from our apartment to a restaurant around the corner, and in that distance of 200 yards he managed somehow to lose his hat. I was with him; we searched everywhere; the hat had simply disappeared, and was lost without a trace.

Perhaps I might allude to other aspects of his personality, though I hope these will become clear, in outline at least, in the pages to follow. Johnny was a sensitive boy, quite diffident and shy, quite hesitant, a boy who chose his friends carefully and then held them, and very serious—though he loved to laugh and his smile was radiant.

But it is time now to go on to what I have to tell.

JOHNNY came home for the Christmas holiday in 1945, and he looked fit and fine. He was in his third year at Deerfield and was lengthening out physically and otherwise, as children do all of a sudden, responding as it were to the release of some hidden inner spring.

I must try to give you a picture of him then. He was a tall boy, almost as tall as I, and skinny, though he had been plump as a youngster. He was very blond, with hair the color of wheat out in the sun, bright blue eyes, and the most beautiful hands I have ever seen. His legs were still hairy stalks without form, but his hands were mature and beautiful.

Already—he had just turned 16—the major line of his life was drawn sharp and clear—his passionate love for science. He had a small laboratory in our New York apartment, where he spent hours with his chemicals, weights and measures, retorts, tools and electrical apparatus. He had not quite decided whether to be a physicist or a chemist.

We saw a lot of each other over the holidays, and just before getting on the train to return to school, he exclaimed, "Pop, that was the best ten days I ever had!" He didn't often confess personal emotions so freely, and I was pleased.

Then in March, 1946, he came down again for the long spring holiday. Frances and I took him everywhere. Johnny saw much more of us together than a child usually sees of divorced parents. He spent the winter and spring holidays with me in New York, and the summers with Frances in Connecticut, but we overlapped many times like this. We all went to several Broadway shows; to lectures on atomic physics; to the public dinner given by the City of New York to Winston Churchill. While home, he won the critical game in a chess match against another school (he was captain of the Deerfield chess team); he monkeyed with his chemicals and read the manuscript of the early chapters of *Inside U.S.A.*, which was just then getting under way. I thought he seemed tired, but I did not take this seriously. He had his usual check with Traeger, our family physician, who pronounced him perfectly all right. Johnny went back to school, sighing a little that the holiday was over but happy and full of energy and anticipation.

Then in the third week of April I had a wire from the school doctor, Johnson, saying that Johnny was in the infirmary with a stiff neck. Dr. Johnson said he was notifying us only because there had been a polio scare and hearing that he was in the infirmary, we might think that he had polio, which he didn't.

I called Johnny up, and we talked briefly. He was lonely, and fretful at missing a week of classwork, but otherwise nothing seemed to be amiss. Boys get stiff necks and Charley horses all the time.

At about three in the afternoon on Thursday, April 25th the telephone rang in our New York apartment. Without hesitation or warning Dr. Johnson said, "We've had a doctor in from Springfield to see your son—Dr. Hahn, a neurologist. Here he is."

Dr. Hahn said, "I think your child has a brain tumor."

I was stunned. "But that's very

serious, isn't it?" I managed to ask.

Dr. Hahn said, "I should say it *is* serious!" He implored me with the utmost urgency to get in touch at once with Dr. Tracy Putnam, the best man for this kind of thing anywhere within range.

The next half hour passed in a grinding crisscross of calls, and by half-past four I was in Putnam's office. We picked Frances up in New Haven and, driving hard through greasy rain on an ugly, gritty night, with the windshield smeared all the time by fog and thick penetrating mist, reached Deerfield at about ten.

The scene still quickens in me—the white frame building with the tall Deerfield elms outside, beaten by a howling wind; Johnny's small room with the bed stuck out sideways from the wall because there was so little space; the doctors tiptoeing and the nurses whispering; Johnny's own dazed smile and one murmured sentence, "I know it can't be really serious or they would have taken me to a hospital."

I saw that his right eye hung down slightly on his cheek.

Frances stayed with him; I talked to the doctors, and later we told her that Johnny had some sort of "pressure" (that was the euphemism the doctors chose to employ at this time) within his skull, and must be operated upon as soon as possible.

Putnam ordered Johnny to be brought into New York by ambulance; we made the arrangements, and set out early the next morning. To keep Johnny warm as we lifted him into the ambulance, the nurse pulled a gray blanket over his face. It was a long ride in the cold, sullen, slippery rain. Frances held Johnny's hand while he dozed.

The Neurological Institute rises stiff and tawny near the Hudson just below the silvery spindles of the George Washington Bridge. That building!—it became the citadel of all our hopes and fears for more than a year, the prison of all our dreams. A comfortable room with a broad view of the river was ready, Johnny was transferred gently to a bed, and we found ourselves sucked at once into the vast mechanism of a modern hospital, with all its arbitrary and rectilinear confusion.

The next morning Johnny was well enough to ask me how much the ambulance had cost. I told him, and he replied, "A gyp."

The nurse asked him if he had had a bowel movement the day before. He replied, "Nominal."

His eye looked better. It did not have that dreadful droop. But later that day he developed an excruciating headache, the only fierce and intense pain he suffered during the whole course of his illness. The brain controls pain in other parts of the body, but there are no sensory nerves in brain tissue itself; you could cut a person's brain apart bit by bit, and there would be no pain. What causes headache is swelling or inflammation of the membranes surrounding the brain, or pressure on tissue from a foreign mass; this is what happened that day and Johnny muttered angrily about the savage pain. "Pop, I feel a sword go through my head at every pulse beat." The usual painkillers were forbidden, because they might interfere with the tests remorselessly going on, *"I've done nothing for 16 years but think of myself, so naturally I get depressed."*

among them X rays, an electroencephalogram, and visual field tests, all exhausting but necessary so that the tumor might be located as accurately as possible.

Meantime at least five doctors, all neurosurgeons, asked us questions. Any record of a blow? Any propulsive vomiting? Any chills or tremors? Any double vision, headaches, abnormal involuntary movements, dizziness or disturbances in gait, taste, smell, or hearing?

We answered, horrified, "No. . . . No. . . ."

After the violent headache the first day, the only thing that really hurt him was the haircut when Tony, the barber, shaved his skull the morning of the operation. This can be very painful when the razor scrapes against the grain. Johnny gave out a fierce "Ouch!" and grabbed for my hand. Then he asked how he could go back to Deerfield inasmuch as crew haircuts are forbidden there. He looked at his shaven skull. "Papa, they aren't going to electrocute me, are they?" He tried to laugh, but his voice was nervous and small.

Johnny's operation—this first operation—took place on Monday, April 29, 1946. He went upstairs at 11:10 A.M. and came down at 5:20 P.M. Brain operations take an eternity because of the laborious procedure necessary. One of the doctors told me that its effect on Johnny would be approximately that of the explosion of a .45-caliber bullet against the head. Those six hours were the longest Frances and I ever spent. A couple of nurses asked us with the deadly casualness that nurses have, "Is he your only child?"

Between Friday and Monday I had learned that a tumor is a growth. A brain tumor is not like a tumor of the breasts that may spread and become a tumor of the lung. But if malignant, it will spread within the cranium itself like a spot in an apple until the brain is destroyed. Therefore, it must be removed at once.

The technique (of course I am oversimplifying vastly) is to locate the tumor with exactness, open the skull, and remove as much of the tumor as possible by suction and other devices, meantime preventing hemorrhage. The operation itself, though prolonged, may not be violently dangerous. Everything depends on the type of tumor the surgeon may discover and its location—it was a bad sign that Johnny's had apparently developed with such speed. Some tumors are encapsulated, and so can be lifted out in one piece, like a marble stuck in jelly. These are comparatively easy to remove. But others are of an infiltering spidery type that creep and burrow along the minute crevasses of the brain, slowly but inevitably destroying function, and almost impossible to remove.

If the surgeon goes too deep, the patient dies of loss of blood or, worse, so much healthy brain tissue has to be destroyed that he will be better dead.

At about 4:30 that afternoon, Traeger came down. I took one look at his face, and knew the worst. Traeger had aged five years in those five hours. He was as gray and seared as if drawn by Blake. I took him aside and asked him just one question. "Was it encapsulated?" He answered, "No."

Putnam came down a few minutes later, briskly but looking like officers I have seen after a battle. I heard him call, "Where are the parents?" He walked me down the hall after a word of encouragement to Frances. "It was about the size of an orange. I got half of it." Part of the brain is nonsensitive tissue, and Johnny's tumor lay in a comparatively inactive region. Even if Putnam didn't get it all there was a fair chance that X-ray therapy might knock out the rest.

At about nine that evening, Johnny gasped and stirred, making a weak groping gesture with his enormously swollen mouth.

"Spit it out," the nurse said.

He replied in perfectly understandable words, "You know perfectly well I can't spit. I'm completely dehydrated." The nurse stared at him dumbfounded.

JOHNNY made a very brisk recovery. Six days after the operation he ate a beefsteak sitting up; on the eighth day he was busy drawing a series of parabolas and on the eleventh day he walked the length of the corridor alone.

His eyes were stuck absolutely shut the first day or two; and he spent 48 hours fearing that he was blind. The very day after the operation he asked me to bring his physics text to the hospital, and then demanded that we read him the questions at the chapter ends. Thank goodness, he knew the answers! He thought, since something drastic had happened to his brain, that he might have lost his memory.

But nothing whatever had gone wrong with his faculties. Within a week of the operation, he was reading in Bertrand Russell's *ABC of the Atom* and once he asked Frances to make clear to him the distinction between the words unmoral, immoral, nonmoral, and amoral.

Suddenly he announced on May 10th, that he wanted to write a letter—to Dr. Einstein. Frances took it down word for word, comma for comma, exactly as he said it:

Dear Professor Einstein,

For some time during free periods at school, I have been struggling, I am afraid rather unsuccessfully, with Eddington's *Space, Time and Gravitation*, and the rather fantastic idea occurred to me—here comes the presumptuous part—whether it would not be reasonable to assume that the number and curvature of dimensions of the universe be considered, if not variable, at least "relative." The properties of an event would then be determined by the number and curvature of the dimensions which govern it. Electric and magnetic attraction would then be considered merely a type of gravitation through electric and magnetic "dimensions." This attraction would then continue to follow your law of gravitation. Of course this theory would have to be tested by determining whether it checks mathematically with the equations of Clark Maxwell, and your law of gravitation. But unfortunately I do not yet have the mathematical training to compute this problem.

If by some wildly and impossibly fantastic coincidence, this weird idea should coincide with any ideas you may have had or will have, please do not think of giving me any credit for suggesting it, as I would not deserve it any more than would Newton's apple for catching the great scientist's eyes.

Thank you for reading this.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN GUNTHER, JR.

I sent this letter to Einstein with a brief covering note and, making us very happy, Einstein replied to Johnny promptly:

Dear Mr. Gunther:

I have read with interest the remarks contained in your letter of May 10th. They were, however, too brief to give me a clear understanding of your ideas. I hope to see you when you have recovered so that we may have a conversation about it.

With my best wishes for your speedy recovery, I am,

Yours very sincerely,
ALBERT EINSTEIN

Johnny later acknowledged Einstein's reply, thanking him and confessing that "I must have implied that I knew a great deal more about the subject than I actually do." Since Frances and I did not even know what the subject of Johnny's original letter had been, I sent a copy to my friend Francis Bitter, Professor of Physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He answered, "The fundamental problem which (Johnny) proposes . . . goes by the name of the Unified Field Theory. . . . It is amazing that Johnny should even be aware of the existence of this problem."

A child knows everything, and nothing. Johnny could tell me all about the Andromeda nebulae—but he didn't know that the simple reason why his head had to be elevated was to relieve pressure.

Several weeks after the operation, Putnam called me into his office, with Lester Mount, his youthful associate, standing by. What Johnny had was much worse than they had feared; it was not an astrocytoma but something called an astroblastoma undergoing transformation. Now Putnam explained why he had not closed the skull but had left it open, covered only by a flap of scalp, an area in the head about as big as my hand. This was to provide "decompression," i.e., to allow the tumor, if it continued to grow, to bulge outward, instead of inward which would destroy the brain.

We told Johnny, lying, that the tumor was dead, that Putnam *had* got it all. What was affecting him, we said, was simply the after-effect of a terrific operation. And he did continue to recover nicely. His eye didn't droop any more and, except for a slight weakness in his left leg, he seemed to be quite well.

Once he seemed sad. He muttered bleakly, "Everything is frustration!" Then he snapped out with the remark, "I've done nothing for 16 years except think about myself, so naturally I sometimes get depressed!" Always he tried to save *us* from worry.

Once he told Frances that he had been chilly during the night. She asked him why he hadn't called the nurse. His reply was that he hated to disturb her because she must be tired out. One night he telephoned me very late, when I was asleep. He apologized. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Father!" and then talked a bit in what Frances once described as "his sweet, gay, buoyant, breaking voice."

What really interested him was getting back to school. He was terrified to think of what classwork he had missed, and how he was going to manage to catch up. School!—we did not dare tell him that it would be a miracle if he ever saw a school again. Hoping with such vehemence to recover, yearning with such desperation to be all right again, refusing stalwartly to admit that his left hand, too, was showing a little weakness now, he became heartbreakingly dutiful about everything the doctors asked. He was limited as to fluids; drop by drop, he would measure the exact amount of water he was permitted. All he wanted was to obey, to obey, and so get back to school.

He began to show great curiosity now about what caused the tumor, and he even suggested that the strain of "holding himself back" in his studies at Deerfield could have caused it. What did cause it? Patiently Dr. Mount and the others traced back through Johnny's whole history for any evidence of a shock, blow, or other clue. Once Johnny said triumphantly, "I know what caused it!"

"If you do, you'll have revolutionized medicine," Mount replied with his grave, friendly voice.

Johnny's theory was that he had been sitting far back in a chair playing chess and then slipped and banged his head on the iron radiator. But this blow had not even left a bump or bruise, and nothing so slight could possibly have put into motion any growth so deadly.

The plain fact is, of course, that nobody knows what causes a malignant tumor. The origin of life itself is not more mysterious. The causation of cancer is the greatest and most formidable of all the unknowns of modern science.

One grayish afternoon, Johnny showed this prayer to Frances:

Almighty God
forgive me for my agnosticism;
For I shall try to keep it gentle, not
  cynical,
nor a bad influence.
And O!
if Thou art truly in the heavens,
accept my gratitude
for all Thy gifts
and I shall try
To fight the good fight. Amen.

The story behind the prayer is this. He called it an "Unbeliever's Prayer." Frances had begun to read him prayers of various kinds—Hindu, Chinese, and so on, as well as Jewish and Christian. Then she started him on Aldous Huxley's anthology of prayer, *The Perennial Philosophy*, and told him how intimate and very personal prayer could be. Once she suggested that if it should ever occur to him to think of a prayer himself, of his own special kind, he should tell her. So, very casually, with an "Oh, by the way . . ." expression, he said, "Speaking of prayers, I did think up one." He recited it and only disclosed later that he had previously written it down himself and memorized it.

At about this time he became fascinated by the Book of Job. He asked Frances to read it to him sev-

"The worst thing is to worry too little, not too much. Let's keep up the tension."

eral times—which she did while barely able to face doing so. "It will teach me patience," Johnny said.

He was cheerful again that evening. "Pop," he said, "you should be working on *Inside U.S.A.* and writing speeches, not spending $50,000 a month to keep me here!"

On May 28 we had more bad news; Johnny fainted going to the bathroom, and the pathologist's report was worse. We tried to face asking the questions we could not bear to ask—about blindness, about paralysis. But several doctors seemed to be avoiding us, and Putnam himself said little, glossing it all over, and telling us to put our trust in the X-ray therapy now beginning.

Then one afternoon I peeped at the sheet on the technician's desk in the X-ray room. There it was as clear as daylight—Johnny's tumor was "undergoing glioblastomatous transformation." That prefix "glio," I had learned, meant fatal! No doctor had quite dared to tell us.

The first time I saw Johnny really frightened came at about this time, when he got ready for the first X ray. He kept saying that "surely" this must be "just for taking pictures." He said to me again and again, anxiously, "It's just for pictures, isn't it?" Then he knew from the time he spent under the machine that something much more serious than taking pictures was going on, and that this must be a form of treatment. He turned to me firmly and asked, "Does this mean that I have cancer?" Then he murmured to Frances later, "I have so much to do! And there's so little time!"

Johnny was discharged from Neurological on June 1st, and he moved to our apartment in New York. The first minute he was home after the operation he did what we had anticipated—dived for the Britannica to look up brain tumors.

We had taken the precaution to hide this particular volume because, among much else, the article said that almost all brain tumors end with blindness. I cannot recall now how we explained its absence. Johnny fumed for a while and then resigned himself to the mysterious ways of parents. That evening we discussed plans for the country calmly. But he had to return to the hospital every morning for X rays.

Those were difficult and unhappy mornings—the traffic-choked drive across the city and then up the West Side Highway; slow, careful guiding of Johnny into the building, and the long waits for the slow, inefficient elevator; the technicians helping him up on the table, and then exposing his head to the machine as the switches clicked and that tremendous instantaneous power leapt out invisibly into the skull.

Johnny had built up a secret defense within himself about the X rays. He had decided that of the original tumor a small "wart" remained, and that the X rays were merely to ameliorate the general postoperative swelling. But six months later he confided to me, "You know, Father, I was so worried during those X rays that I couldn't sleep. I almost gave myself ulcers."

The radiologist would not allow more X rays after June 20, though it was too early to tell whether the tumor was diminishing or not. He was cleared to go to the house in Connecticut, a hundred miles away, for what we hoped, even then, would be an uninterrupted quiet summer.

The whole summer of 1946 is a spotty haze in my memory. Mostly we were moving Johnny in and out, because he had to return to New York every ten days or so for check-ups and to meet successive crises. As to our own emotions, I am trying not to write about them, but what horrors of anguish it meant to Frances, I leave to the imagination.

The house at Madison, Connecticut, was perfect for a convalescence. It immediately faces Long Island Sound, with a broad scallop of private beach. Johnny's room was upstairs and he did not have too much difficulty getting up and down. Here were his most precious books, his specimens, his gramophone records, all the paraphernalia for his studies. Downstairs he could loaf on the long balcony, putter around in the sand, lie with Frances in the sun, make barbecues, wade, and even play a little with his boat. He loved sailing, but all such strenuous activities were now, of course, forbidden to him.

His workshop and laboratory were in the garage and there he spent at least an hour a day experimenting with his equipment among the vast heterogeneous assortment of things a boy collects and works with. He demanded that he be allowed to do his work in his own special way—he was well enough for that.

This is from the diary Frances was keeping:

> Yesterday, wet, cold. Bought peaches and strawberries. Johnny dressed and cheerful when I arrived. Read *Henry V* —Johnny read aloud the great speech. We recalled English chronology. Nap before dinner.... John came at eight. We played "Twenty Questions." John's thought: *Henry V* film; Johnny guessed it. Mine: top button on John's pajama jacket. Johnny's: Prof. Einstein's signature; we didn't guess it.

He loved every minute of that summer. Frances was with him all the time and I came out from New York City on weekends. I was less than halfway through *Inside U.S.A.* and hopelessly behind. Johnny knew that the deadline for delivering the manuscript was October 1, and his first question when I came out was, usually, "Well, how many whole chapters did you write yesterday?" Then: "You'd better hurry!"

These were some other items from his conversation at about this time, as taken down by Frances:

> I think I'd like a bottle of champagne at school for my birthday.
>
> My thinking is independent of my temperature—it just depends on my stimulants.
>
> I'm going to write a theme "On Being a Guinea Pig," with teleological aspects.
>
> I handed in my theme on theories of homework just two days late—as proof of my argument and justification for not having done it on time.
>
> In my fourth year, I'd like to take just Math, with a tutor, and Relativity with Professor Einstein.

A major problem continued to be what to tell him. If the tumor was indeed mostly gone, how then explain the continued bulging? But beyond this there were larger questions. *Why* was Johnny being subjected to this merciless experience? I tried to explain that suffering is an inevitable part of most lives, that none of this ordeal was without some purpose, that pain is a constituent of all the processes of growth, that perhaps the entire harrowing episode would make his brain even finer, subtler, and more sensitive than it was. He did not appear to be convinced. Then there was a question I asked myself incessantly. Why—of all things—should Johnny be afflicted in that part of him which was his best, the brain? What philosophical explanation could one find for that? Was all this a dismal accident, purely barren and fortuitous? Beethoven was struck deaf and Milton blind and I met a singer once who got cancer of the vocal cords. But if not fortuitous, not accidental, where was justice?

Johnny said to me once, "The worst thing is to worry too little, not too much. Let's keep up a tension." It was as if he were girding himself for the struggle only too obviously under way, between Life and Death.

Crisis followed crisis now in a series of savage ups and downs. The flap, which we called the Bulge or the Bump, got slowly, mercilessly bigger, until it was almost the size of a tennis ball. Meantime we came to learn a new medical word that pursued and haunted us for almost a year—papilledema. This means, to put it roughly, a forward protrusion of the optic nerve, which is an extension of the brain itself. When pressure exists inside the skull, causing damage to the optic nerve, the amount of injury may be calculated with an ophthalmoscope. When the eyes are normal, the papilledema is zero. Before the operation Johnny's papilledema was a full 10; when he left the hospital, it had dropped to 2. Now it hovered between 4, 3½, and 4 again.

Always the first thing a doctor did was to measure this wretched papilledema.

Another frightening factor was that though most of the cranial nerves were still normal, there had come a slight lag on the left side of the mouth. Also Johnny had lost a shocking amount of vision. The visual fields had become sharply restricted, and he could not see well to the side. It was as if he had an invisible blinker on the side of each eye. On Wednesday, July 24, Frances called me in New York from Madison. The bump had burst open and was leaking pus.

Johnny was back in Neurological in New York that evening.

We had heard, meantime, about a renowned surgeon named Wilder Penfield in Montreal. Traeger asked him to come to New York to have a look at Johnny. When Penfield arrived, the manner of the whole sixth floor of Neurological changed. Previously, Johnny had been a hopeless case; now he became a phenomenon of considerable interest as Penfield went into consultation with Putnam, Traeger, and another doctor.

We waited, and then with everybody listening Penfield cut through all the euphemisms and said directly, "Your child has a malignant glioma, and it will kill him."

He wrote on Johnny's chart: "I can see nothing that could have been done up to date that has not been done. This is the tragedy of such cases."

The rest of the summer is the story of pillars in a search. There might be some ray of hope somewhere despite Penfield's death sentence. But we must act quickly. Frances thought that physicists or atomic scientists who worked in the medical field during the war might have discovered something new about brain tumors, and I wrote or telephoned to doctors all over the country to investigate this possibility. The thought never left us that if only we could stave off Death for a few weeks or months, something totally new might turn up. One and all made the same reply, in painstaking and courteous terms, that nothing at all was new.

One morning Frances found an item in *The New York Times*, hardly two inches long, describing some remarkable ameliorations of tumors—not brain tumors, but just tumors—caused by intravenous dosages of mustard gas.

This is, of course, a deadly poison. Scientists had come across it as a possible treatment of cancer directly out of military experiments. Mustard gas kills by attacking certain cells with abnormally fast growth. What is a tumor if not something in the body growing fast? So we set out on the trail of this mustard and, after a week, finally caught up with it at Memorial Hospital, New York—ten minutes' walk from our apartment. I myself carried the precious, frightfully poisonous stuff from one hospital to the other.

The first series of mustard shots did Johnny great benefit. Of this there is no reasonable doubt, I believe. They stepped up his vitality and made him fresher, stronger. As to the second series I am not so sure. For we decided on an additional course of mustard, and Johnny had these further shots late in August, when the first results seemed good and X rays were still precluded by the state of the scalp.

Johnny checked out of Neurological once more and there was something sardonic in his last word to his favorite nurse when she said goodbye. "Oh," he waved to her, "I'll be back."

Out in the country he picked up quickly. One could see him brace himself valiantly and set about making up lost time. He did schoolwork and for relaxation worked out mathematically all the odds possible in poker, among many other things. He even listed all his doctors; and, fascinated like most children by the mysterious entity of the family, he drew up his family tree.

One morning in New York I got a letter from him, asking me to bring some chemicals, some glass tubing and other apparatus and some dry ice. He had asked me for the dry ice several times. With it he was going to perform an experiment he had been working on.

Finally I brought the dry ice—enough to fill a bucket—and the experiment worked, praise be. Never before had ammonia been liquified in this precise way. Johnny had truly

With his mother, Johnny talked of Death often; but with his father, almost never

invented something. His pride and happiness knew no bounds—though he scoffed modestly at what he had done.

Frances wrote: "A leaf in the solution freezes stiff, then breaks at the blow of a knife with an icy clink. O triumph! His dark blue eyes shone with joy." That evening when he kissed her good night he exclaimed, "It's been another fine day, Mother!"

He could not have survived the summer had it not been for his mother's brave and understanding spirit. So that he would not be frightened she talked to him as if casually about the narrow escapes she and other people had had from Death, and it relieved him greatly to learn that several of those whom he loved had *almost* died. With Frances he talked of Death often; with me, almost never.

There were preciously grasped delights that summer. One evening I read aloud a Ring Lardner story about a caddie and he laughed till the tears came. Once I gave him a $10 bill and he asked Frances, "Where shall I hide it?" She replied, "In the only place possible—in bed." Johnny: "What a woman!" I was hungry once and he said, "Give Father three beefsteaks for an afternoon snack—it will help his vitality." One day the laundry failed us, and he had to wear a pair of my pajamas. "So," he sighed with mock weariness, "the dread day has finally come when I am you."

Once Mr. Boyden, the headmaster of Deerfield, drove down with Mr. Hayden, one of Johnny's favorite teachers, to have a day with him. This was a red-letter occasion indeed, and Johnny talked to them soberly about school the next term. Of course it had occurred to him by this time that he might be unable to get back to school, but the idea was so unthinkable that for the most part he suppressed it. Mr. Boyden's visit was a great turning point in restoring hope.

But on August 31 there was again a new leak in the bump, and the white blood count was below 1,000. The papilledema was high again and he seemed to be fading fast.

Meantime we were working on another tack. Early in the summer Raymond Swing had told me astonishing stories about a doctor named Max Gerson who had achieved remarkable arrestations of cancer and other illnesses by a therapy based on diet. Gerson was, and is, a perfectly authentic M.D., but unorthodox. He had been attacked by the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and others. My own first reaction was skeptical, and Frances was dubious too. Then I learned that Gerson had long experience actually in brain tumor cases, and I went to see him. He showed me his records of tumors—even gliomas—apparently cured. But I was still doubtful because it seemed to me inconceivable that anything so serious as a glioma could be cleared up by anything so simple as a diet. He impressed me greatly as a human being, however. This was a man full of idiosyncrasy but also one who knew much, who had suffered much, and who had a sublime faith in his own ideas. Frances and I had a long talk with Traeger. At first he violently opposed the Gerson claims, but then he swung over on the ground that, after all, Johnny was deteriorating very fast and in any case the diet could do no harm. I stayed at Madison one weekend and Frances went into New York, visited Gerson herself, and looked over his nursing home. She was impressed too. We made a sudden decision over the telephone. I took Johnny out to dinner in Madison and broke it to him that we would be going into town the next day for new and further treatment. So a new long chapter in his indomitable struggle began.

ONE theory of the origin of cancer which I believe Gerson subscribed to in part (of course I am expressing this in very unscientific language), is that during pregnancy a cell may be displaced in the embryo and may lie dormant for many years in the wrong place—a cell that is tooth may wake up in the liver, or one that is bone wake up in the lung. The cell, its energies thus fiercely released by some unknown eruptive force, tries insanely to catch up. But it is in a foreign environment and hence destroys relentlessly what it is surrounded by. Gerson apparently thought most cancers have this embryonic origin; hence he excluded from his diet all those items which he thought might be the factors that *encourage* the fast growth of an embryo. Therefore, the Gerson diet is saltless and fatless, and for a long time proteins are excluded or held to a minimum.

The theory behind this is simple enough. Give nature opportunity, and nature herself will heal. The physician needed only to change the metabolism of the body so that the cancer (or other affliction) dies of itself. Gerson also took the line that the body spends an absurdly disproportionate share of its energy getting rid of waste. Hence, as a patient enters upon the Gerson diet, not only does he subsist largely on specially prepared fruit juices and fresh vegetables that burn down to the minimum of ash, but he has enema after enema—in the beginning as many as four or five a day, till the system is totally washed out and cleansed.

The regime was certainly onerous. Johnny said wearily after the first week, "I even tell time by enemas."

This is what Johnny had to eat during the next months. For breakfast, a pint of fruit juice, oatmeal, an apple-carrot mash, and a special soup made of fresh vegetables—parsley root, celery knob, leek, tomatoes. This soup he continued to take at intervals during the day, until he had a quart or a quart and a half. For lunch, heaping portions of cooked vegetables, a salad, fresh fruit, the soup and mash, and a baked potato. For dinner, the same. Later he was permitted pot cheese, skimmed milk, and dry pumpernickel. Nothing canned. Nothing seasoned, smoked, or frozen. Above all nothing salted. No meat, eggs, or fish. No cream, butter or other fats. No sugar except honey and maple sugar. No candy, sausages, ice cream, pickles, spices, preserved foods, white flour, condiments, cakes, or any of the multitude of small things a child loves. Very little water. All the vegetables had to be cooked with no added water or steam, after being washed, not scraped, and without using pressure cookers or anything with aluminum, and the fruits had to be squeezed in a nonmetallic squeezer. Back to nature!

And within a week, Johnny was feeling, not worse, but much better! The blood count rose steadily, the bruises were absorbed with extraordinary speed, the wound in the bulge healed, and, miracle of miracles, the bump on the skull was going down!

I left the sanitorium one evening and walked to the corner and had a cup of coffee, almost insane with sudden hope. Johnny was going to pull through, after all, despite everything, and get well! He was going to beat this evil, lawless thing! He'd show the surgeons how a boy with a real will to live could live!

Again from Frances's diary:

> Today Johnny said, "Oh, Mother—I've been waiting for you—When I get back to school, what'll I do? I'll have to dance!" . . . he said would I practice with him and I said I'd love to. I was surprised. But then injections interrupted and dinner. But after dinner he asked again, and I pushed back the chairs and rug. And we danced!

On November 4th, his 17th birthday, we had a party, and the sanatorium served a kind of imitation ice cream. Johnny adored parties and that he should have been well enough to receive guests on this, his own special day, was a happy event. We tried to record everybody's laughter on a soundscriber—the instrument into which, on other days, he sometimes poured his secret fears.

His views about the tumor now had solidified; he erected a protective rationale which told him (a) the tumor had never been bigger than "a plum"; (b) Putnam had got it out all right; (c) what was happening now was merely to clear up "odds and ends." Nothing could shake him from this belief.

Stoutly he refused to concede defeat. But he was getting more easily tired and he half-dozed a good deal. Once after he tried to do some card tricks and couldn't hold the cards, he said in a measured, quiet voice, "I daresay my left hand will always be a little clumsy." It was very rare for him to make such an admission. He fiercely picked up the exercise balls which were supposed to strengthen the left fingers, and which never did.

All that goes into a brain—the goodness, the wit, the sum total of enchantment in a personality, the very will, indeed the ego itself—being killed inexorably, remorselessly, by an evil growth! Everything that makes a human being what he is, the inordinately subtle and exquisite combination of memory, desire, impulse, reflective capacity, power of association, even consciousness—to say nothing of sight and hearing, muscular movement and voice and something so taken for granted as the ability to chew—is encased delicately in the skull, working there within the membranes by processes so marvelously interlocked as to be beyond belief. All this—volition, imagination, the ability to have even the simplest emotion, anticipation, understanding—is held poised and balanced in the normal brain, with silent, exquisite efficiency. And all this was what was being destroyed. It was, we felt, as if reason itself were being ravaged away by unreason, as if the pattern of Johnny's illness were symbolic of so much of the conflict and torture of the external world. What he was fighting against was the ruthless assault of chaos. What he was fighting for was, as it were, the life of the human mind.

Now occurred the most remarkable of all remarkable things in the story of this struggle. Johnny accepted with disappointment but good spirit that he could not return to Deerfield—I broke the news to him—and he set out diligently to make up his lost school hours by tutoring. He could hardly walk without swaying; he could scarcely move his left fingers; he had lost half the sight of each eye; he was dazed with the poison from the bump; a portion of his brain had been eaten away; and yet he worked.

Frances found him two tutors and set them into their routine smoothly, while Johnny himself planned his daily endeavor like a general directing a battle. Came the great day at the end of November when, under honor conditions, Johnny took a preliminary exam. One of his tutors thought he ought to wait, but there was no holding him. When he passed it, he commented, "Sometimes in life you have to take a chance."

Then he worsened sharply. The bump looked like two tomatoes and he became very tired and feverish, with the fever climbing uncomfortably high. Everybody—except Gerson—thought that we must have a prompt minor operation to avert a wide infection. Though the bump was bigger, it was very soft now, and drainage might be possible. But Gerson fought like a tiger against this view on the ground that anesthesia would be fatal. So began a battle of the doctors that all but destroyed us. I have never known such strain as during that December week. The ultimate decision and responsibility rested, of course, on Frances and me. The doctors could only explain and suggest; what they did was, in the final analysis, up to us.

After a visit from Putnam, who had moved to California, Johnny said, "Of course operate. The bump is poisoning my nerves." He went on: "The bump will open twice more." And as it turned out he was dead right.

So I drove him to Neurological for what we thought would be a stay of a day or two. He stayed five weeks.

The operation was scheduled for the afternoon. But early that morning the bump spontaneously opened of itself, as Gerson had stubbornly predicted it would. Mount called me at about eleven in the morning, his voice fairly choked with joy, saying that he had successfully drained an abscess that went five centimeters into the brain.

Now Johnny recovered with great leaps. That horrible, ferocious bump was altogether gone. It had disappeared. Mount had sucked it out

On Christmas night, Johnny's father drove him to the hospital; both tried to act gay

completely. Johnny's skull would be as smooth and normal as mine, except for the scars of the original incision which the hair would cover. Then next year—so we thought—when any further last remnants of the dead tumor had gone, we would put in a plate and all would be well forever more. Doctor after doctor came in to see Johnny, and expressed their free amazement. Finally came the day when Mount himself announced that he considered the tumor to have been "arrested."

My sister was with Johnny and me when he got this news. I never knew till this moment just how anguishing was the strain that he strove so hard to conceal. He jumped bolt upright; then slowly, proudly, very slowly and proudly, he relaxed downward to the pillow, while across his face spread the most beatifically happy expression I have ever seen on a human being, and his eyes—normal eyes now—filled just to the brim with tears, but did not spill over, as he smiled with relief, pride, and the exhaustion that comes with release from intolerable strain.

In a second he had recovered, and was telephoning his mother. He grinned. "Every telephone really needs a bed beside it."

But there were still plenty of confusions and disappointments too. One doctor would contradict another and then himself—because, in truth, the circumstances were so unprecedented. They were terrifically impressed at what had happened, but they could not explain it or vouch for the future. They soberly could not believe that the Gerson regime alone had produced this effect. But when we asked them "Would you yourself take the responsibility for taking Johnny *off* that diet, *now?*" they all said, "No!"

Mount let him come home for 36 hours over Christmas, penicillin drip and all, and we had a small party and a happy time. But then he had to return to the hospital because it took time for the abscess cavity to fill. This was Christmas night. I will never forget Johnny's calmness, covering over his heartbreak, as I drove him back and he limped down the long, empty corridor, and then hiked himself wearily into bed and drank some of his juices—so lonely, so alone, so unyielding, and with the hospital cold and stony and most of the nurses away for Christmas, after the warmth and lights and the presents at home. "Well, Father," he said at last, "good night."

He was not discharged until January 12. He wanted urgently to go home, but we decided to fill a small additional interval at the sanitorium; of course we were still following the diet adhesively. Frances drove him up to the hospital for a series of last dressings, and finally he was in his own comfortable small room at home again. He had been away since August and this was February 6. In a minute he was jumping around arranging the chemicals on his laboratory shelf. Mount came up a few days later and, venturing beyond anything he had ever seen before, expressed the opinion that the tumor was "quiescent." The miracle had happened. We were wild with hope.

To this day, what caused Johnny's spectacular improvement during the winter is unknown. Anybody may have his guess; the plain fact is that we simply do not know. The recovery may have been due to the X-rays, the effect of which is often delayed and cumulative; to the mustard which can do unpredictable things to a body; to the fact of his youth and the growth of healthy cells despite the tumor; to mysteries in the human spirit; to the Gerson diet; or to combinations and permutations among all these. Similarly, we do not know—nobody knows—what caused the severe deterioration that came next. Something kicked that volcanic tumor loose again. We do not know what. All we know is that for some months Johnny was miraculously better, and then very suddenly and sorely worse again.

February, 1947, started very well. Three months before, Johnny had scarcely been able to walk. Now, though it would be an exaggeration to say that he romped all over the place, he was capable of walking half a mile or so. He veered a little to the right, his left foot was wobbly, and he needed a modicum of guidance—which of course he resolutely refused to admit—but the improvement was incontestable.

Years before, at Lincoln School in New York City, Johnny had met and liked a girl named Mary. Often Frances talked to him about falling in love and marrying some day; once he smiled in reply, "Very well, just throw a woman chemist across my path." Mary came back to his mind. Johnny was very casual about it. "Oh, by the way. . . ." he began with Frances, and then recalled Mary to her attention. Frances called her mother, and then Johnny talked to Mary herself on the telephone, and they arranged to meet. Johnny felt very proud and grown up. He chuckled later. "As soon as I talked to her my temperature went up and it's taken three days to get it back to normal."

Everything seemed better day by day. But by the end of February it seemed that, after six weeks of being contained, the bump was ever so slightly beginning to bulge out again, almost imperceptibly, but definitely. This meant that the tumor had started to grow again. And Johnny had several brief but terrifying attacks of amnesia.

"Is it eight o'clock in the morning or the evening?

"Where am I?

"What happened yesterday?

"I can't remember.

"Oh, yes, of course.

"It's the queerest thing—I can't remember!"

Mount decided to make an exploration, and I took Johnny up to Neurological for a two-day visit. Mount hoped that, as in December, he could release a lot of fluid.

When the attempt was over, Johnny, with an infinitely slow, hopeful, almost caressing gesture put his hand up to his head. "I wonder how the bump is," he murmured. A desperate charging hope shone in his eyes. Very slowly the hand went up. He felt his head tentatively, felt it again with full palm, and then, limply, helplessly, hopelessly, the hand fell down, and this was the only time I ever saw his eyes actually spill over with tears. He lay there silent for a long moment. Then he sighed, with his eyes closed. "I daresay it will take a little time to deflate."

The bump was like a stone again, and Mount had scarcely been able to evacuate a drop.

On April 25, Penfield telephoned from Montreal to say that he would be in New York and would like to see Johnny. After seeing Johnny, he gave the impression that he might still be saved; he urged giving up the diet, trying the mustard again, and above all having a second operation. He thought the tumor might conceivably have a frontier and might be removable at this stage.

We decided to stop the diet and Johnny's delight was boundless. He had not, of course, been told that any major operation was impending. Then on the evening of April 29, just a year after the first outbreak of his illness, we again took the long drive along the river to Neurological. The barber, Tony, came into Johnny's room at about 9:30 on May 1st. Johnny took a look at him, remembered him immediately, and with one swift continuous gesture reached for the phone and in an instant had Frances. He said, "The executioner is here. Oh, my! It's Tony. The guillotine. *No!* Protect me!"

Frances said, "Tell Father to throw him out of the window."

Johnny said, "Father is too polite."

As he was being wheeled out he gripped my hand very tight and said, "They're not taking me to the tenth floor, are they?" I lied. "Just for a test." I walked with the stretcher to the elevator. Johnny said, "I think I will be taking a little expedition this afternoon. So long."

He went upstairs at 1:10 P.M. and did not come down again till 7:25. We waited, knowing nothing, for almost seven hours.

He was unconscious when he came back, of course. But he did not look so bruised and swollen as after the operation the year before. The anesthetist, pacing slowly, as if measuring the steps, came along with the bed, holding aloft a pink beaker filled with fluid that dripped into Johnny's veins. Mount came in after a while, white. "I got two handfuls," was all he said.

Later he told us that the tumor was growing so fast that despite the depth he had reached, 11 cm., he had never penetrated to healthy brain tissue at all.

Johnny was cleared to go home on May 15, only two weeks after the operation. So for the last time, he checked out of Neurological. He ended the experience with a wry wisecrack. We marched out and I said the hospital knew us so well by this time that they sent the bill by mail. Johnny jibed: "You mean by parcel post."

He remained pretty well, but now it became increasingly difficult for him to fix his belt or shoelaces. He was too proud to admit this, and Marie, our admirable housekeeper, helped him to put on his shoes one morning. Johnny said, "I'm only giving way to your maternal instinct." Carl, our old elevator man, wept once when he saw how warped his face was and how difficult it was for him to walk. Johnny said to him coolly, "I haven't had any chance to exercise, and so my foot is tired."

After a struggle one morning he gave up trying to tie his tie, and things would drop out of his left hand more frequently. "My left hand is a mess."

He dropped a pill.

"Is it still all right?" I asked stupidly enough, reaching for it.

"It will be if you pick it up off the floor."

The phone rang on May 25 and Mr. Boyden's cheerful, assured voice came through. "I've gone through Johnny's papers and examinations," he said. "You know he did extra work in his freshman year and has some surplus credits. He has caught up to his class in everything except one examination, and we are going to give him a diploma. This isn't a favor. It is Johnny's right. Come up next week, and he will graduate with his class."

Johnny yawned and tried to look casual, and we all burst into tears.

We drove to Deerfield on May 27, and Johnny graduated on June 4, though he had not been to school for 14 months. The boys stared at him as if he were a ghost—of course his hair had not grown back fully and he wore a turban—and then accepted his appearance without question. The days passed in a proud procession, and I think probably it was the happiest week of his life.

Every evening after dinner an informal ceremony takes place at Deerfield which is one of the distinguishing marks of this magnificent school; each boy from Freshman to Senior meets with Mr. Boyden, and the roll of the entire school is called. The boys are heaped together on the floor. Usually there is a casualty or two—some youngsters hurt in a football game—for whom there are big leather chairs. Johnny eased himself into one of these, and his name was called in the roll exactly as if he had never been absent for a moment. Then he limped slowly and proudly to the Senior Dorm where he would have been living this past year, and looked at what should have been his room with a piercing yearning. Later he joined calmly in a bull session.

It was decided that he should sleep in the infirmary—a building he knew only too exasperatingly well. The next morning we came to pick him up at what we thought was a reasonable hour. But he had left the building before eight, alone, and was at that moment taking the final exam in chemistry! He passed it B Minus—though he had never taken a regular chemistry course in his life.

Everybody tried hard to keep him from being too active. But he said, "Walking around this way helps the wound heal." Frances told him to sit around in the sun—how they both loved the sun!—and get brown and he answered, "All you are interested in, Mother, is my color!" When he had trouble with knife and fork one evening, he told her in exquisite parody of what she often said, "Be patient. Believe in calm-

The applause became a thunder when Johnny reached the pulpit and grasped his diploma

ness and Nirvana." It was a lovely day the next day and Johnny spent an hour learning some calculus from a fellow student. He worked out the equations on a paper plate during a picnic lunch in the soft grass. Frances remonstrated that he might be getting tired. He replied briefly. "There's no future to just sitting."

On the morning of graduation the boys assembled early for the quarter-mile walk to the white-frame Deerfield church. I did not think Johnny could manage such a march but he shook us off and disappeared. At the church the call was alphabetical, and by the time the G's were reached we were limp with suspense, since we did not know for sure that Johnny had even got into the church. As each boy passed down the aisle, there was applause. Gaines, Gillespie, Goodwin, Griffin, Gunther.

SLOWLY, very slowly, Johnny stepped out of the mass of his fellows and trod by us, carefully keeping in the exact center of the long aisle, looking neither to the left nor the right, but straight ahead, fixedly, with the white bandage flashing in the light through the high windows, his chin up, carefully, not faltering, steady, but slowly, so very slowly. The applause began and then rose and the applause became a storm, as every single person in that old church became whipped up, tight and tense, to see if he would make it. The applause became a thunder when Johnny finally reached the pulpit. Mr. Flynt carefully tried to put the diploma in his right hand, which was stronger. Firmly Johnny took it from right hand to left, as was proper, and while the whole audience rocked now with release from tension, he passed around to the side and, not seeing us, reached his place among his friends.

Everything that Johnny suffered was in a sense repaid by the few heroic moments of that walk down the center aisle of that church. This was his triumph and indomitable summation. Nobody who saw it will ever forget it, or be able to forget the sublime strength of will and character it took.

BACK in New York we pressed on ceaselessly with medical affairs. The bump, that criminal marauder, was growing out again, and hardening. We decided to repeat each factor that might have led to the earlier improvement—X ray, mustard, diet, and, conceivably, another operation if he could stand it. We chose to begin with the mustard; X ray and diet were the hardest things for him to bear, so we would do these last.

On June 12th, he went to Memorial for the mustard injections. There were no ill effects. But so far as we know, no good effects either, apart from two or three splendid hearty days when we came back home.

The doctors thought it would be safe in a few days for him to go back to the country, and Frances went up to Madison to get the house ready; I spent most of the last ten days with him alone.

Putnam returned to town, and he came to see Johnny, with Traeger in consultation, on Monday, June 23. Traeger alluded to the bump, saying, "Nobody knows what's inside that thing!" and Putnam's reply was a shrug. "We must always keep in mind that this is a very peculiar tumor indeed." His last word was, "Let's keep on struggling."

Johnny caught the reflection of Putnam's good spirits, and we had a happy dinner. "Father," Johnny said, "this is better than the Colony." He called up his mother in Madison with exuberant glee; she asked, "How do you feel?" and he answered, "Great!" Then he telephoned his girl friend Mary, but her line was busy. He murmured with great zest, "God damn it!"

Came an awful morning, on June 27, when Johnny turned to me across the breakfast table and spoke as if very casually. "Where's Mother keeping herself these days?"

Then he felt the bump. He wasn't bandaged now. His hand played on it, shocked. "What on earth is that?" I stared at him. Then: "How long has this been going on? . . . What year was I at Deerfield? . . . What day is this? . . . What are these pills for?" Then he had a short, sharp attack of shivers.

Johnny was much better on Sunday, but even so I called Frances and insisted that she return. In actual fact this Sunday was one of the best days he had had since he first became ill. He was exhilarated and very close to me; he kept following me around and once or twice grabbed my hand. I almost picked up the phone to catch Frances and tell her that it would not be necessary to come in after all. Johnny talked about many things. We discussed Sinclair Lewis and I told him about the ups and downs in an artist's life, of the deep, perplexing downdrafts a writer may have.

Frances arrived; they had not seen each other for ten days. I had already put him to bed but he was not asleep. "Hello, Mother, I'm so glad you've come back!" he all but shouted. They talked and laughed about everything. He woke once during the night and again they talked and he whistled one lullaby.

The next morning, Monday, June 30, I took him to Memorial for a blood test and a last clearance before his trip to the country. Nobody at the hospital saw anything amiss. In the car, returning home, Johnny seemed hazy, and he asked if Mary had come to lunch, and how his pet turtles were, one of which had died recently. But back home he was all right again, though tired.

I had a luncheon engagement with Walter Duranty. We were ordering coffee when I was called to the phone. Frances was very much alarmed. She had overheard Johnny on the phone to Traeger and was shocked by the sharp command in his voice, "Send some morphine, *quick!*" He had a severe headache—the first severe pain he had had since before the first operation.

I called Traeger, and a drug for arresting pain, not morphine but a caffeine derivative, was indeed en route.

When I arrived back at the apart-

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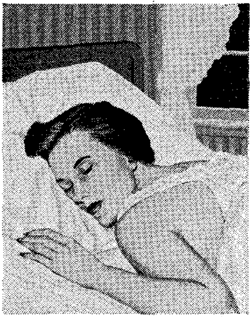

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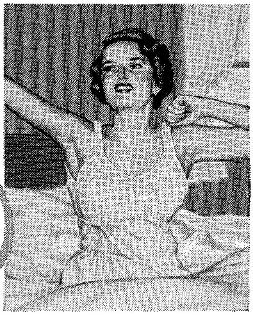


Wake up fully rested, full of vim and vigor!

ment it was about 2:35 P.M. Johnny was lying limp and exhausted in my room. Frances had been reading him *Arrowsmith*. The book lay there beside the bed, open like a broom. I had a quick thought and lied. "Oh, by the way, Johnny, your papers came through from Harvard today!" He replied, "Am I admitted?" and then yawned in a relaxed, superior, lazy sort of way.

When Traeger arrived, he stayed with Johnny a brief moment and took me aside, pale and with a stern expression. "He's dying."

Apparently Johnny had had a cerebral hemorrhage. That tumor had eroded a blood vessel. Of all the doctors who sketched to us so many times how the end might come, none had ever suggested this.

The rest of the afternoon is full of harsh conflicting lines and shadows. Mount rushed down from Medical Center and Johnny recognized him, which was remarkable. Johnny was taken to the hospital and we got there shortly after six. Frances and I sat with Johnny or paced the corridor for a series of long, vacant hours. It was a very hot, dark night. Johnny slept on his side, restfully.

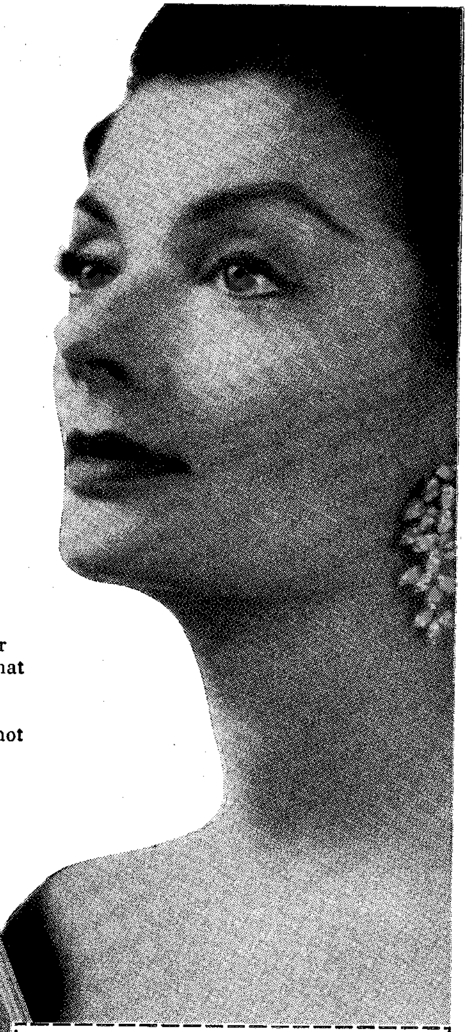
At a few minutes to eleven we stepped out on a balcony for a brief second. Someone started ringing an emergency bell. After all those months of doctors and doctors and doctors, it happened that no doctor was there at that precise moment. Not that they could have done anything. Traeger had just gone home, and he came back of course. Another doctor was in the internes' room, and he slipped up briskly. All the doctors!—helpless flies now, climbing across the granite face of death.

Johnny died at 11:02 P.M. He never regained consciousness. He died absolutely without fear, and without pain, and without knowing that he was going to die. Frances reached for him through the ugly, transparent, raincoat-like curtain of the oxygen machine. I felt his arms, cupping my hands around them, and the warmth gradually left them. What is life? It departs covertly. Like a thief, Death took him.

ALL that is left of a life! There Johnny was, so pale, so slim and handsome, in the tweed suit with a spot on the lapel, he always had a spot on his lapel, and a bright striped necktie—with what valor he struggled to tie that necktie in the last hopeless weeks. Here he lay placidly in the small chapel full of flowers, with his face sweet and composed and without a trace of struggle or pain, and we said goodbye to him.

The day of the funeral was a wonderful peaceful day, warm and with the sky very blue, clear and high and without a cloud. Frances and I drove up alone to Ferncliff and on the way back the wind came up sharply, keen and cutting but cool in the brilliant sunshine; we drove along the Hudson where we had driven with Johnny so many times, and the snapping wind under a calm sun whipped it into fresh ridges—they looked like sharp white icecaps dancing across the majestic avenue of the river.

How Johnny's heart would have leaped to behold that weather! Why he should have been struck so young, and in just that part of him that



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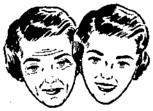

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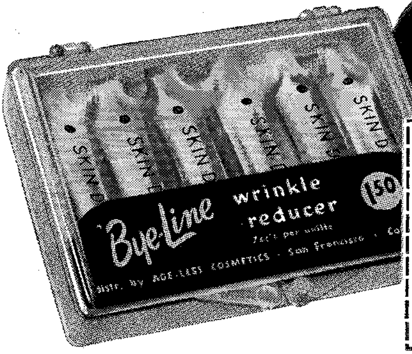

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would have been most fruitful—the why of whys, why any child should die—I will not try to say. There are other criteria for measuring a life as well as its duration—quality, intensity. But for us there is no compensation, except that we can go to him though he cannot come to us.

For others, I would say that it was his spirit, and only his spirit, that kept him invincibly alive against such dreadful obstacles for so long—this is the central pith and substance of what I am trying to write, as a mournful tribute not only to Johnny but to the power, the wealth, the unconquerable beauty of the human spirit, will, and soul.

At the end Frances wrote:

"Death always brings one suddenly face to face with life. Nothing, not even the birth of one's child, brings one so close to life as his death. Johnny was living and dying and being reborn each day. How we loved each day. 'It's been another wonderful day, Mother!' he'd say, as I knelt to kiss him good night.

"The impending death of one's child raises many questions in one's mind and heart and soul. There are many complex and erudite answers to all these questions. Yet at the end of them all, when one has put away all the books and all the words, when one is alone with oneself, when one is alone with God, what is left in one's heart? Just this:

"I wish we had loved Johnny even more.

"He was an extraordinarily lovable and alive human being. There seemed to be no evil, only an illuminating good, in him. Yet a single cell, mutating, killed him.

"My grief, I find, is not desolation or rebellion at universal law or diety. I find grief to be much simpler and sadder. Contemplating the Eternal Diety and His Universal Laws leaves me grave but dry-eyed. But a sunny fast wind along the Sound, good sailing weather, a new light boat, will shake me to tears: how Johnny would have loved this boat, this wind, this sunny day!"

COULD JOHNNY BE SAVED TODAY?

Tragically, no. But the search for a cure goes on night and day at *research centers such as the Sloan-Kettering Institute and Columbia* Presbyterian Medical Center, where Johnny was treated. Today, advances in detection, X ray and surgery are saving one in three cancer victims; 10 years ago it was one in four. Despite this, reports the American Cancer Society, cancer still ranks as our Number One disease killer of children and Number Two killer among all ages, taking 250,000 lives every year; brain tumors account for nearly 5,000. During April, Cancer Control Month, the hopes of the nation will focus on the scientists whose research may some day defeat the dread disease that took Johnny's life.

THE EDITORS

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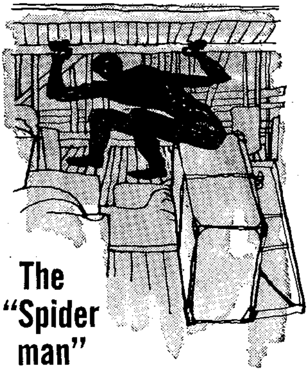

The "Spider man" of Moncrieff Place

by Gene Bylinsky

ONE AUTUMN DAY in 1941, 59-year-old Theodore Coneys, a penniless tramp, approached the home of his old friend Philip Peters on Moncrieff Place in Denver, to beg for food. As he hesitated, Peters came out, got into a car and went to visit his ailing wife at the hospital.

Coneys, seeing a chance to steal food and money, slipped into Peters' house. But once inside, he discovered something more valuable—a dark, narrow attic cubbyhole, perfect shelter for a tramp. Taking with him a pile of rags, canned food, and an old crystal radio, he squeezed through the small trap door into the attic.

For a month, the uninvited guest hid there. While Peters was out, Coneys came downstairs to take a bath, eat, and even shave with his unsuspecting host's razor.

On October 17, he was in the kitchen eating, when suddenly the door opened and Peters stood there, dumbfounded. The tramp panicked. Seizing an iron stove shaker he brought it down on his old friend's head. Peters sagged to the floor and lay still.

Resisting the urge to flee, Coneys crawled back into his lair. His plan was to wait, and then make a getaway. An hour later, neighbors found Peter's body and called the police.

Detectives searched everywhere—except in the attic. The trap door two-and-a-half times the size of a cigar-box lid, was too small for a man to get through, they decided.

Mrs. Peters was brought home. Days turned into months, and Coneys grew starved. For Mrs. Peters' housekeeper had become aware of ghostly rumblings in the attic.

One night, the housekeeper glimpsed what she took for Peters' ghost lurking in the darkness. Terrified, she convinced Mrs. Peters that they should move out.

Too weak to flee, the hobo crouched in his lair. At night, he turned on a midget light bulb in his den, and once a passer-by saw its eerie light and notified police.

On July 30, 1942, two detectives, checking the house, heard a lock click on the second floor. They dashed up, and saw the legs of the "Spider Man" disappearing through the trap door.

The 10-month-old mystery of the "haunted house" on Moncrieff Place was solved at last. Coneys received a life sentence for murder and found a permanent home—at the Colorado State Penitentiary. ♛

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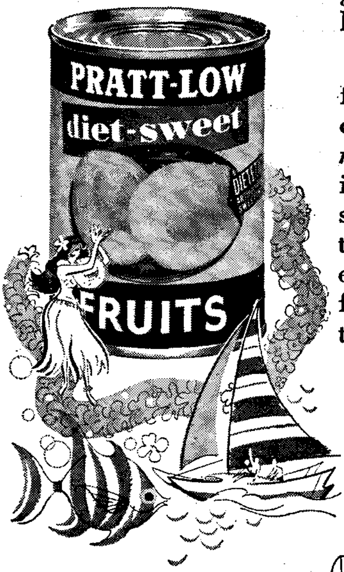

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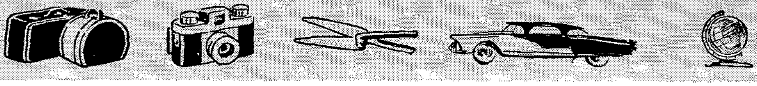

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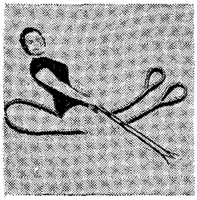

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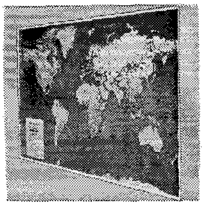

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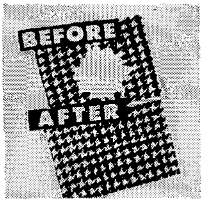

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Double your appraiser's fee plus all your money back unless our diamonds appraise for at least 50% more than the purchase price. Full refund within 60 days regardless of reason. Ring mailed for inspection without payment if reference given. Diamond illus. enlarged. Free catalog. Empire Diamond Corp., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C. 1, Dept. C-2.

FREE RUG BOOK—SAVE UP TO ½

Olson Magic

Amazing Olson Broadloom Offer! Rich, new, extra thick, heavy, double wearing, Reversible Rugs & Carpets. Your old rug, carpet, clothing can Save you up to ½. Money back Guar. Easy Terms. Our 84th yr. Over 3 million customers. Free Broadloom Bargain Book-Model rms. in color. Write for your copy. Olson Rug Co., Dept. E-75, Chicago 41, Ill.

SOLVES CAT OWNERS PROBLEM

Sanitary Kitty Litter, perfect cat box filler, absorbs moisture, odor. Keeps kitty safe, clean indoors. If you are unable to buy at local pet shop, write for big trial bag of litter and durable catnip mouse. Both sent to you postpaid for only $1.00. Folder on cat products—mailed free upon request. Address Lowe's, Dept. C, Cassopolis, Michigan.

(Continued on next page)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 182

FREE OFFER TO WRITERS!

If you are interested in writing fiction or articles for leading magazines or book publishers, Daniel S. Mead, prominent literary agent, has prepared a free catalogue of markets, which is a "must" item. For your free copy (we will also send to your friends if you enclose a list) write: Daniel S. Mead, Dept. CR-2, 915 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

FREE Writers Market List

NEW* BLEUMETTE BRA

*No wires. No bones. No back or shoulder straps. The ultimate in bosom glamour & loveliness. Holds you securely, firmly, comfortably! Ideal for special occasions with strapless gowns. Velvety soft pliable, sturdy material. ABC. 2 pr. only $2.98 with Primer to restore *adhesive edge of bra. Chk.* or MO to Bleuette, 509 5th Ave., Dept. A84, NYC.

MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS

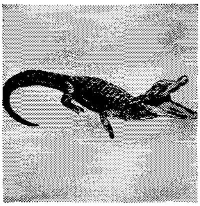
Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet comparable selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $27, tax incl. — 1/30 of diamond cost! Brilliantly beau. hand-cut & polished, amaz. Capra Gems acclaimed miracle of modern science. Priced within reach of all. Write for bklt. of easy-pay details. Send no money. Capra Gem Co., Dept. CT-29, P. O. 5145, Phila. 41.

108 SQUARE FEET OF PLASTIC

Hundreds of uses for big 9x12 ft. plastic cloth. Cut & stitch into aprons, tablecloths, appliance covers. Cover lawnmower, bicycle, baby carriage. Protect furniture, auto, rugs, car upholstery. Use as cover-up when painting. Waterproof, greaseproof. Guar. or money back! Only $1 pstg. pd. Order Cover-Ups, Sunset House, 2821 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

PERFECTLY PRESERVED SPECIMEN!

This alligator, over 2 ft. long, was alive in South America's jungle. Each detail carefully preserved to keep its living appearance forever. Looks as real as when alive. Perfect gift. Ideal ornament in car, office & home. Only $1.98 & 36¢ shpg. 2 for $4.41 pp. (Man-Eater, over 5 ft., $11 pp.) Standard American Alligators, Dept. C-1, 1 Park Ave., NY 16, NY.



Silver

I WAS ONLY six years old the year my mother and I travelled from our home in Baltimore to nearby Washington D. C. for a day of sightseeing. The Lincoln Memorial was the place that impressed me most. I remember staring with awe at the immense statue of Abraham Lincoln, who, even seated, seemed to gaze down at me with the eyes of a kindly giant.

Finally, I turned to my mother and asked, "Was he *really* that big?"

Before she could answer, an elder-

EARN MORE IN '59

This is your year to earn Extra Cash. Let us show you how to do it in part or full time, simply by taking orders for our amazing new auto product. No experience is necessary. Carl Roberts made $265 part time. Rush your name and address for Free Money information. National Dynamics, Dept. DS-52, 220 East 23 Street, New York 10, N. Y.

DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE!

Draw any person, still life, map, photo, landscape without talent! Anything is automatically seen on paper thru Magic Art Reproducer. Reduces, Enlarges. Follow lines of "picture-image" with pencil for artistic drawing. $1.98 postpaid with order, or C.O.D. plus postage. Money back guar. after trial. Norton, Dept. 244, 296 Broadway, N. Y. 7.

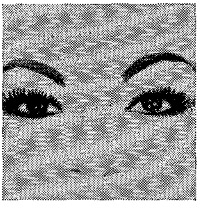
Linings

ly man who had been standing near us, leaning on a cane, gently laid a gnarled hand on my head. He smiled at me and softly said, "Yes, little lady. He was just as big as *that.*" —JOAN CROSBY

WHILE EN ROUTE to a university in Indiana this past summer, doubts began to plague my mind just outside Cincinnati, Ohio. It was my first trip away from home, and I wondered whether or not I had made a mistake by not attending a

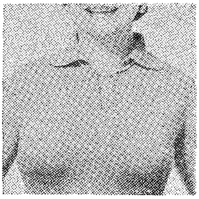
PROTEIN FOR POWER AND PEP

A healthier, more vigorous life is yours with more protein in your diet. Discover thrilling new personal power & energy after 30 days use of delicious Eden High Protein Energy Wafers. Excellent while reducing. 1 mo. supply (180 wafers) $6.95; 3 mos. $15.95 (save $4.90). Ppd. Garden of Eden, Inc., 8245 Sunland Blvd., Sun Valley, Cal. Distributor inquiries invited.



NEW EYE GLAMOUR

Natural looking imported lashes of genuine human hair gives you gorgeous eyes instantly. Adds glamour, excitement to your appearance. Takes only 5 seconds to put on. Can be used over and over again. Compl. in attractive purse-size case. Wonderful for career girls. Only $1 plus 15c hdlg. Black or brown. Honor House Products Corp., Dept. EY-23, Lynbrook, N. Y.



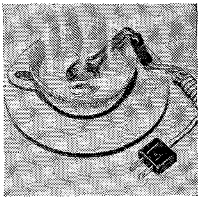
AFTER BREAST SURGERY

Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

BEFORE
AFTER

FROST-TIP HOME TREATMENT—$2.50

Now add glamorous blond streaks to your hair costing up to $30 in better salons. Kit contains special perforated cap for even application plus everything needed for simple home treatment. Lightens with shimmering highlights lasting up to 6 mos. Professional results or money back. Entire treatment kit only $5. pp. Frostip, Dept C-1, 1 Park Ave., NYC.



BOIL WATER INSTANTLY! $1.69

Simply immerse metal coil in filled glass, cup or pot—it brings water to a boil in less than 2 minutes! Use it for hot beverages & soup, shaving, boiling eggs, baby's bottles sterilizing, etc. Purse size. With travel case. Money back guar. Only $1.69, pstg. pd. Order Instant Heater from Sunset House, 2821 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

TRANQUILIZING PILLOW

Wash your cares and aches away with your head cradled in this patented Relaxapedic pillow. Adjusts for height and softness. Waterproof, held by suction cups. Keeps hair dry. White, blue or turquoise, with gay daisies. Adds distinctive touch to every bath. Lovely, practical gift. Guaranteed. Better Sleep, Dept. 387, New Providence, N. J.

215 VALUABLE FOREIGN STAMPS 25¢

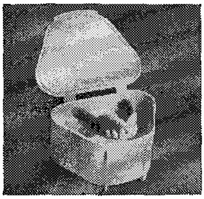
Genuine postage stamps like those pictured here. + Germany "Sputnick," St. Thomas "Explorer," Chile "Christ of Andes" — 215 Total + 88 full color Flags of World 1957 Boy Scout Jamboree Souvenir Sheet. Also Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps. Just 25¢ to introduce bargain approvals. Rush 25¢. Ask for lot PE-3. Zenith, 81 Willoughby, B'klyn. 1, N. Y.

(Continued on next page)

IF YOUR CHILD IS A POOR READER

See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records, cards. Easy to use. University tests, parents' reports show children gain up to a full year's grade in 6 weeks. Write for free illus. folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. E-16, Wilmette, Ill.

The Sound Way to Easy Reading

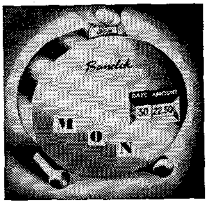


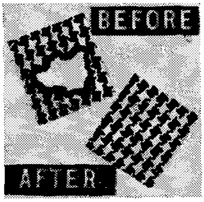
NEW! HYGIENIC DENTURE BATH

Den-Shur-Cup meets all denture care needs. Grand gift idea! Safe, smart container is unbreakable opaque plastic. Spill-proof sealed lid, slip-proof finger grips. Endorsed by dentists —over 200,000 in use for dentures, plates, bridgework. Specify white, pink, blue, green. $1 ppd. Cash, ck., or m.o. from Den-Shur-Cup Co., 3092K Steinway St., Long Island City, N.Y.

FORCES YOU TO SAVE $100.00 A YEAR

automatically! Get Perpetual Date & Amount Banks. 25¢ a day keeps Date up to date. Also totals amount saved. Makes you save daily or Calendar won't change date. Use year after year. Reg. $3.50. Now only $1.99 ea.; 3 for $5.75; 6 for $11. ppd. Personalized with Gold fin. Initials, $2.99, 2 for $5.50 ppd. Mail to Date Bank, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N. Y.





LEARN REWEAVING AT HOME!

Improved step-by-step invisible reweaving home study course teaches you "inside" professional secrets that few know. Work is pleasant, enjoyable. We supply all equipment at no extra cost! Write for Free info. No obligation. No salesman will call. Do it now. Eastern School of Reweaving, 73 Main St., Dept. D92, Hempstead, NY Lic. by the State of NY

FREE HANDWRITING ANALYSIS BOOKS

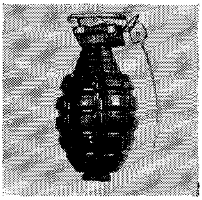
Analyze handwriting for more income, prestige, success! Earn money on radio, TV, talks, helping others. Eunice Smith, Ohio, reports $224 business result one talk. Ezell Eiland, Texas, $20.00 an hour! Exciting, uncrowded field! Write for free 48-page book. Trial lesson I.G.A.S., Inc., Desk 23, 2307 National Station, Springfield, Missouri.

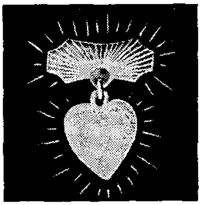
Silver Linings continued

university near my home town. It was a case of homesickness, and I was obviously nervous and close to tears. Then, my thoughts were interrupted by a touch on the shoulder. A young woman inquired about the train schedule, and struck up a conversation. When we reached Ohio, we had breakfast together while waiting for the next train. By the time the train arrived we were laughing and talking and I had completely gotten over my nervous-

BLOW UP YOUR FRIENDS!

Get a real bang out of this exact replica of U. S. Army Grenade. Startle Ex-GI's. Pep up the party. Goes off with a real explosive bang automatically 4 seconds after you pull pin. Uses standard caps. Can't break. Use it over and over. Only $1.98 plus 25¢ shipping charge. Standard American Suppliers, Grenade Dept. C-1, One Park Ave., N. Y. C.





FREE—MAKE MONEY & SERVE THE LORD

Entire Lord's Prayer artfully engraved on 14K Gold-Plated Pin. Wear it with pride and devotion. We ship you a dozen. They sell Fast at $1 each—many buy 3 or more. When sold, remit only $6 to us. Keep profit for self or church. Get extra Pin free! Send name, address, $1 deposit now. We trust You. LaVive Co., 4 N. 3rd Ave. Dept. P-201, Mount Vernon, New York.

BIG $$ CAKE DECORATING

Housewives wanted! $5 hr. easy spare time. Endless demand for lovely Cake Decorations & Professional Candy for Xmas, weddings, birthdays, parties. We show you how to turn kitchen into gold mine. No age, educ. limits. Start small, no capital required. Write for Free Facts on complete home instruction. Candy & Cake, Dept. 218, Fallbrook, Calif.

ness. It wasn't until she left I realized I hadn't learned her name, but I'll always be grateful to the young white woman who befriended me, a Negro girl from Louisiana.

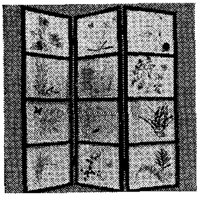
—MISS JOYCE M. CLAY

MY SISTER'S AD in the newspaper read: "Reliable woman wanted for light housework and loving care for two pre-school girls, 5 days. Experience and references required."

She interviewed countless applicants whose training and references from prominent people were highly desirable, however the applicant

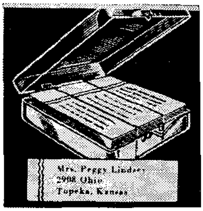
STRETCH-TO-HEALTH

Perfected in Hollywood & used by women who know value of keeping trim. Ingenious rubber device is a comb. rowing machine & exerciser. Comes with chart & instructions for pulling in tummy, reducing excess weight & firming flabby leg muscles. Satis. guar. Only $3.98 ppd. Order from Evelyn Hull, 1923 Berkley Ave., Dallas 24, Texas.



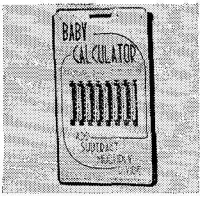
MAKE A REAL FLOWER SCREEN

Room dividers, lamps with colorful flowers, leaves, butterflies, sea shells, permanently embedded in Castoglas. Make lovely glass bowls, dishes, trays, placemats, other fine objects. For your home, for gifts or to sell at nice profit. Easy to do, inexpensive. For illust. booklet showing how, mail 25¢ to Dept. B-20, The Castolite Co., Woodstock, Ill.



500 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS 25¢

World's greatest Label offer! 500 Gummed Labels printed with Any name and address, 25c per set! 4 sets (same printing or all different) $1.00! Two-tone Jewel-type plastic gift boxes 10c extra, 4 for 25c. Order as many sets and boxes as you want. Money-back Guarantee! Order Now! Western Stationery Company, Dept. 948, Topeka, Kansas.

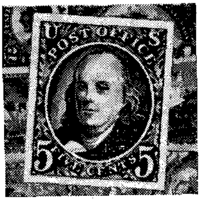


REAL ADDING MACHINE ONLY $2.95

Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, mult., div. Ideal for business, home, students, tax work. Send name, address. $2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. or M.O., we pay pstg. ($3.04 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk. guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. F-95, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

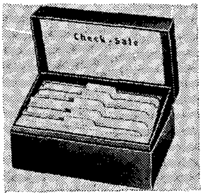
DON'T ENVY TALL MEN . . . BE ONE!

You "grow" almost 2 inches taller . . . instantly . . . when you step into "Elevators." These amazing height-increasing shoes are so smartly styled not even your closest friends will know you're wearing them. "Elevators" add to your height, your poise & confidence. For free booklet showing over 30 styles, write Stone Tarlow, Dept. 2-29, Brockton 68, Mass.



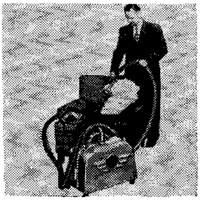
FREE! VALUABLE U.S. STAMPS

Free—scarce genuine postage stamp, as illustrated, picturing first U.S.A. (issued in 1847) Plus 30 all-different U. S.; 19th century, $1 stamp. Extra! Generous collection beautiful commemoratives. Big Catalog of all U. S. Postage issues, other offers. Send 10¢ for mailing. H. E. Harris & Co., 4578 Transit Building, Boston 17, Massachusetts.



EASY WAY TO FILE CHECKS—$1

Check-Safe holds 800 cancelled checks, a 5-yr. record. Safe, clean—always in place for easy reference. Helps budget. Keep a check on personal spending habits. Green Ripplette covered box, gold stamped. 7¼" x 5" x 3¼". Tab index dividers incl. Guar. or money back! Only $1 postage paid. Order Check-Safe Sunset House, 2821 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.



START OWN MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS

Clean upholstery in homes, hotels, clubs, automobiles with highly efficient electric machine which is making Big Money for others and giving them financial independence — free from lay-offs, bosses, etc. No special skill or experience required. Write for complete information—no obligation. Von Schrader Mfg. Co., 261 "D" Pl., Racine, Wisc.

(*Continued on next page*)

NATURAL HAIRPIECE FOR MEN!

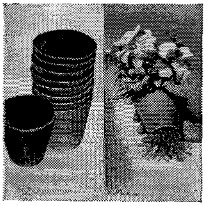
Now! — a realistic hairpiece, by Louis Feder. Looks, feels like your own hair; friends invariably approve. Comb it, sleep in it, swim in it—it's hurricane-proof! Individually designed. Choice of styles, including popular crew cut. Average price $170. Write for Booklet F, "The Only Solution to Baldness." House of Louis Feder, 545 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17.

FOR BIG MEN ONLY

We specialize in Large Sizes Only! Sizes 10 to 16; Widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sox, slippers, rubbers. Also dress and sport shirts in your exact extra-long sleeve length. Mail only, satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for Free Style Book Today! King-Size, 120 Brockton, Massachusetts.

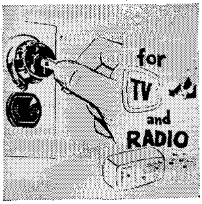
BE $600 RICHER—BORROW BY MAIL

Have money in your pocket, cut your monthly bill payments by ½. Get quick private loan by mail—$100 to $600. Repay in small installments over 24 months. No-Charge Life Insurance pays loan if you die. Loan Order Blank Free in plain envelope. State amount needed. Dial Finance Co., 410 Kilpatrick Bldg., Department B-62, Omaha 2, Nebraska.



YOU PLANT THESE POTS—40 FOR $1

Plant summer seedlings, cuttings or slips in Pots of pressed fertilizer for faster, stronger growth! To transplant, put pot & all into ground! Pots disintegrate — roots grow through. Needs no fertilizer, much less water. 2¼ diam. Money back guar. 40 Plant Pots only $1, pstg. pd. 100 pots, $1.95. Sunset House, 2821 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.



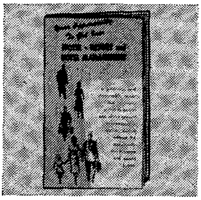
STOP RADIO & TV NOISES INSTANTLY!

New electronic design "Bell-Tronic" line filter eliminates noisy interference caused by all motor appliances, autos, oil burners, etc. Simply plug radio or TV cord into filter and filter into wall socket. Send $1. Add 25¢ for P.P. and handling. No COD. Try 5 days. Money back guarantee. Tube Wholesalers Dept. B-CO, Box 61, Baldwin, L. I., N. Y.

Silver Linings continued

who fascinated her the most was an elderly widow.

She had never worked a day in her life outside her own home, but she had brought along six letters of recommendation from her grandchildren. The oldest girl had written: "Granny is the best person in the world to give loving care. She has raised the best parents we know. Her house is immaculate and her cooking even better. She has had over thirty years experience in the

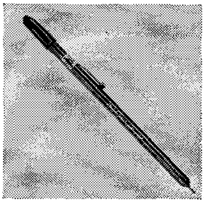


WANTED: MOTEL RESORT MANAGERS

Men-women! Qualify for hundreds fascinating well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts coast-to-coast. Pick location, climate! Employment assistance. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Free booklet, write Motel Managers School, Dept. C-29, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5, California.

ALL WOOL U.S. NAVY TOQUE DICKEY

Now only $1 ppd. Real $3.50 value. Guar. New, 100% All Wool. Convert any jacket into Parka. Real comfort in cold & damp climates. Fits Men, Women, Children. Keeps ears, neck, head & chest warm. Soft, durable, flexible. Comfortable. Fits 2 ways. Can be worn over & under chin. Send $1., today. (Sorry, No COD) Morris Surplus, 36 Bowery, Dept. C, NY 13, NY.



LINDY AUDITOR'S FINE BALL POINT PEN

Designed for those who prefer fine point writing, perfect balance—ends writing fatigue. 6 ink colors, Black, Red, Green, Blue, Brown, Lavender. Color of pen denotes color of ink. 7 in. long, giant ink supply, permanent, non-smudging. Unconditionally Guar. 2 for $1. 12 for $5.25. Quantity imprint prices on request. Lee Pen Co., Dept. C, 16 Court St., Brooklyn 1, N.Y.

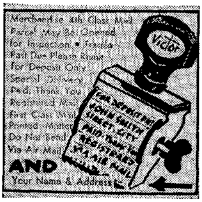
home. In our book, she has majored in cooking, sewing, housekeeping, nursing, dentistry, veterinary, gardening, child psychology, and most important, love for all of God's children."

—MRS. ALICE LEE

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

NAME, ADDRESS & ALL THIS ON 1 STAMP

This new 1 handle stamp prints not only all the slogans you see on photo, but own name & address too. No looking around to find the right stamp, everything ready with one turn; with 1¾" wide big clear type. Send name, address, M.O., or ck for this $$$-Time-Saver bargain. Only $3.50 ppd. Victor Schlesinger, Dep. S, 1212 6th Ave., New York 36.

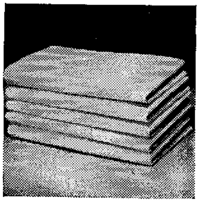


BEAN'S FREE SPRING CATALOG

Fully illustrated. 100 pages, showing 375 items of interest to both men and women. Fishermen, campers and in fact, everyone will find items of interest—special fishing tackle, footwear, clothing, and many articles for home use. 120 leather and canvas specialties of our own manufacture. Write today. L.L. Bean, Inc. 30 Main Street, Freeport, Maine.

50 LARGE NEW TOWELS 2¢ EA.

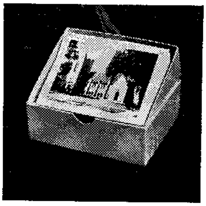
50 large, brand new unwoven cotton & rayon Towels in beautiful colors & white as shown in unretouched photo only $1.00 plus 25¢ for pstg. & hdlg. We sell at world's lowest prices because we buy by millions . . over 26,500,000 since 1953! Unqualified money back guarantee. 50 Towel Co., Dept. A-184, Box 881, St. Louis, Mo. Order Now!



CUTE WAY TO BANISH ODORS—$1

Get rid of odors—simple as striking a match! Sweet Sue keeps air always smelling fresh! Use this gay little 4½" ornament in bathroom, kitchen, nursery, office. Money back guar. Sweet Sue, complete with box of De-O-Do Matches only $1, postage paid. Extra pack of 6 boxes with 200 matches, 89¢. Sunset House, 2821 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, Cal.

RAISE MONEY EASILY



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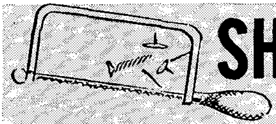
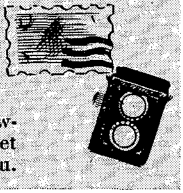
Pets of All Kinds

(*Continued on next page*)



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



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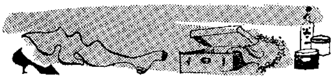

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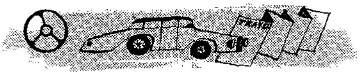

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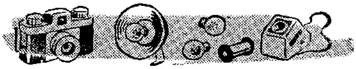

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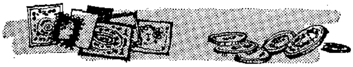

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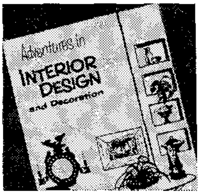

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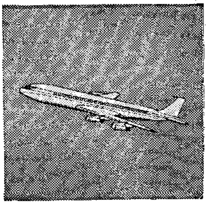

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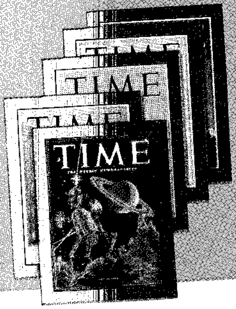

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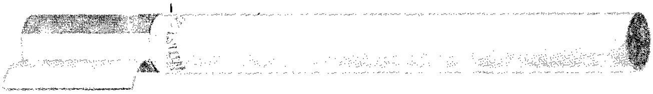

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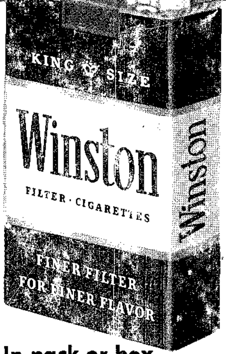
Winston's got it– FILTER-BLEND –mild, flavorful tobaccos, specially processed for filter smoking!

You get something special at *both* ends of a Winston! Pure white modern filter to begin with . . . plus Winston's secret FILTER-BLEND up front in the tobacco end. That's the real difference between Winston and other filter cigarettes. FILTER-BLEND up front makes Winston taste good.


KING SIZE
Winston
FILTER · CIGARETTES
FINER FILTER FOR FINER FLAVOR
Winston

In pack or box — the taste is tops!

WINSTON TASTES GOOD *LIKE A CIGARETTE SHOULD!*